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THE AMERICAN BOY.

NO. III.—HIS FIRST SMOKE; OR, CAUGHT.

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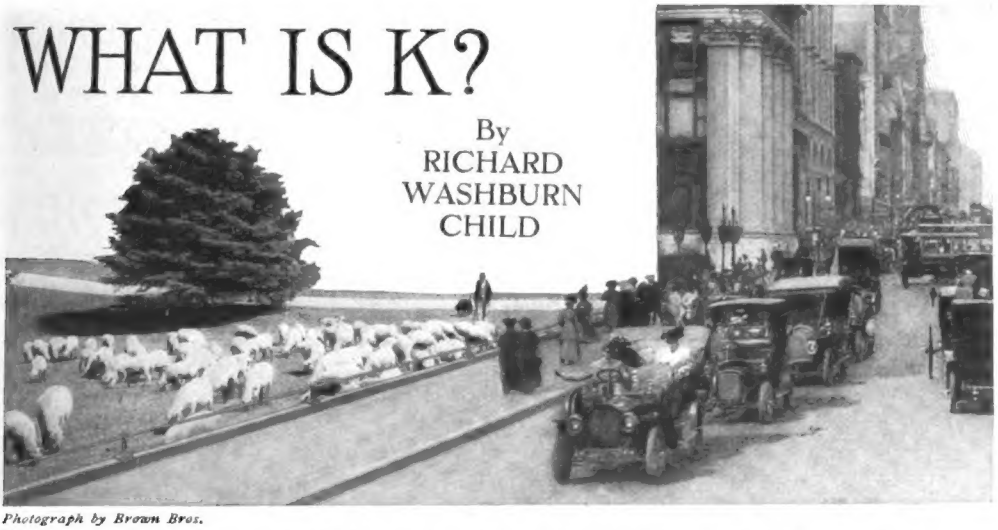
WHAT IS K?

By
RICHARD
WASHBURN
CHILD



Photograph by Brown Bros.

IT WOULD PAY TO RAISE SHEEP EVEN ON THE SITE OF THE WALDORF IF THE DUTY ON WOOL WERE HIGH ENOUGH.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Every man, woman, and child in the United States is vitally interested in K.

K is on every man's back; it is over him when he sleeps, under him when he walks about in his home; it comes on the winter wind to whisper fear into the consumptive's ear; it fixes the degree of warmth in the coat of the laborer; it decides whether or not country children may plough their way to school in warm rubber boots, with warm mittens on their hands; it is chiefly responsible for the discouraged wistfulness of the mother faces that haunt our clothing stores at Christmas time; in fact, it dominates the pocketbook.

Then what is K, who made it, and why?

K is the tariff schedule under which we pay a daily toll for the protection of our wool growers and wool workers, and then another toll for the maintenance of a monoply for the greater profit of a few woolen manufacturers. It is possible to discuss the subject in a simple, common-sense, business manner, without frills.

Let us look at K!

UNDER the evening lamp sat an American woman, sewing on the hem of a child's skirt. Her husband, on the other side of the table, allowed his open newspaper to slide over his knees to the floor.

"It's too much for me," he said. "I can't make up my mind."

"What about?" asked the woman, snipping a thread.

"The tariff. Here is an editorial about clothing and blankets. But how do I know it is right? I'm interested because I went into the store to see about a new suit of clothes to-day. Burton said suits are higher. He's always carried standard lines, and the kind I buy have gone up one class in price. Then I happened to ask him if the goods were all wool. You should have heard him laugh. You know, he's honest with me. He said he hadn't an all-wool suit in his stock. The day of an all-wool suit for men who have to be careful of money has gone, he said."

The woman shaded her eyes with her hand

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as she looked across at her husband. "I wish you did know about it," she said. "This year I have paid over a fourth more than I did ten years ago, when we were married, for all the things we need made out of wool."

"What does it all amount to, even then?" the man asked, as if he hoped to find that it amounted to little, after all. "How much wool do we use?"

The woman evidently had thought of this before. "You mean in the house here," she said, with an amused smile. "Well, carpets and rugs for the floors in five rooms, blankets for four beds, flannels for you and me, Mary, and the boy, dresses for me and Mary, suits of clothes for you and John, woolen stockings, mittens, and caps for the children—and I don't believe even that is all."

Photograph by Brown Bros.

K PUTS WINTER CLOTHING MOSTLY OF COTTON INSTEAD OF WOOL ON THIS TYPICAL AMERICAN FAMILY.

"I wish I knew how the prices of those things are affected by the tariff," he said. "But that's just the trouble! We don't know anything about it. I know I pay something every year because of the tariff; but I have no way of knowing whether it is more than it ought to be."

"What's the use in a tariff?" she inquired.

"Ho, ho!" said he. "I believe in a tariff fast enough. Let me explain it. Take wool. Now if there is a duty on wool, it's because of two reasons. First, to raise money to pay the expenses of the government. Now you're a woman, and this doesn't interest you—?"

"Yes, it does!" She spoke decidedly.

"Well, the second reason is that wool can be raised cheaper in other countries than here, and our sheep-raising industry must be protected. So there is a duty on raw wool."

"Yes."

"Now listen carefully! When woolens are manufactured in other countries, of course the foreign maker gets wool for a cheaper price than American manufacturers do. That is because the *foreign* maker pays no duty on raw wool. So we must put a duty on everything made of wool to square up in favor of our manufacturers. That's called a *compensatory* duty."

"Oh, I see!"

"And then they say labor and factory costs are lower in other countries. That makes a difference in cost of manufacture, doesn't it? So they put on still another duty to help our manufacturers, and that's called a *protective* duty. And usually—listen now!—that is an ad valorem duty, which is a duty assessed at so much per cent. of the value of the article imported."

"Well then, you know all about it, after all."

He smiled. "That's the theory. Some people believe in it, and some don't. And some are halfway between. But that isn't what worries me. I don't want to know about tariff *theory*. I want to know about tariff *practice!*"

And so say the average man and woman! They are not surprised by tariff doctrines. But they are usually much surprised when some one takes a single schedule, like K, rips it open, picks at its woof, and plucks at its warp. They are very much surprised that it is possible thereafter to make statements like the following.

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Schedule K, the wool schedule of our tariff, protects one of our "growing industries" which does not exist.

It taxes dirt.

It nourishes one kind of woolen manufacture and starves another.

It taxes cotton by the pound.

It is made as if for the express benefit of one man—a single manufacturer who has dominated the interests combined to draw it up.

It places a heavy tax on every home in the land, over and above any *sound* theoretical protection, because of assumptions of fact made over forty years ago that were not true then and have not become true since.

Such was a schedule which weathered the tariff revision of 1909, *without a single change of any consequence!* Such is this schedule which still bears strange testimony to the ability of our tariff legislators.

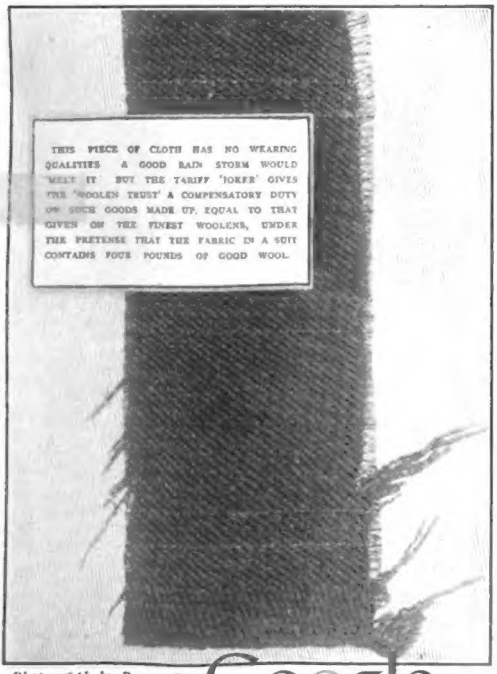
In the first place, the very bottom of this schedule is shaky. Whatever one's tariff beliefs may be, there must be some point where every one is ready to admit that some industries are not worth protecting.

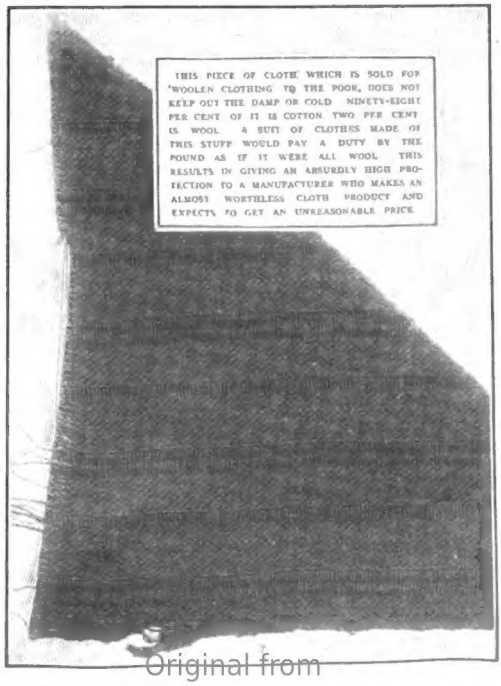
If the country had as its limits the confines of Manhattan Island, it would not be wise to protect the sheep-raising industry; because sheep raising is a business for waste places. It would be foolish to protect a flock that fed on the ground now occupied by the Singer Building. It would place an enormous tax on the people for their clothing and blankets, because the cost of raising sheep on such expensive land would be so great that an absurdly high tariff would be necessary in order to allow the Manhattan wool grower to compete in this country with wool that might be imported.

Nor would the fact that there is a difference between the cost of production of wool on Manhattan Island and the cost in foreign countries justify this protection. This "difference in cost of production" is a phrase with which the tariff revisionists attempted to conjure. But, applied to a case such as we are supposing, the difference in cost of production would not be a reason for a protecting duty, but a reason against it. It would be folly to encourage the misuse of home resources.

And so, when we are inspecting Schedule K, it will be worth while to ask—timidly—whether we, in the United States, had not better use our land for products of greater value per acre than sheep. The price of land is going higher. It costs more to raise sheep on higher priced land.

Logically, the point when sheep raising will be a burden rather than a benefit to this country is bound to come. At some point,


THIS PIECE OF CLOTH HAS NO WEARING QUALITIES. A GOOD RAIN STORM WOULD MELT IT. BUT THE TARIFF 'JOKER' GIVES THE 'WOOLEN TRUST' A COMPENSATORY DUTY ON SUCH GOODS MADE UP, EQUAL TO THAT GIVEN ON THE FINEST WOOLENS, UNDER THE PRETENSE THAT THE FABRIC IN A SUIT CONTAINS FOUR POUNDS OF GOOD WOOL.


THIS PIECE OF CLOTH WHICH IS SOLD FOR 'WOOLEN CLOTHING TO THE POOR, DOES NOT KEEP OUT THE DAMP OR COLD. NINETY-EIGHT PER CENT OF IT IS COTTON TWO PER CENT IS WOOL. A SUIT OF CLOTHES MADE OF THIS STUFF WOULD PAY A DUTY BY THE POUND AS IF IT WERE ALL WOOL. THIS RESULTS IN GIVING AN ABSURDLY HIGH PROTECTION TO A MANUFACTURER WHO MAKES AN ALMOST WORTHLESS CLOTH PRODUCT AND EXPECTS TO GET AN UNREASONABLE PRICE.

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sheep raising will be an industry that loads us all with a tax far out of proportion to the mere pride of being able to boast that we raise sheep here. That is the common sense of it.

Even the sheep-raising industry feels this truth, in spite of the denials of those who are engaged in it, and in spite of the fact that the "statesmen" who revised the tariff did not give this matter two thoughts.

We raised last year 311,000,000 pounds of grease wool—that is, wool that contains all the animal grease and all the dirt that clings to the fiber—on some fifty million sheep. These are impressive figures. But the stiffening goes out of them when we know that this wool, if distributed among our ninety millions, would make only about a pound of clothing for every person in the country.

To the fact that our own sheep industry furnishes us barely enough wool to make two sleeves and a trouser leg of cloth apiece, with nothing left over for flannels or blankets, may be added the fact that there is less than two-thirds of a sheep for every person in the country. This two-thirds of a sheep is costing every one of us a surprising amount for his support. If what we pay because of the tariff that protects our two-thirds of a sheep could be translated into terms of the cost of raising him, we might say about him as about the bull that has tossed us over a stone wall, "He oughter be killed and et."

The sheep-raising industry itself shows other signs of weakness from within. It was said by Senator Warren of Wyoming, who spoke for the wool growers in the recent tariff debates in Congress, that during the operation of the free-wool provisions of the Wilson Act of 1894, the number of sheep in the United States fell off nearly one-third. But *at the end of ten years of the present protection, the total increase in the number is less than* 12,000,000. *Since* 1903, *the total has fallen off by* 10,000,000. So, in spite of the fact that an American with a family of four pays "only" $7.66 additional a year for suits on account of the wool tariff (a statement made by an ardent defender of the present tariff in the hearings) the two-thirds of a sheep which each is helping to support by that payment does not seem to increase a great deal—even to the point where we have one whole sheep apiece! The tax is a heavy one, and may be failing in its purpose.

These considerations are not

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JUDGED BY THE DUTIES THEY PAY UNDER K, THESE CHAIRS, RUBBER BOOTS, AND THE FUR COAT ARE MADE OF NOTHING BUT PURE WOOL

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Photograph by Brown Bros.

THESE BALES OF WOOL ARE OF THE SAME WEIGHT. THE LEFT-HAND ONE, WHICH PAYS IN DUTIES ONLY A CENT MORE A POUND THAN THE RIGHT-HAND ONE, SHRINKS LESS THAN HALF AS MUCH—TO THE ENORMOUS ADVANTAGE OF THE MANUFACTURER WHO USES THE LIGHT-SHRINKING WOOL.

presented to reach conclusions. They are presented to give an occasion for pointing out that even in a "revision" such as we have just had, no serious attention is given them. When we speak about the bottom of Schedule K, we speak of something which no branch of our government—Congress least of all—can explain. We pay the bill. Neither we nor Congress seems to know whether the assessment is wise or even based on facts.

Just now, however, we can, for the purpose of inspecting Schedule K in detail, assume that some kind of duty on raw wool is a part of national wisdom. It is not necessary to admit this. Assume it. What next?

Next, we find that this schedule is a curious [illegible] way. It begins with a classification of wools. Of the three classes described, the first two now take our interest, because in general they are the wools which people wear upon their bodies. A supply of these wools is of tremendous importance to men, women, and children living in this climate; it would even do much to reduce the ravages of tuberculosis in this country.

Yet in its opening paragraph the tariff begins to do strange things when it divides these clothing wools into two classes and assesses each differently. In all of the discussions in Congress the real reason for distinctions between the tariff on wool of the first class and that on wool of the second class remains hazy. These classifications are geographical, and according to the kind of wool.

Now, both classes of wool pay duty by the *pound*. Not on their *value*, understand, but by the pound. The first class of wool pays a duty of 11 cents a pound on wool in the grease—containing, you remember, all the animal grease and dirt. The same class pays 22 cents duty when it has been washed; and after it has been put through another process called scouring it pays 33 cents a pound. Class 2, on the other hand! Here is something different—12 cents a pound on greasy wool, *the same on washed wool*, and 36 cents a pound on scoured wool.

This statement, as it appears in the text of the tariff act, is not so simple. For forty-two years, with few interruptions, a complicated arrangement of these provisions has helped to cloud the understanding. The case is a common one. A great dust of words is raised, and real meanings are hidden. But, even at the expense of a moment's concentrated attention, the real meaning in this case is worth considering.

If wools of Class 1 have to pay, when washed, two times the duty on unwashed wool; but if, on the other hand, washed wools of Class 2 may come in at a duty no higher than the duty on unwashed wool, it appears that a favor is bestowed on importers of Class 2—*the class that includes the wools which shrink the least in washing and scouring.*

This particular strange and reasonless favor to certain light-shrinking wools is not the only such favor. For Schedule K, with its "the closer you watch the less you see" legerdemain, works out a situation in which,

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regardless of Classes 1 and 2, *all* light-shrinking wools have a tricky and half-concealed advantage over heavy-shrinking wools.

Mark well the false assumption upon which this vicious discrimination is founded. It is the assumption that it takes three pounds of grease wool to make one pound of scoured wool; and because of it the duty on scoured wool is made three times the duty on grease wool.

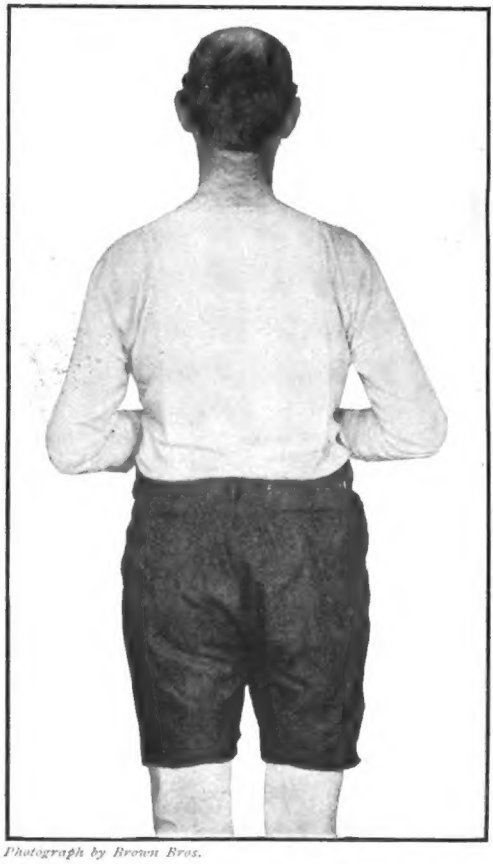
Why not accept the notion? Because, like many other notions upon which tariffs are built, it is not so! And this "not so" is of surprising importance.

The truth of the matter is that not all wools shrink two-thirds. Some wools shrink more than two-thirds. Others shrink from that down to twenty per cent. or less. This means, of course, that if you are importing a pound of grease wool shrinking two-thirds, you pay eleven cents in duty. Wash it, scour it, get it ready to use. How much wool have you now? *One-third* of a pound. How much duty did you pay? Eleven cents. So a whole pound of scoured wool would cost you, in duty, thirty-three cents.

But suppose it is a light-shrinking wool. There is a wool better worth importing! You pay eleven cents a pound for it *in the grease.* Wash it, scour it, get it ready for use. How much wool have you now? *Four-fifths* of a pound! So a *whole* pound of *scoured* wool will cost you, in duty, not thirty-three cents, but an amount of which eleven cents is four-fifths, or a little less than fourteen cents.

Or state it in another way. Jones imports 1,000 pounds of light-shrinking wool. He pays 1,000 times eleven cents, or $110. He scours the wool and finds he has 800 pounds left. Brown, however, imports 1,000 pounds of heavy-shrinking wool. He also pays a duty of 1,000 times eleven cents, or $110. He scours his wool and has only 333 pounds left. Now of course Jones, who imports light-shrinking kinds of wool, is better off than Brown, who needs the heavy-shrinking kind. Plainly, too, Jones has dodged the protection supposed to be given the American wool grower. For he has 800 pounds of wool, scoured by himself at a trifling cost, and has paid only $110 in duties. If he had tried to bring in this same 800 pounds already scoured, he would have paid 800 times the thirty-three-cent duty on scoured wool, or $264.

What is the result of these widely different operations of duties supposed to protect the



Photograph by Brown Bros.

THE BLACK TRUNKS SHOW HOW A MAN WOULD BE DRESSED IF HE WORE ONLY HIS SHARE OF THE WOOL RAISED IN THE UNITED STATES.

American wool grower? Now the matter becomes interesting. The result is that Schedule K—this piece of legislation fearfully and wonderfully made—actually makes the people of the country pay a tax on *dirt.* On every pound of heavy-shrinking wool that comes to clothe us, we pay a tribute to the sand, grease, grass, seed, and mud that come with it! On every pound of light-shrinking wool, the American wool grower is cheated of his supposed protection!

Who benefits by this ingenious arrangement? The man who wears clothes and the woman who buys for the children? The wool grower?

Not one of them.

Those who benefit by this arrangement are the interests that have worked together successfully to maintain the present tariff and to keep it in its present form. These

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interests, favored so agreeably, are showing a tendency toward consolidation. They act together quietly and effectively under the title of The National Association of Wool Manufacturers, and under the leadership of William Whitman, of the Arlington Mills, who, more than any other person in the United States, is worthy of the title, "The Maker of Schedule K." With this Association is the influence of the so-called "trust," the largest organization of its kind in the world, controlling more than a third of the business. It is called "The American Woolen Company"; it came into existence under the Dingley Tariff; it came into existence *because* of the Dingley Tariff. And it is now building the largest worsted mill in the world.

These are the "*benefitees!*"—these worsted manufacturers! On all their products they are so well protected that they need fear no competition from without. In addition, they are given a compensatory duty to protect them further, on the theory that they have been forced to pay a high duty on raw material imported, or a much higher price for this material bought at home. But if any industry uses light-shrinking wools it is the worsted industry! They have the loophole! They are compensated for a disadvantage they do not suffer. The tariff coddles them, and, in order to coddle them, flimflams the wool grower out of a promised protection.

There are, however, other manufacturers of woolen cloth. This second class—the manufacturers of carded woolens—is represented by more mills and more employees—"American wage earners"—than are the worsted manufacturers. From impartial persons comes the statement that their mills are more honestly capitalized. How does this class fare? How does our protective tariff, with its fine-sounding principle of the fostering of industry, treat this particular industry—an industry which under favorable conditions can turn out the cheapest form of warm clothing to protect poor men from the elements? What does the tariff do to it?

In the product of the carded-woolen manufacturers is used the heavier-shrinking wools. It is their industry which bears the disproportionate load of the tariff, and so causes the carded-woolen clothing—the clothing of the poorer classes—either to be made and sold at a disproportionately higher price, or not to be made at all. It is very simple. If one branch of the woolen industry pays a price for its scoured wool, raised, say, forty or fifty cents a pound by the tariff, and another pays for its raw material a price raised, say, fifteen or twenty-five cents a pound because of the tariff, which branch of the industry will survive?

This Schedule K is interesting? It is picturesque!

No one believes that the complaint of the carded-woolen manufacturers is made by them primarily for any other purpose than to serve their own good. But, since we are opening Schedule K to see what sort of thing our great tariff really is *in practice*, let us not be content when we find how the duty on raw wool is made to fool wool grower, consumer, and carded-wool manufacturer! Let us not think ourselves through when we find that the tariff on raw wool deprives the carded-woolen maker, who, by the nature of his business, is a small "independent," of his source of material for cheap clothing, and at the same moment hands to the worsted trust, as a gratuity, a part of the protection supposed to belong to the wool grower.

What next?

Next, we find a very odd situation. This Schedule K begins to look as if it were all built upon a magnificently ingenious plan, in which the consumer, the wool grower, and the carded-wool man are not asked to be interested. For just as soon as the duties on raw wool have been passed by, the duty on "tops" must be dragged out of the jungle.

The word "tops" need scare no one. Tops are a product resulting from combing the scoured wool. Mr. Whitman, of Massachusetts, "the Maker of Schedule K," was the first man to consider manufacturing tops on a large scale in this country. Tops are used to make worsted yarn. Yarn is used to make worsted cloth. Mr. Whitman made worsted cloth. Being in a position to import wool in the grease, free from the supposed burdens that arise from the theory that wool always shrinks 66⅔ per cent. in washing and scouring, he was ready to have a "mountain high" duty put on tops. In other words, the richest interests in the worsted industry saw their additional advantage, went into the top-making business, and on the sly put tops into a class where they fell in with articles assessed as *finished cloth*.

Was this snatching of "tops" from the normal scale and lifting the duties away up, done in an open, aboveboard manner?

Not at all. The duty on tops seemed to

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disappear altogether in the unrevised tariff, and when any one went to look for it—and average citizens do not go looking much for such things—the duty on tops was found hidden under a reference from one paragraph to another, and reposing finally, unmentioned, in a "basket clause."

What did this mean to the big worsted interests? It meant that, having the capital to go into the top business, they were altogether glad that the duty on tops was prohibitory. They could sell tops to other, smaller worsted competitors at a profit, or they could make tops out of competitors' wool, and charge for their services. And it meant much more!

For in the making of worsted tops a by-product is obtained, called "noils." Noils are the short fibers combed out of the long fibers, or tops. Noils are not used in the worsted industry. On the contrary, they are sold. To whom? To the *carded-woolen makers!* Shut these latter manufacturers off from an adequate supply of heavy-shrinking wool, and then get a practically prohibitory duty on foreign noils and other wastes, like the one that was carried over from the Dingley Tariff in the recent revision, and you are well along toward the point where a worsted trust can fix the price of raw material for its competitor, the carded-wool manufacturer.

This sort of legislative favor just begins to show the ordinary man, who may be willing to pay all *just* tribute to foster growing industry, how a tariff schedule like K looks when he blows the fog off it.

Wait! A new feature is spread before us the minute we drag out the advanced processes of wools for examination.

We have seen how, besides a tariff on wool, Schedule K puts a tariff on dirt. Now we shall see how it puts a tariff on all sorts of things through a pretended duty given to compensate our industries for the duties on raw wool. We have seen that compensatory duties are duties applied not only to put our manufacturers in a place where they are protected against the "difference in cost of production in favor of foreigners," but also to compensate them for any additional price they have to pay for raw wool because of the tariff on raw wool.

Now comes the "compensatory" duty on *yarn*. The phrase "made wholly, or in part of wool" here makes its first bow! From this point to the end of Schedule K, woolen necessities in the American home, and nearly all articles going into these necessities which contain any wool—no matter how much cheapened by cotton, no matter how much impaired as to wearing qualities by the mixture of riffraff—are taxed just as if they were all wool, and the best in the world. By its cunning little tricks Schedule K succeeds in raising the price, not only on things made of wool, *but on any product meant to supply the peoples' need of wool, on any product in which wool is mixed with other things to make a cheaper garment, a cheaper shirt, a cheaper blanket!*

Says K in effect: "Not only shall an adequate supply of wool for the nation be discouraged, but any substitute or mixture with wool in it which is not made by my privileged 'benefitees' shall be discouraged, too."

The "big jest" begins with yarn. Yarn, before being taxed by its value to protect American spinners, is first taxed by the pound to compensate the American spinner for the duty put on raw wool. But suppose a pound of yarn is mostly cotton? K refuses to notice the cotton at all. So the American spinner who puts cotton in his yarn is "compensated" as to the cotton he uses just as if it were wool. It is protected as wool. This mixed yarn *may* make some man a suit of clothes that will cost an unreasonable price because over-protected up through all its processes on the fiction that it is all wool. But it *can't* keep out the cold and damp. Indeed, the phrase "made wholly or in part of wool" whacks away every year at the national health.

Notice that there is no good reason for this. K might well say, "Tax the wool *contents* of these things." Analysis of "wool contents" is possible, practicable. But there is no change; the old arrangement persists. And in addition to the serious effect it has upon us all—upon pockets—upon health, it is even farcical. For instance:

A case was taken to the courts because the wool duty had been assessed on sets of furniture which had chair coverings made of cloth that contained wool. The assessment was on every pound of weight of the furniture!

A pair of wool-lined rubber boots may be taxed by the pound as if made wholly of wool.

A man from Boston bought some scrap rubber in Canada, which he supposed was classified under the free list. He got as far

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as Rouse Point in New York, on the way into the United States, and then the custom officials valued his material at $400 and assessed him $1,600 in duties! His rubber scrap, containing some wool fiber, was charged by the pound under the wool-waste clause of Schedule K.

A manufacturer of paper, importing cotton rags for paper stock, in which shreds of wool were found, was assessed as if the whole consignment came under the wool rates.

Cloth made entirely of cotton, except for wool polka dots glued to the fabric, is called by K "all wool."

Mottoes—"God Bless Our Home"—worked in yarn or worsted, are weighed by the pound at the customhouse, and charged a duty to compensate the American manufacturer of cloth.

Under Treasury Decision 12,665, corn plasters are held to be "wearing apparel of wool!"

In the light of these examples, the statement made by Senator Aldrich that Schedule K is the "citadel of protection" becomes amusing. The only fault with the statement is that K is not so much of a citadel as a pyramid. It adds burden on burden, from the foundation of raw wool to the peak of finished manufacture, propped up all the way upon suppositions that are not true.

That is K!

For instance, there is the fiction which says that it takes four pounds of grease wool to make one pound of cloth. So, besides the protective duty, a compensatory duty is placed on a pound of cloth equal to the duty on four pounds of grease wool. It makes no difference that the cloth contains cotton. If a pound of it is ninety-eight per cent. cotton and two per cent. wool, it pays the full compensatory duty just the same; so that the maker of cheap cotton—adulterated imitation of warm cloth—is just as fully protected as the maker of an all-wool cloth—indeed, even more protected. *But even a pound of all-wool cloth does not often contain four pounds of grease wool.*

There is one of the rough spots that any one can see! Plainly enough, the question is how much dirt and grease are in the pound of wool. Here is our old friend—*the tariff on dirt*—again. Grease wool that yields eighty per cent. of scoured wool will make more cloth than grease wool that yields only thirty-three per cent. of scoured wool. Schedule K jumps over this fact with ease. "Four pounds," says the trust. "Four pounds," says K. "Four pounds," say the "revisionists" in Congress. The facts?

Why bother with facts?

The truth of the matter is, however, that few wools shrink more than two-thirds, as far as the scouring goes, with an additional loss of perhaps twenty-five per cent. by wastes in making cloth. This would mean, even when we are importing heavy-shrinking wool, a little over three pounds of grease wool of the largest shrinkage to one pound of cloth. Yet the old fiction persists, and does its share toward pyramiding the swollen "compensatory" duties placed on anything containing *any* wool. And every one of these swollen duties helps to raise the price on wool clothing and to raise the price, and encourage the manufacture, of cotton mixtures. And the consumer pays the bill.

That is Schedule K. First it takes from the people practically all pure woolen clothing. Then it weaves a fabric of falsities to tax the consumer of the cheap substitutes, *not for the protection of anybody, but as a gratuity to one set of our manufacturers*, putting them in a position to "compete the others out of business."

Incidentally, when the trust and its associates have to explain the smothering of the carded-wool industry, they say that carded clothing "has gone out of fashion." Whereupon the ordinary man is impelled to suggest that perhaps Schedule K, so able to accomplish astounding results, even makes the fashion. And, looking then a little deeper into K, he sees a nation driven by tariff sleight-of-hand from the use of warm wool clothing, to the use of flimsy, cotton-adulterated clothing made under peculiar, half hidden, but extraordinary tariff favors.

Not yet are we through with K's marvels. For a moment we go back to the beginning and look at raw wool. This time we consider Class 3—the class that contains the wools used in making carpets. There is an amusing feature about carpet wools. They are charged either four or seven cents a pound, according to value. Obviously, if carpet wools are thus protected, it must be because here, at home, we grow animals to yield carpet wools. For in putting a duty on carpet wools there must be an idea of protecting *something*. But the fact is that Schedule K protects a home industry which does not exist!

Twenty years ago, when the matter was

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being discussed, Judge Lawrence, who for years represented the wool growers, drew a splendid picture of the development of our carpet-wool clip. He said that under protection, in a half dozen years, we should be raising 5,000,000 pounds of carpet wool. We have not raised a thousand pounds since, except for a little rug wool raised by the Navajo Indians. And to-day, so far as any one is able to find out, Schedule K is boosting the price of carpets, to 90,000,000 people, by protecting a single flock of something like two dozen Scotch black-faced sheep in West Virginia!

The truth of the matter is that the climate of the United States is not fitted for species producing carpet wools. Does that affect K? Not at all. The duty is there. The woolen trust is *afraid that carpet wools might be used in making clothing.* And so the duty stays, and even rides out the storm of a "revision" during which the carpet manufacturers themselves protest vigorously against the absurdity of it all.

Such are samples of the wisdom of our tariff laws.

Such is a schedule that after years of persistence in its jokes, its tricks, its fictions, its frauds—even extending to frauds on sound theories of protection—causes President Taft to say of it now that "it is an important defect." Such is K.

Such is a piece of legislation which, stripped of its disguises, makes the word "statesmanship," as applied to tariff making, a term of ridicule.

K has cheated the government of revenue because it raised duties so unnecessarily above honest protection that it has prohibited imports.

K has cheated the wool growers by a "joker" that allows raw wool imported by a privileged class of manufacturers to enter the country at a duty less than appears upon its face.

K has cheated the carded-wool manufacturer by allowing two great advantages to his competitor, the worsted "trust."

K has cheated the consumer by making him pay higher prices for clothing that is neither warm nor durable.

K has done these things—even without taking into account the "protective" duties. For up to this point, we who are looking into K have not considered at all the ad valorem duties—the duties assessed according to values—the duties supposedly assessed to put our industries, one by one, regardless of the price of raw material, in fair competition with foreign manufacturers, and not *intended* to go farther.

They do go farther. These protective duties, made too high, do bear down upon us. They do, in specific case after case, amount to much more than protection. On top of the tricky compensatory duties which have been uncovered here, there are unreasonable ad valorem duties which mean that *the largest of our wool textile industries are not even in theoretical competition with the world.* K probably discourages rather than stimulates new economies and new developments of skill; an *over-protected* industry has no incentive to improve—no encouragement to "better the art."

The longest strides have been made by American tailors. Within the past quarter-century, the art of ready-made clothing manufacture in the United States has developed with wonderful speed and to the accomplishment of wonderful economies. Do the wholesale clothiers support Schedule K? They do not. First, they need no protection against foreign-made clothing on the ground of the cheapness of manufacture abroad. Clothing can be made cheaper here. *Protection does not worry the clothing maker. The cost of cloth, the growth of the "woolen trust," the poor quality of goods upon which he works* are the matters that are worrying the manufacturing clothier. He has to face, and try to overcome, the reluctance of the nation to pay more for its clothes, its reluctance to buy flimsy, health-impairing cotton mixtures.

A manufacturer of knitted goods in Rochester, New York, who has been in business for more than thirty [illegible] says: "The tariff has worked injuries to the manufacturer, but most of all to the consuming public. The people wear less of woolen because of these schedules." The National Association of Clothiers asserts that wools "are rank and high." Another clothier says: "As a manufacturer of clothing for almost fifty years, I can truthfully state that I have never handled cloth of so inferior quality for the price as I do now. The masses, consisting of laborers, mechanics, and farmers, the real users of ready-made clothing, are receiving practically no value for their money. The quality and colorings are so poor that in many instances they fade and cockle, and the manufacturer of garments can give no satisfaction to the wearer." This man's

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testimony is affirmed by the Cincinnati Clothiers' Association. It is the statement of clothing salesmen that they are ashamed to go out on the road with the cheap, lightweight, adulterated goods that they are forced to carry in order to meet a demand for suits "at the same old price."

In the last analysis, however, it is the man who reads this sentence who pays for Schedule K's oddities, who supports its unequal distribution of favors, who bears its strange arrangement of "compensatory duties," and yields tribute. He pays the swollen price. He pays it either by taking poorer wearing apparel, which no longer "wears," or he pays it in dollars and cents as a gratuity to a growing worsted monopoly.

It is *not* true—and this should be made plain—that the price of woolen goods—clothing, and blankets, and carpets—is always raised an amount equal to the duties on such goods. Familiarity with the workings of a tariff will soon establish that. It is *not* true that occasional suits of clothes may not be found which are made of good wool and can be sold cheap because of the development in the art of making clothing. It is *not* true that in finished products the cost of duty on a pound of wool makes an astounding difference in price. But it *is* true that we look to our tariff as a law made with some statesmanship, some wisdom, some truth, some regard for facts, some equity, some good business sense, some consideration for more than one favored class. And we look in vain.

See! A manufacturer of dolls complains through a long letter written by a representative that Schedule K assesses the wool duty on *dolls' wigs*, making the price on a wig higher than the price on a completed doll imported from abroad and sold in this country. This is amusing, trivial, not of great importance. But it is one drop in a bucket of absurdities—the amusing side of K.

There is nothing amusing about the situation, however, when years of tariff legislation cannot knock together something better. Tariff making is a grim sort of farce if revisions and investigations are to be made without knowledge or recognition of truth. K is founded on guesses. It rests on near-facts and no facts, produced in 1867 by special interests to build K to fit the conditions at that time. Without the slightest regard to progress in the arts, changes in population, evolutions in trade, or the conditions to-day, K is still assuming that it is, with all its old-fashioned construction, as good now as it was then. Congress agreed to this assumption. Because of what?

The President of the United States feels obliged to say: "The interests of the wool growers in the far West and the interests of the woolen manufacturers in the East and in other states, reflected through their representatives in Congress, were sufficiently strong to defeat any attempt to change the woolen tariff, and had it been attempted it would have beaten the bill reported from either committee."

Note that even the President refers to the "representatives in Congress" of the woolen manufacturers.

So are tariff laws made!

Thus is K turned loose again!

After all, though, the important thing is not K itself. Merely pulling K to pieces to startle the people is not the purpose of this article. Something larger than the grotesqueness of K is involved. It is the grotesqueness of tariff making. An attempt has been made to show what K is because K is one of the results, and remedies may be applied to a system of tariff manufacture when tariff manufacture has been a shameful failure. Poor K is only a sample.

In the March number Mr. Child will show how K was made and how it has been propped up, year after year, by those who covertly enjoyed its extraordinary favors and took advantage of a loose system of tariff making.

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THE CHOSEN INSTRUMENT

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

Author of "The Mystery" [with Stewart Edward White], "The Flying Death," etc.

Illustrations by M. Leone Bracker

THE silence of the apartment closed about the two men like a harbor, after the storm of plaudits which had swept them from the auditorium below. Kenyon, entering before his host, laid upon the table that marvelous and unfathered violin over the creation of which embattled experts still hold high debate. Quietly Maurice got out his cigars and seated himself, waiting. His friend stood, drumming nervously on the table with pudgy fingers. A strange hand, for a great performer. And a strange face that brooded above it; stolid, impassive, but redeemed by eyes of a singular lucidity.

Presently the virtuoso lifted his head and, taking his beloved instrument from the case, touched the strings to a soft *pizzicato* reminiscence of the music which, but a few moments before, had swayed the vast metropolitan audience like a tornado.

"It is done," he said, and dropped into a chair.

Maurice leaned toward him. "Hugo," said he earnestly, "if there is anything within the scope of man's experience comparable to the rapture of a mother over her firstborn, you must have felt it to-night. You have given to the world something new and wonderful and eternal."

"Wonderful? Yes; it was wonderful." Kenyon spoke impersonally, as if estimating the achievement of another.

"It was more. It was revolutionary, anarchistic! No man but you would have dared tear tradition to tatters and give us a new interpretation of the Lenska romance."

"Did it seem daring? Yet"—Kenyon's soft eyes flashed—"yet they understood."

"A dumb beast would have understood. A stone would have thrilled to it as you played it. To see that audience of connoisseurs and critics—at first vacillating between bewilderment and resentment—to see them compelled from resentment to fascination, lifted from fascination to ravishment—it is no small thing that you have done, Hugo, my friend. You have raised the 'Todeswahrheit' to its true place among the world's masterpieces!"

"I have done only that which was laid upon me to do," returned the other, somberly. "The interpretation is none of mine; I can claim it no more than can that fragile mechanism of wood and gut lying there, voiceless. Perhaps not so much."

"Not yours? Whose, then?"

"Ah, do you tell me!" retorted the musician. "Universal amateur that you are, knowing the living world of music as no poor professional can afford to know it, you should be able to determine, if any one can. Will you hear how the 'Todeswahrheit' came to me? Yes? Then I hand the charge on to you."

He drew the violin toward him again, and, with his fingers caressing the strings, spoke.

II

THESE ten years (said Hugo Kenyon) I have been playing the "Todeswahrheit." Not as you heard me play it to-night, Maurice, but as best I knew, then. Always it has allured me. The mystery of its conception, of its birth, of its genius, is a thing to enthrall the mind. It has been my passion.

You, perhaps, knew Vladimir Lenska. In any case, you know what he was; a man foredoomed, by the brilliance and facility of his talent, to deny utterance to the profounder genius which underlay it. For it was genius, and of the highest, that was foreshadowed in his early failures, forgotten in his early successes. Then came its momentary reappearance in that little cycle of lyrics which made the heart of Europe beat faster for a few throbs; just those few songs, followed by the wane of will or of wish, the decline to lesser standards. Steadily, abundantly thereafter flowed the current of delightful, dainty, meretricious fripperies. True, they gave their composer a place, made him the musical

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laureate of fashion, would have enriched him had he cared anything for money.

But the place thus gained was proper to his talent, not to his genius. Temperament barred the higher paths to him—temperament, and the baneful gifts of his cradle-fairies. A brilliant and beautiful human creature he was, instinct with magnetism; a master of the minds of men and the hearts of women. To the European society of the day he was what the young Goethe, godlike and irresistible, had been in the earlier century; but he lacked the poet's stern mastery of self. For such as Vladimir Lenska, "the world with a great wind blows." To his genius it was a blighting wind, that hot blast of adulation and flattery. So said those who paid tribute to his submerged greatness.

Suddenly came the miracle. Conceive a skillful artificer of statuettes becoming, by instant transition, a Rodin; Watteau painting with the brush of a Millet; Herrick's casual pipe deepening and swelling to the archangel tones of Milton. So was Vladimir Lenska transformed when he made the "Todeswahrheit" romance. In that, once and for all, the soul of his genius spoke, full-voiced and with the tongue of men and of angels; spoke a world-message so tumultuous, so baffling that the interpreters who loved it best have left its mystery still unsolved.

No true musician has ever been content with the stock interpretation—natural, perhaps, in view of the known facts of the composer's ruin and disappearance—that of a glorification of suicide, with its successive themes of remorse, regret, defiance, despair, of memories binding the hands, of savage struggle, and of final surrender. How, if that be true, explain the recurrence of the G-string melody, that pure, passionate, profoundly joyous song so strangely mingled and lost in the final movement? What artist who has ever played the romance to his own heart has not felt in the music something finer than failure, something nobler than defeat?

I played the "Todeswahrheit" in the old way for the last time at the Montreal Winter Festival a year ago. The power was upon me that evening. I played as I had never played before, so I felt. And my audience rose to me. There's a glow that comes to one with the consciousness of having done a little better than one's possible. I was savoring it to the full in my dressing room when a single knock sounded and a man stood in the doorway. He was a stranger to me. Tall, slender, with a pointed beard heavily flecked with gray, and deep-set eyes, he was obviously a foreigner, and, from his bearing, a man of distinction.

"Mr. Hugo Kenyon?" he inquired in a deep and singularly resonant voice.

"Yes," I replied.

He raised his hat, entered, and stood before me.

"And you?" I suggested.

"And I," he said gravely, "have been much interested in your playing."

"Thank you," said I, and added rather flippantly, for I was a little annoyed at his calm disregard of my hint, "though it may or may not be a compliment."

As before, he ignored the spirit of my suggestion while following on the letter. "I did not come to pay compliments. I came to ask the honor of a call from you to-night."

Curiosity spurred me to consent; that, and something indefinably winning about my visitor. As you know, I am, ordinarily, the least curious of men, and not prone to be swayed by chance attractions. So, just because I resented within myself the impulse to yield, I replied rather brusquely that I should doubtless be tired out.

"There is a violin to be seen which might interest you," he said.

"I am not purchasing violins at night," I retorted.

No need of his quiet smile, at that, to rebuke my *gaucherie*. Peddling violins, this man! One might as sensibly have pretended to believe him, with his quiet elegance of manner, his innate dignity of bearing, a beggar of alms on the street corner. Angry at myself for having played the fool, and at him for having borne witness to it, I became obstinate.

"I must beg to decline," I said.

For a moment he looked at me full. His eyes, very large, very dark, set wide apart in a face whose lines told of self-control, of self-denial, of a certain reticence of the spirit, widened strangely. A fantastic notion obtruded itself that he was trying to hypnotize me. As I was in the mental act of exorcising this imbecility, he spoke again. He made this speech to me—me, who had never before then set eyes on him—quite composedly:

"I have suffered very much."

Amazing? It was astounding, overwhelming, terrifying almost, like the subversion of some great natural law. Coming from a man of that type! A flash of light, deep in the

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heart of an impenetrable cavern. And yet comprehensible enough, too. I knew it at once for an appeal—profound, desperate, if you will. I must go with him. That I recognized. Nevertheless, the perverse imp still wretchedly beset my tongue.

"I don't know what you mean," I muttered.

"That is not true," replied the stranger. He gave me the lie, that grave man, in a tone of the simplest courtesy. I defy any one to have taken umbrage.

"You are right," I admitted. "It is not true. You are resolved that I shall go with you, for what reason I do not know. It does not matter. At what hour?"

"I thank you. Immediately after your last number, then."

Though I searched the auditorium for him during my next selection, I could find him nowhere. Outside, however, he was awaiting me.

"It is but a step to my rooms," said he. "Shall we walk?"

I was glad of the sparkling air, glad of the crisp spaciousness of the night after the close atmosphere of the hall. We walked in silence, except for a commonplace or two. Two turns we made, I think; then, off St. James Street, quite in the heart of the business district, my companion halted and drew out his key. We were in front of a little tobacco shop, with a French name over the lintel. But the door which opened to the key led, not into the shop, but up a flight of bare stairs to the first floor. On the landing my companion opened another door and ushered me into a dimly lighted apartment. Its luxury and elegance did not surprise me. This was no man to emerge, in furs which a prince might have worn, from shabby lodgings.

"You will excuse me for a moment," he said, "while I get out the violin."

"There *is* a violin, then?" I returned.

He smiled. "You shall see for yourself and judge if it be not worth the seeing."

While he was gone I had a few moments to look about me. To-day I carry an ineffaceable impression of my surroundings. Nothing stood out in the room. All the details blended restfully, peacefully. Yet there was a bizarre atmosphere, an exotic feeling about the place. It suggested my host's nationality. He was a Russian, as I had suspected, if several curious old ikons, scattered on a table, were to be taken as evidence. Vaguely, as I wandered about admiring the exquisiteness of the rugs and draperies, I began to feel a lack of something. No pictures on the walls—that was it. Carvings there were; tapestries, lacquer designs, armor of marvelous workmanship, but neither painting, etching, nor portrait was visible. From a dim corner a glint of light, captive and quivering, drew my gaze to a strange, high-standing antique, a sort of escritoire, half hidden between silken hangings. Leaning to examine it, I set a hand upon the front of the woodwork. Immediately a soft light diffused itself from overhead. In that mild radiance a pictured face leaped from the shadow to meet my eyes. So unlooked for, so startling in its splendor was the apparition, that I gave back a step with a cry. Then the vision held me, rapt.

A woman's face—a face wistful, wonderful. Purity, passion, courage—all the high qualities of character and race, informed and softened by an appealing and sensitive tenderness shone from the picture. Beautiful by every standard. But above and beyond beauty, it breathed personality. Vivid, vital individuality. "I and no other." So must have spoken the living woman to the hearts of men.

Pure white of a strange texture framed the photograph. In it played a flame, lambent, concentrated. Some facet of this it was that had first fixed my attention. The flame gleamed and shifted in reds, in greens, in liquid sea-blues; a startling thing, like magic. Then I saw it for what it was. An opal, set in the whiteness; a wondrous, priceless opal, maintaining the eternal fire of its symbolism as at an altar, a shrine—assuredly the shrine and symbol of the vestal. Something in the woman's face told that, something unmastered, unfulfilled.

For the moment my surroundings were forgotten. I was engrossed in the marvel which had sprung from the shadow, in the mystery of it, in the unearthly splendor. My host's step behind me brought me to myself.

"I have to ask your pardon," I cried. "You will think me unforgivably intrusive. It was quite by accident that I touched the spring and lighted——"

"There is no question of intrusion," he interrupted. Then, after a pause, "She is dead."

"Yes," I said. "I had supposed so."

"From the setting?" he asked quickly. "But do not mistake. She was enshrined not less, when alive, in the heart of a man. That is the picture she sent to Vladimir Lenska,

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I GAVE BACK A STEP WITH A CRY. THEN THE VISION HELD ME, RAPT.

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that and her opal ring, which he set to burn beneath it." His hand fell upon my shoulder. "Strange, is it not," he continued in an intimate, musing tone, "how an ingeniously compounded group of chemicals can seize and fix, for all time, upon the surface of an artificial crystal, the lovely and noble realities, the realities that make life worth living? Life worth living," he repeated softly, "and—death worth dying. Photography! So we call it, and think to have explained by a Greek derivative, if you please, the miracle which gives immortality to the mortal part of us. A man-made immortality. Yet there are those who would deny the God-made immortality of the spirit. You are, perhaps, one of them."

"I scarcely know," said I, shaken by the contained intensity of his *credo*. "So much is blind and dim. It is very wonderful, your picture and its setting," I continued with an effort. As I spoke, a line of Tennyson's came to my mind, and not to my mind alone, for it rang in sonorous music to the ear:

"'Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful.'

"Did you quote the 'Morte d'Arthur?' I cried.

"What is there strange in my having done so?" he answered gently. "The flash from attuned mind to attuned mind—it is so unusual in your experience? Telepathy—another futile, groping word. So, one perceives, you must believe a little in what is blind and dim, after all."

"Who are you? What are you?" I demanded.

"A musician, like yourself. Will you look at my violin?"

He laid it in my hands. Like everything else about him, it was unique. Perfect though it was in every detail, there was no signature nor any slightest mark of facture upon it. I could not even be sure that it was old. But when, taking the bow, I tried it, it gave forth an unearthly purity of tone such as I had never heard from Guarnerius or Amati. So I said to him. He nodded absently, took the instrument from me, and played.

Whether or not he was a great technician, I hardly know. But he was a consummate artist, a profound and passionate musician. That I recognized beyond all doubting as he swung into the noble strains of the "Eroica." He broke off in the midst, as one satisfied, and laid the instrument down. His voice, when he spoke again, had lost the resonance of exaltation. Once more he was the polished, courteous man of the world.

"It was most kind of you to come here at the request of a total stranger," he began.

I murmured something about having already been richly repaid.

"Your playing of the 'Todeswahrheit' interested me very greatly," he went on. "You played it all wrong."

I stared at him in a sort of stupefaction. "Is this a joke?" I demanded.

He shook his head with regretful courtesy. "If I have offended, I ask your pardon. I claim your patience. Let me prove to you the truth of what I say. It is for that I have brought you here to-night."

"Prove it, then," I growled. My *amour propre* had been severely ruffled.

"You played the 'Todeswahrheit' like one who loved it and had sought earnestly for its meaning; earnestly, but in darkness. Had you known Vladimir Lenska and what the 'Todeswahrheit' was to him, never would you have played it as you did this evening." He paused and smiled at me with a certain serenity of conviction. "Never will you play it thus again," he concluded.

"But the proof, the proof," I insisted.

"You shall have it." He paused, considering, then, motioning me to a chair, began. "You know Lenska's song cycle, the little succession of lyrics? Those were written the winter that he met the Princess Varvara, at Petersburg. You can see the faint reflection of what she was, there." He motioned toward the glowing portrait.

"When Lenska met her, the genius, all but stifled at the bottom of his heart, stirred and spoke; not in its fullness of strength, it is true, but still with an indubitable voice. From the first, her heart answered. Rumor began to whisper. She was of the blood of royalty, and Lenska, for all his brilliant position, was half serf. Quite abruptly the Princess left Petersburg, and the musician returned to the consuming gayeties of the life he had been leading, but with even more recklessness of spirit now. Step by step he fell away from power. Only once in that period did he command his will, and that was to startle his world with that scornful outburst of devil-laughter, the 'Fantasia Demoniaca.' The rest were trivialities.

"Three years later came the 'Todeswahrheit.' It was written, though not in its complete form, at the Grand Duke Clovis's castle, on the Baltic. The Princess Varvara was

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there. She was the Grand Duke's niece and ward. It was a brilliant gathering of people who had taken the long journey to kill two of the late winter weeks in hunting and high play. Not a large party, but large enough so that Lenska and the Princess saw little of each other. But one day, on the lake, they skated together. That night, with the brother of a reigning monarch—and a very fine musician—for accompanist, Lenska played in the great hall of the castle; played to his princess; played the blood from her heart to her cheeks, pouring out his love and his despair, for in that wild surge of music he was bidding farewell to the hope and ideal of his awakened heart.

"'But, *mon ami*,' said the royal accompanist to him at the close, 'you have given us a great work—and left it half finished.'

"'It will be finished one day,' replied Lenska.

"Stakes at the Grand Duke's card table, always high, ran higher than usual that night. Lenska was a passionate gambler. Pressing his play feverishly, he won and won. On the morrow the Princess Varvara watched him with subdued but evident anxiety; seemed even to seek opportunity of speech with him. But he, as unobtrusively, avoided her. Again that night he won. But he was playing against the almost inexhaustible resources of some of the greatest fortunes in Russia, and in time the tide turned.

"Within three days of the date set for the breaking up of the party, Lenska mounted the stairs to his apartments in a minor wing of the castle, paused a moment to look out over the moonlit plain, then laughed quietly and with a certain satisfaction, as having found the answer to a troublous problem. Every ruble he had in the world was in pledge to the table below. Not that alone, but his violin, his priceless violin, lying there in the chamber, had been sacrificed to his lust of play. Therefore he laughed, for this was the end and worse could not come to him.

"But he would leave a memory that should sear and burn! He would, before his violin passed to alien hands, carry out the theme that he had played for the Princess Varvara. He would blend with it the bitterness and revolt of the 'Demoniaca'; he would show the world, in music, that a man could curse God and die—laughing. Secure against disturbance or interruption, in his remote wing of the castle, he brought his instrument out into the high-ceiled antechamber and there poured from it his blasted longings, his hatred, his self-contempt, his mocking helplessness. Many a virtuoso has thrilled his thousands with that part of the 'Todeswahrheit.' There is something in every man which answers to the savagery of it.

"But what comes after—ah, it is there that you all fail of comprehension. The desperate, mounting climax, like a hoarse cry of rage, and then the cataract of silvery, falling notes. Can you understand it now? It is her coming. Lenska beheld her as an apparition. Motionless he stood, stricken with wonder and delight, as she came to him lightly across the floor. Then followed a sick terror, at the thought of the peril to her reputation, to her life, even, if she were discovered there at that hour.

"'Go back,' he said, catching her by the wrist. 'Go back before it is too late.'

"She shook her head in sweet denial. 'I came because I understood what you meant to do,' she said. 'I heard it in your music, as I leaned out of my window; your music that I understand so well, that I love so well.'

"'What then?' he asked rebelliously.

"'You must not. I forbid it.' She smiled in his face with an infinite depth of pity.

"'You have not the right, Princess,' he said.

"'I claim the right,' she retorted proudly, 'because I love you with all my soul. And I can tell you this now, since—can you be strong, Vladimir?—since I know that I have only a short time to live.'

"Stunned and helpless he stood while she told him the verdict of the physicians. They gave her two months, possibly three.

"'It is here, the trouble,' she said, pressing her hand to her heart; 'here where the thought of you beats in every pulsation.'

"Love had come to her too late. But, at least, having come, it should be potent for good and not for evil. With her eyes compelling his, she set the seal of her will upon him. She took his promise of life. And at the end she left him numbed, yet with the ineffaceable impress of tremulous, soft hands upon his temples, of warm lips that had clung to his own.

"All night he sat brooding. The brilliant winter sun roused him to an agony of full realization. He had given his word. He

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had bound himself to justify her faith in him, to finish his task in the world, without the right to seek the reward, the rest, of death. Love had laid its burden upon him. Through the eyes of his princess he saw the eternal truth that the task of him to whom power is given closes only when the heart ceases to beat; that genius binds its possessor by fetters of steel, by fetters of pain, by fetters of love, even to the end—to the end."

The deep voice of my host had sunk to a profound half-whisper. Now it rose again accusingly.

"No man heard this in the 'Todeswahrheit.' They—you—all of you have thought to find in it an embittered spirit's flight to the refuge of suicide. Oh, fools and blind! Can you fail of the meaning now? Not the triumph of death, but the truth of death. The bravest, the saddest, the highest triumph that the spirit can achieve, the triumph of love and love's loyalty over a death passionately longed for, over the sweet, warm thought of it, waiting, waiting.

He paused and leaned toward the picture. "How basely we human creatures face death," he said. "To us it means an open grave. To Lenska—open arms."

There followed a long silence which I broke, half dreading to hear my own voice.

"You were Lenska's friend?"

He gave me a strange smile. "I was his enemy, once," he said. "Lenska did not see his princess again. For two days he was locked in his rooms. One person only gained access to him. His friend, the accompanist, beat at his door.

"'*Mon ami*, you must eat. You must drink. That is nothing, the losses at cards. One loans'——

"Here he had been seized, dragged in, forced to the piano bench by a pallid travesty of the brilliant Lenska, who thrust a rough manuscript before him. 'Play,' cried the travesty. 'Begin here.'

"Not until hours later did the royal pianist make good his escape, enervated and exhausted. 'That man is possessed of a devil,' he said to his host afterward, 'or of a god.'

"When Lenska left the castle it was with two thirds of his creation committed to paper. Two weeks later there came to him his princess's photograph, and her opal. There are two words written in Russian on the picture. 'Remember, Love.' It was a message from the dead. Lenska understood that. Already he had disappeared from the ken of his associates when the 'Todeswahrheit' sang, for the first time, its troubled, mysterious, heartbreaking theme to the world. The manuscript of it had come, without explanation, to his friend the royal accompanist, with directions for its disposal. Lenska himself? Vanished."

"But," I exclaimed, "he made himself known afterward. They buried him with the pomp of kings, suicide though he was."

"Suicide," he repeated, smiling. "There could be no motive strong enough in this world to make Vladimir Lenska false to his promise, given to the woman he loved. But there were reasons, political reasons, why he should die. His music was troubling the soul of a nation. While he was lost to the sight of his friends, those strange, thrilling songs of the people were springing up from the soil of Russia. One of them inspired the martyrs of the great flood to their sacrifice. One, it is said, fired the Southwest to revolt. You remember that, in the bread riots, the Cossacks themselves turned away in pity before the 'Hymn of the Helpless.' Such music makes martyrs—and dethrones monarchs. Yes; there was reason enough why Lenska should die, and in a manner that lent itself to the proof of suicide. So he passed. But the songs remain. And the 'Todeswahrheit' lives, uncomprehended. You have said to me 'Prove.' Now I bid you 'Listen.'"

Raising his violin, he stood before the enshrined woman for a moment in silence. Then he raised his bow and played. Not in this existence shall I hear again such music. It filled me. It ran fire in my veins. It plucked at the strings of my heart. It plunged me into the swirling currents of life; it bore me, winged, to the serene places of the eternal. And this was the "Todeswahrheit" which I, in my pitiful self-sufficiency, had deemed myself able to interpret! It seemed to me that the innermost secrets of life and death lay before me, made clear in the loveliness of those strains.

You remember—who that has once heard it ever forgets?—the marvelous descending notes that break in upon and end the fury of the first *motif*? As he played them I seemed to see the Princess Varvara at the door, to feel the amaze, the ecstasy of her lover. Then the slow, passionate heart-throb of the deeper notes—realization. The terror; the fierce conflict of emotions; finally that yearning, pleading melody, human in its passion, divine in its purity.

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WITH HER EYES COMPELLING HIS, SHE SET THE SEAL OF HER WILL UPON HIM.

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The eyes of the unknown master were fixed, as the tide of melody flowed and ebbed, upon the portrait. Mine, following, were held by a portent. I have wanted, since, to ask some physicist whether sound waves and color waves have vibrations in common. For I swear to you, Maurice, the fire at the heart of the opal glowed and faded, swelled and dimmed, to the rise and fall of the music, like the pulse of blood in the veins. Again the player read my thoughts and, in a pause, put them into words:

"Her soul was like an opal. On the surface, all wavering color, all flashing beauty, but always the flame in the depths, changeless and pure."

Again his violin spoke. Spellbound, I sat through the second movement: the poignancy of loss; the longing for rest, for surcease of pain; the subtle temptation of the spirit; then, in the deeper strains, the solemnity of renunciation; and always, running golden through the warp and woof of the harmonies, the voice of the woman, speaking, pleading to the heart.

The player's bow dropped for a moment. He drew a long breath, leaning on the high chair-back as one who summons his powers to an effort.

"Did I tell you," he said, with a strange inflection, "that it was not finished, the 'Todeswahrheit'? Now comes the fulfillment."

To me, Maurice, the *finale* as I had known it seemed almost perfect. Only when I heard that mighty master play the fulfilled theme did I realize how far short of completion the old had been. For, suddenly, in the majestic movement that leads up to the climax, there rose a new strain—a thrilling reminiscence of the woman's voice interweaving itself in the *motif*, mounting true and strong until at the last it dominated all; a melody wonderful, haunting, compelling—full of appeased yearning, of achieved victory, of an ineffable sweetness, the sweetness of the perfect reward after the death-in-life of sacrifice and denial.

I sprang to my feet in uncontrollable excitement. "What is this?" I cried. "It is something more than the 'Todeswahrheit'; something even greater!"

He smiled to me, across the dimness still resonant and pulsating with the dying echoes.

"I must have that," I muttered, fumbling for my notebook. "I must keep it beyond danger of forgetting."

Still smiling, he shook his head. He was right. There was no need of notes. Even had I wished it, I should have lacked power to forget a single note, a slightest inflection. Once again he played through the finale. And that I might want nothing of the fullness of comprehension, his wonderful voice added the interpretation of words, mingling low speech with the current of sound, in the heart's cry of another great master—the cry in poetry as this was in music.

"For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!"

The fire at the opal's heart leapt and sank. The last vibrant note lost itself in the darkness, in the depths, in the infinite distances. The unknown master stood rapt, his deep eyes brooding on the pictured face.

So he stood, too, when I left him. Between, there had been some broken talk.

"You will take my violin," he had said. And when I tried to protest: "You will need it to play the 'Todeswahrheit'—when you shall finally play it."

I would have refused a gift so overwhelming, but he had bent my will to his own. When could I see him again, I asked, to thank him more fittingly? He was evasive. He was leaving the next morning. Later, then? Ah, later! He smiled that gentle, baffling smile of his. I should at least hear from him. And so, good-by. Then I was staggering in the white street; staggering, because my soul was drunken, and the body walked masterless, hours upon hours, bearing the weight of an inestimable charge; a charge to pass on to other men, to other generations, the "Todeswahrheit," completed, fulfilled.

III

MAURICE put aside his dead cigar. "This is the twentieth century we live in, I believe?" he observed, with a somewhat forced flippancy.

"But the things which are of the spirit are eternal," quoted Hugo Kenyon solemnly.

"Then you believe—" Maurice left the question unfinished, and passed on to another. "You have been back to Montreal since?"

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"Last month."

"And found?"

"A note waiting for me in the hands of the French woman who kept the little tobacco shop off St. James Street. No sooner had I inquired for the former lodger than she identified me as '*Monsieur 'Ugo-Kanion, cet artiste si célèbre*', and handed me the letter. 'Nearly a year it has been,' she said, 'since Monsieur put it into my hands and left us.' Here it is."

Maurice took the paper from his friend's hand. It was undated and unsigned. He read:

"Hugo Kenyon will play the 'Todeswahrheit,' on his last appearance, at the December concert in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City."

"It's a forgery, a fabrication," declared Maurice. "You did not yourself know, a year ago, when this is supposed to have been written, that you were to appear in New York this year."

"No," assented the violinist. "Nor, after the arrangement was made, did I know what I was to play, until I received this permission. I had been awaiting it."

"Nonsense!" said Maurice sharply. He had been bending over the note, intent upon the handwriting. When he spoke again, it was in a changed voice.

"Hugo."

"Well?"

"Have you ever seen this writing before?"

"Never."

The amateur drew from a portfolio a sheet of holograph music. Across the top were written certain directions. Laying the two papers side by side, he compared them minutely.

"The same," he said under his breath. "Not a shadow of doubt."

"And the music?" asked Kenyon.

"The music is the original manuscript of Lenska's 'Serpentine.'"

"You see," said the musician in a tone of composed triumph. "I have recognized the truth for long. Ever since the night I saw him, I think."

"Saw him?" protested the other. "Lenska has been dead these ten years."

"Dead—as we use the term." Kenyon took some folded papers from his pocket. "I leave this with you. Take care of it. It is the final *motif* of the 'Todeswahrheit'; the one true copy."

"Why leave it with me?" asked the amateur uneasily.

"'Hugo Kenyon will play the "Todeswahrheit" on his *last* appearance,'" quoted the virtuoso, emphasizing the adjective.

"Don't be a superstitious fool," growled his friend.

Kenyon smiled. "My work is finished," said he. "I have handed on the 'Todeswahrheit.' It is in safe guardianship with you, who will love it, perhaps, a little more for my sake. It will not be played falsely again. So much I leave behind me."

Raising his violin, he swept the strings in the muted melody of the third movement that chokes the throat with tears.

"Infinite passion, and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn"

he murmured.

Then once again the triumphant glory of the *finale* pealed in ecstasy on the throbbing air. Maurice felt a swift, strong hand-clasp, and the player was gone.

Those who saw Hugo Kenyon last say that he made no effort to save himself. Others, near him, jumped into the river as the fire crept along the stranded steamer toward them, and were saved. He stood, his violin case under his arm, apparently oblivious to all about him. They found the body, but no trace of the violin. Over its memory the war of the experts still rages unappeasably. But a thousand other violins bear the message which it left, for the "Todeswahrheit" is deathless.

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FLAGLER AND FLORIDA

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

Author of "The Golden Flood," "Sampson Rock of Wall Street," etc.

FATE gave to Ponce de Leon for a ward the daughter of a companion who had died in his arms on the field of battle. On a visit to Spain, his last, he saw her. She was very beautiful—and very young. Fame, wealth, power: husks! Love: heaven! After a while his ward consented to be his wife. But he, in his middle age, would be loved as only youth loves and is loved. Once more he sailed over the salt seas, ordered by the king on the old quests and by Eros on a new. The Caribs whom he subdued had often spoken of a magic land where was the Fountain of Perpetual Youth! A delectable vision came to him, and, following its irresistible beckoning, he discovered on Easter Sunday—*Pascua Florida*, in Spanish—March 27, 1513; the land he sought. In honor of the day and because it was a land green and beautiful, he called it Florida.

He did not find youth. But, in seeking it, he grasped Immortality.

Nearly four centuries later, from the gray North, a man named Flagler, a commercial discoverer, an industrial *conquistador*, past the age of Ponce de Leon, also went to Florida. It may be he sought the precious gold of the sunlight or the turquoise of the sky; perhaps merely a comfortable rocking-chair in a hotel piazza. But he found what his brother-*conquistador* missed. It did not gush from a fountain, but blossomed on the tree of his life's philosophy, which later bore marvelous fruit, as you shall see. He found: his Second Youth. And, like Ponce de Leon, he also grasped Immortality.

What he has done you may see for yourself; and the children of your children will see still more clearly. The tramp of the marching years will not grind to dust his work, but make it the more solid—like the concrete of his viaducts and his buildings, which will grow harder, more like stone, with age. In no other place, in no other way, by no other man could the work have been done.

Of this work the American people know very little; of the man's self, nothing. Florida is far away, and Flagler's is not only an excessive modesty but a personality so elusive as to be unseizable by the ordinary grappling hooks of character analysts. He has no intimates. The friends of his youth, the business associates of his active middle age, the men who are leading his forces down the East Coast of Florida, do not know him. They know some of him; not one of them knows all of him. They do not realize the two youths of him!

The two youths—in no other way can you reconcile 1879 with 1909, or secure consistency in seeming inconsistency. His photographs show the difference. You see more than the mere change of thirty years. Where once he had the look of the Money Maker, now he has the look of the Money Spender! The same efficient human machine; the same vision; the same thoroughness; the same passion for permanence—and suddenly a different work and different results; and infinitely greater success.

Supposing you accept, as I did, EVERYBODY'S invitation to go to Florida in midwinter and see what is there, and learn how it happened, and meet Henry Morrison Flagler.

When you cross the Georgia line, you begin, subconsciously, to Floridize yourself. You prepare for the scenery on the railroad folders to become moving-picturesque. But it is only as you approach St. Augustine that the car-window messages begin to interest you. Among clumps of verdure you catch a glimpse of red-tiled roofs and Spanish towers: the "Ponce de Leon" and the "Alcazar." Flagler: his hotels!

And a beautiful dome, dominating as the

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Photograph by B. Frank Pusfer, New York and Palm Beach.

HENRY M. FLAGLER. THE MAN WHO MADE THE EAST COAST OF FLORIDA.

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"WHITEHALL," THE RESIDENCE OF H. M. FLAGLER AT PALM BEACH, FLORIDA.

Duomo of Florence, though without the sea of Florentine roofs about it: the Memorial Church, perhaps the most beautiful small church in America. More Flagler!

You stop in St. Augustine to rest before proceeding south. (It sounds curious to say *south*, here!) It is an old town, St. Augustine: "The oldest city in the United States," they are careful to tell you. Also they point out a dozen "oldest" houses, none particularly interesting, and the old Spanish fort and the old slave market—which probably wasn't a slave market at all. In point of fact, the spirit of the place does not bear down very heavily on you with the weight of antiquity. No huge ash-shifter has been shaken over it, covering everything with the fine dust of disintegrated centuries, as in the medieval towns of Europe. Nevertheless, something here is different; I think it is because everywhere you see palms.

And utilizing to the utmost this palm-*motif* are the Flagler hotels. They fit, these beautiful edifices, Spanish in architecture and gorgeously successful in the utter un-Americanness of their environment and general effect. Barely twenty years old, they look as if they had always been there, in that precise spot. They "belong," very decidedly.

And the crowd that you see is a crowd of all kinds of people, who are not altogether pleasure-hunting nor exclusively health-seeking, neither prosperous-looking nor shabby. In all the hotels you see more gray heads than black or brown or blond. They tell you, on the slightest provocation, how many years they have been coming down here for the winter. And you gather, before your first day has passed, that Florida is not merely a Fashionable Fad. It is a National Institution.

From St. Augustine you go south to Ormond. On this trip you first begin to hear the natives' remarks about the wonderful way the trains have of being on time, and the great number of cars, passenger and freight, they are running. You feel almost as if you were on the first train that ever ran to the latest mining town. The Florida of yesterday you thus visualize so clearly that your respect for Flagler grows, long before you have come to his crowning triumphs.

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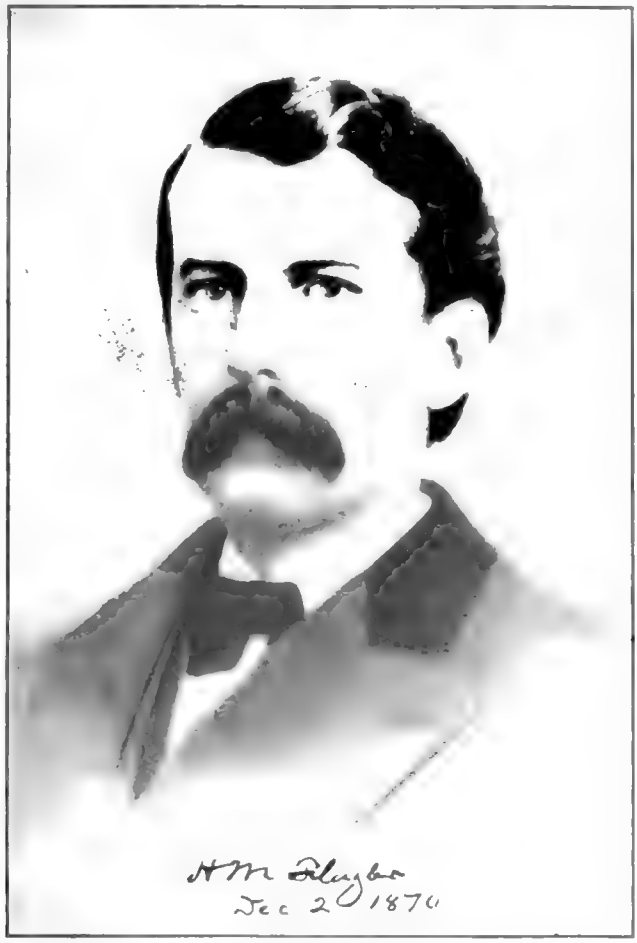
If you are a motorist, you will see the Ormond beach, return thanks to the Maker thereof, and refuse to use the rest of your railroad ticket, for you have here the most wonderful speedway in the world: flat, smooth, just hard enough, and swept clean every day by the mighty broom of the tide. The Ormond Hotel is between the beach and the Halifax River. It is comfortable, more homelike than any other Flagler hotel, and the grounds have a more exotic look than in St. Augustine. You drive to Daytona along beautiful shell roads, past orange groves and the cottages of the winter residents, through streets bordered by trees heavily hung with Spanish moss. Beautiful places, Daytona and Ormond, with river and ocean "views"; but you must push southward, to Palm Beach.

It is the heart of our Riviera. The train stops at the very gates of the Royal Poinciana—the largest wooden building in the world used exclusively for hotel purposes. You notice long, colonnaded porches; and no architectural pretensions—a hotel that has grown by means of additions as it grew in popularity.

If the Royal Poinciana Hotel neither awes you by its size nor charms you by its architecture, the grounds completely delight you. Yesterday a swamp was here; to-day you see the wizardry of the dollar. To make a lawn here was more difficult than it would have been to spread a sheet of solid silver on this spot, or on the golf links, where Mr. Flagler's engineers dumped thousands of carloads of earth. Lawns you have seen before; but not these curious trees and strange shrubs with polychromatic leaves; uncanny screw pines with clumps of exposed roots like writhing serpents upholding the trunk; the gaudy crimson blossoms of the hibiscus that suggest the red lights on a Christmas tree; palms of divers kinds; borders of century plants grown to huge size. And over it all the azure splendor of the Florida sky canopying a scene of so exotic a beauty that you are not merely miles, but whole worlds, away from New York.

Hither comes the ultra-fashion of the great cities to wear its summer gowns six months ahead of time; to see and to be seen. The crowd alone is worth the trip. You get to know Doucet and Paquin better than you know your pastor, and a trip through the corridors in the evening is merely a journey from Paris to Palm Beach by way of the rue de la Paix *via* Fifth Avenue.



FLAGLER AT THE BEGINNING OF HIS CAREER AS MONEY MAKER.

In an Ethiopian-propelled wheel chair you go forth to see Palm Beach; no horses are allowed here. The hotel is on Lake Worth, and you take the drive along the shore. Bluebill ducks swim about and dive with an air of doing it for your benefit. You see the garfish poking their noses into everything; the oldest of extant fishes, unchanged and "unevoluted" these hundred

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thousand years, they now help to intensify the feeling of being in a strange world. . . . The lake shows curious patches of varying blueness. . . . There is no sky: only a stupendous turquoise incandescence; and along the horizon a paler strip—crushed jewels and vaporized silver—otherwise you could not tell where sky began or water left off. And where you should see clouds, you see instead soft whitenesses, glinting like new snow in bright sunlight. . . .

On both sides of the Lake Drive grow cocoanut palms, graceful, lithe, almost animate. You see them gazing at themselves in the mirror of the lake, perennially fascinated by their beauty. But others distinctly lean away from the water: veritable women in the act of fleeing, suddenly metamorphosed into palms. . . . Along the glaring white road, through tunnels of verdure, the noiseless wheel chair carries you, each strange tree adding impressions of a land utterly foreign. It is as if your soul were receiving mysterious little taps—*tap! tap! tap!*—psychic hammer-strokes that numb other thoughts and lull your senses into the Floridian mood. . . . The lake and the sky are having fights in blue. A draw! . . .

You return and drive through palm-bordered streets to the "Jungle Trail"—a man-made labyrinthine road, cut tunnel-like through banks of vegetation; past weird, misshapen trees . . . on out to the "Breakers," the other Flagler hotel, and the pier. . . . The ocean is very blue, save near the horizon, where it is green. There is the smell of the sea and the roar of the sea—that and the sky and its eternal azure challenge to the water.

It is a place, Palm Beach, unlike any other in the world. And only the other day it was merely sand and marsh and brush, with a few palms that grew from cocoanuts which drifted ashore from the wreck of a West Indian schooner. Only that and the blue sky and the blue lake and the blue ocean. And Flagler came and saw what there was. And then he saw what there would be.

You push on to Miami, in what was, till recently, the southernmost section under Flagler development. It is not so pictur-

Courtesy Frank Presbrey Co.

ON BOTH SIDES OF THE LAKE DRIVE AT PALM BEACH GROW COCOANUT PALMS, GRACEFUL, LITHE, ALMOST ANIMATE.

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esque a place as Palm Beach. But it impresses you as being infinitely more useful. It is a business town, but the business is fruit growing, and therefore you see no smoke-belching factory chimneys. The roads are absolutely white—literal streaks of blinding glare in the sunlight. You are no longer warm; you are hot. Where nothing was, a few years ago, you see streets, brick buildings, hotels, banks, churches, schools, cottages not of "resorters" but of residents. It is no longer an experiment; it is a fact—proved less by the money spent by Flagler than by the money earned by the farmers and fruit growers. The Royal Palm—the local Flagler hotel—strikes you as the only "resort" feature here.

AN OLD CANAL—ONE OF THE SPANISH SURVIVALS THAT LEND GLAMOUR TO FLORIDA.

You push southward. Seen from the car windows, the Keys are shoreless islands of verdure, for all the world suggesting a flooded meadow with clumps of trees rising above the flood. The water itself is the greatest charm, with its varying shades of blue and green, according to the depth. In many places it shows chalky white, especially after a storm, which stirs up the marl in the bottom. You see no habitations; no sign of human life until you stop at Long Key, from which the famous viaduct starts. Long Key is now the most popular fishing camp in Florida, with its comfortable, homelike hotel. The white coral beach and the cocoanut palms recall to your mind South Sea *atolls*. And you sit on the porch of your cottage, and look across the waters that shade from light green to blue; and you see the Gulf Stream like a clearly defined sapphirine streak (the *Gulf bluef*), and you are confronted by the might of the invincible ocean—until, happening to turn, you see the concrete viaduct built into that same invincible ocean.

There is a suggestion of soldiers in that series of arches; the piers are as a regiment marching across the land and across the water, southward, at the command of a man who had a vision that could see gardens and palaces and fruit groves in this wilderness, and who, when the sea bade him halt, did not order it lashed with whips but put his hand in his pocket and said to the Atlantic: "Stay where you are. You're not disturbing *me*, worth talking about." And when your train goes over it, and you look out of the car windows and see the ocean to your right and to your left and beneath you, you marvel at the power of one man's money a little, and at the spirit of that same man a great deal.

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If you would know more about this remarkable railroad, read Mr. Paine's article in EVERYBODY'S for February, 1908. When I was down there, the late J. C. Meredith, construction engineer, had his headquarters at Knight's Key. In and out of the construction camps he flitted in his launch, his binoculars to his eyes, like a general observing the movements of his troops on the battle-field. You could see telephone poles sticking out of the water in the shallow places, for all the world like lines of skirmishers and scouts. On the deck of his launch, inspecting the work, he explained remarkable achievements in a remarkably matter-of-fact way. Then he spoke about himself:

Photograph by Florida & Nassau News Bureau, Jacksonville, Fla.

PUTTING-GREEN AT NASSAU, BAHAMA ISLANDS—NEAR ONE OF THE FLAGLER HOTELS.

"It was very strange, at first, for me to work for Mr. Flagler, on account of his point of view. With him it is never a case of *How much will it cost?* nor of *Will it pay?* —which are the inevitable and perfectly proper questions for corporations to ask of their engineers. I had done some work in Tampico Harbor, Mexico, and they sent for me to come to Florida. They told me about the Key West extension. Not a word about cost or possible profits; merely the matter of engineering feasibility. Mr. Flagler wanted either to fill in or to build a viaduct, for he hates makeshifts. Permanence appeals to him more strongly than to any other man I ever met. He has often told me that he does not wish to keep on spending money for maintenance of way, but to build for all time; while a corporation, especially where the country has to grow up and the paying traffic is all in the future, will do barely enough to supply the pressing needs, and make improvements gradually, as the profit comes in. But that is not Mr. Flagler's way.

"I was told to make my studies and my estimates. We had lots of problems to solve, and I was quite a long time at it, and I knew how much he desired to see the work rushed, but I never heard a word from him; not one request for haste. When the report was ready, Mr. Parrott and I took it to Mr. Flagler. He heard how we proposed to do it. We stopped before we came to the estimates of cost. And Mr. Flagler stood up and looked at us and said: *'Well, let's get to work!'* It was the most serious work he had planned to do in Florida. Perhaps he felt the occasion called for some comment, for he looked at me and said very quietly: 'I want to see it done before I die.' That is all he said."

The engineer was an unemotional, deliberate man of the von Moltke type. He paused and looked at me. Then he said, very earnestly: "Mr. Lefèvre, there isn't

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one of us who wouldn't give a year of his life to have Mr. Flagler see the work completed!"

It is to be doubted whether mere figures can give an adequate idea of the magnitude of Flagler's work. He has spent $41,000,000 in Florida; that is, his investment in incorporated enterprise amounts to that, divided roughly as follows: $18,000,000 in the old railroads, including the development of towns, $10,000,000 in the Key West Extension, $12,000,000 in hotels, and $1,000,000 in steamboat and outside enterprises. This sum does not include his charities, churches, and divers donations, for neither he nor any one else has kept the figures. The value of the taxable property in the counties *exclusively* reached by the Flagler roads has increased over fifty millions since he began. And there are to-day only about 25,000 acres under cultivation for fruit and vegetables out of a total of about 3,500,000 acres now available for such cultivation. Flagler has "made" the East Coast of Florida.

The construction of the Ponce de Leon Hotel began in 1885. The house opened in December, 1888. The Alcazar was completed shortly after. The Ormond Hotel was purchased in 1890, and enlarged from time to time. The Royal Poinciana at Palm Beach, originally a five-hundred-room house, was opened in February, 1894; it now has 2,000 rooms. The Breakers was completed in 1895, destroyed by fire in 1903, and entirely rebuilt on the old site. It is a four-hundred-room house. The Royal Palm at Miami was completed and opened for the season of 1896–97. At Nassau, the Colonial, a four-hundred-room house, was opened in 1899. Flagler purchased other property there, including the Hotel Victoria, from the English Government. The Continental, at

Courtesy Frank Presbrey Co.

COURT OF THE PONCE DE LEON AT ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.

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Courtesy Frank Presbrey Co.

THE CATHEDRAL AT ST. AUGUSTINE,—IN THE SPANISH STYLE TO WHICH FLAGLER'S HOTELS CONFORM.

Atlantic Beach, Florida, a two-hundred-room summer hotel, opened in May, 1901.

In May, 1886, Mr. Flagler acquired the Jacksonville, St. Augustine & Halifax River Railroad, and in 1888 the St. Augustine & Palatka Railroad, with a branch of twelve miles to Tocoi. The same year he acquired the St. John's & Halifax, from East Palatka to Daytona, also a narrow-gauge road, standardized in 1889. In 1888 a bridge was built across the river at Palatka. In 1889 and 1890 a steel bridge was constructed across the St. John's River at Jacksonville.

Up to 1892 he merely bought old properties, which he improved and strengthened; but in 1892 he began the construction of the line south from Daytona. In 1894 the road was completed to Palm Beach, and in 1896 to Miami. In 1905 began the construction of the Key West Extension.

In 1897 the railroad moved 76,000 crates of vegetables; in 1909, about 1,500,000 crates of tomatoes alone; 150,000 barrels of Irish potatoes from one station alone; 700,000 crates of pineapples, besides other fruits and vegetables. The road earned, gross, $819,000 in 1907 and over $3,000,000 in 1908. Over 1,000,000 passengers were carried in 1908.

Steamship service was first inaugurated to Nassau in 1895 by the Florida East Coast Steamship Company, owned by Flagler. In 1896 the Key West line was opened, and, in the winter of that year, the operation was extended to the Havana line. There is now a daily service. In 1902 the Florida East

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Coast Steamship Company was consolidated with the Plant Steamship Company. Flagler owns one half of the stock of the consolidation.

George W. Perkins, of J. P. Morgan & Co., said not long ago: "I can understand how, for instance, James J. Hill built his railroad into the uninhabited prairies, for he knew what the soil was capable of, and it was a country similar to what men elsewhere were used to. But that any man could have the genius to see of what this wilderness of waterless sand and underbrush was capable and then have the nerve to build a railroad here, is more marvelous than similar development anywhere else in the world."

For you must remember that Flagler owns the hotels and the railroad. He has never done any promoting. He has never asked any one to buy stock in his company. He has "incorporated" himself in order to be business-like in his spending. The magnitude and the picturesqueness of the work, its absolutely unique quality, grow the more it is studied. It was not merely a rich man's hobby, nor strictly a commercial enterprise. Why, then, is this work at all? To explain this you must explain Flagler himself.

II

And nobody knows Flagler! In the Standard Oil offices you hear: "A fine man!" or "A wonderful man!" But nobody can visualize an adjective. Being in Florida, you naturally turn to the Flagler lieutenants. Your credentials entitling you to their confidence, they speak very frankly. You are immediately struck by the curious note of apology in their voice and manner—as though they expected derision or skepticism. They simply despair of making you believe that anybody could possibly be as nice as Flagler is to all his employees. The *esprit de corps* is amazingly strong. He gives them a free hand. By putting them on their honor, he also puts them on their mettle, though, after all, their chief motive-force appears to be personal loyalty.

I wish to make it very clear that I cherish no deathless illusions about men rich or poor; that, having spent my working life in Wall Street, I cannot be accused of unfamiliarity with either modern business methods or the personality of the great captains of industry. And now, I deliberately state that Mr. Flagler's subordinates in Florida, in charge of interests representing an actual cash outlay of more than forty millions of dollars, when deciding disputes or settling any manner of business matters, always act, not for "the good of the company" or its profit, but invariably as they think Mr. Flagler would personally act. And Mr. Flagler always decides in favor of what is just and fair and kind. I cannot say as much of any other "big man," though it must be remembered that while other corporations have no souls, this one has, and it belongs to Henry M. Flagler.

Only the other day an old carpenter, who had been in Mr. Flagler's employ from the early St. Augustine days, was stricken with locomotor ataxia. Well, without consulting Mr. Flagler they simply pensioned off the man, who is now provided for to the end. They wished to spare their chief the sorrow of learning of the man's misfortune, and they did what they knew he would have done. And this is merely one of many such instances. I consider this more remarkable than the green enchantment of Palm Beach or the gray grandeur of the Long Key viaduct.

He has had these same men in his employ many years. It may show that his judgment in the first instance was good. But you are surprised to hear that he never once has praised them to their faces; never expressed pleasure or gratification in their wisdom or success or fidelity to duty; never patted them on the back, never called them by their first names. And yet they all love him! He never gives positive orders. He expresses his views or his wishes; but he also asks *their* views and invites suggestions. If theirs are better, he promptly says: "That's better than mine. We ought to do that!" That is as near a positive order as he ever gives, and yet he is a man of decision and indomitable will.

Flagler's Florida lieutenants told pretty much the same stories. If I quote one, it is because that is substantially what all said:

"It is natural that I, having worked under him for years, should think that Mr. Flagler is not only a very good man but a great man. He has the faculty of clear, logical reasoning and a perception so keen and quick that he unerringly detects the flaw anywhere at a glance.

"He is very careful and studies a thing thoroughly before he acts. Once he is con-

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vinced it can be done, he goes ahead without regard to the time of the profit. Fifty months or fifty years are all the same to him, so far as *profits* are concerned. And he is never impatient and never discouraged. I remember, in the old days, when Seavey ran the Ponce de Leon on a magnificent scale but did not clear expenses, the hotel had a very expensive *chef* and a fine orchestra. Seavey wrote to Mr. Flagler in New York that under the circumstances he would discharge the *chef* and do away with the music. Mr. Flagler telegraphed back: '*Hire another cook and two more orchestras.*' That was his way of telling the manager not to worry about the deficit.

"I should say that he is the most modest man in the world. When the people wanted to call the new town of Miami 'Flagler,' he refused, and asked that it should keep its old name—and he had built the town. Why, this year—1909—when the committee wanted to give him a box at the Ponce de Leon celebration in St. Augustine, he wouldn't accept it, preferring to go on the grand stand with the crowd. They literally forced him to take the box—and you know what St. Augustine owes to him. The vestrymen of the Memorial Church had to wait until some meeting at which he was not present to vote a pew to him in perpetuity; he did not wish to accept it, preferring to be like any other pewholder—and he had built the church.

"He never swears. I think 'Thunder!' is his strongest expletive. And I have yet to hear him call any one a 'd—— fool.' The nearest he comes to it is: 'Now, wouldn't you think a man would have more sense than that?'

$84,000 FOR A $4,000 SITE

"He has none of the steam-roller tendencies which I hear people accuse other big men of. For instance, when he was about to build the Alcazar, which, like the Ponce de Leon, is situated on marshy ground which he filled in, the Methodist Church stood near by. It was an old building that would have been dear at $4,000, land and all. He told the congregation that if they would let him have the site, he would build them a nice church anywhere else they wished. They agreed, thinking he would deal fairly by them. They hoped that he might spend as much as $5,000 on it. Well, he built the Methodist Church and parsonage at a cost of $84,000 and gave it to them, free and clear. And that is characteristic of him.

"One time, when in New York, he received a letter from a cripple here who was about to be foreclosed, a man too old and sickly to start life anew elsewhere with any likelihood of success. Mr. Flagler telegraphed me to go to the man's relief. The cripple lived in a settlement miles and miles from anywhere. To get to it, I had to go up the river a long distance in a launch, and the rest of the way over trails. There weren't even roads, and Mr. Flagler knew it. While on the way, a second telegram reached me saying that he had sent the money in gold certificates to Titusville. You see, he feared that the mortgagee might be some ignorant backwoodsman who would not want to take my check.

"In the towns he has built he has begun work on a church and a schoolhouse at the same time that he began his railroad station. He says he has done this for the sake of the women. This is a level country, and settlers can live where the women-folk can have neighbors and their children schooling, while the men can ride to their plantations on bicycles. The church is the social center of the place. In towns with the development of which he has nothing to do, he always responds to appeals for schools and for churches—without respect to denomination.

"His religion? He is a Presbyterian, but not narrow. Some of his best friends, I've heard him say, are in the Catholic hierarchy. I remember when the Memorial Church was building he ordered some palmettos from a distance, to plant about it. They did not reach St. Augustine until the very Sunday morning of the dedication. When I told him, early in the morning, that the palms had arrived, he said: 'What can be better than to plant them on the day of the dedication?' and so his laborers broke the Sabbath. Some of the congregation predicted a short life for the Sabbath-desecrating palmettos. Years afterward, one Sunday morning, Mr. Flagler and I came out of the church. He looked at the palms and said to me: 'Every one of the wicked things lived!'

"Over the entrance to the Palm Beach cemetery he has placed this inscription: '*Anything so universal as death must be a blessing.*' Also this, from the 121st Psalm: '*The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.*'

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"I tell you, it is difficult to convey to strangers or visitors how he has worked for Florida and for the people he has brought to the East Coast. He wants them to find work, to make money. He has never gone into anything that local capital would or could do. Nobody else would build the railroad, because it would not pay; nor the hotels; nor the waterworks and electric-light plant in Miami; and so he did. But he won't, for instance, even run the stage line in St. Augustine, nor permit his hotels to do a livery business, because other people can make a living at it.

"Kindly and considerate as he is, he also is the most self-repressed man living. Hang it, man, the day Judge Grosscup reversed the famous Landis decision fining the Standard Oil $29,000,000, the news reached one of Mr. Flagler's trusted lieutenants. He went into Mr. Flagler's office to tell him about it. This man knows more about Mr. Flagler's business than any other living man and has been with him many years. Nevertheless he thought it wise to carry a bunch of papers, as a sort of excuse for being also the bearer of news. Think of it! Yet he was, after all, afraid to speak about the decision and was going out without saying a word. But at the door he turned and, in desperation, blurted out: 'To tell you the truth, Mr. Flagler, I really came in to tell you that Judge Grosscup has reversed the Landis decision. The $29,000,000 fine does not stand.' Now, Mr. Flagler had said all along that the fine was gross injustice. He felt very strongly about it. For a moment he looked as if he were going to say something. But he merely nodded and then said casually: 'Mr. ——, do you happen to have those Whitehall plumbing bills handy?'

"I do not know whether I have helped you to form an estimate of Mr. Flagler. His innermost self? I don't know it. He keeps it under lock and key."

And it was the same story everywhere. Respect, admiration, affection; but not knowledge of the man.

I decided to let him explain himself.

He received me in "Whitehall," his Palm Beach palace—a beautiful house set amidst beautiful grounds. Without, flowers and shrubs and green grass and the wonderful sky; within, magnificence—and good taste.

I saw an old man with a high forehead rising in straight lines from the temples. His hair is of a clean, glistening silver, like the cropped mustache and the eyebrows. They set off his complexion, which is neither ruddy nor baby-pink, but what one might call a virile red. He has a straight nose and a strong chin. The head is well shaped; that is, without phrenological over-accentuations. The eyes are a clear blue—some might say violet. They must have been very keen once; to-day their expression is not easy to describe—not exactly shrewd nor compelling nor suspicious, though you feel they might have been all these, years ago. Withal, you are certain that it is not age which has mellowed them; the change is more subtle; it is from within—eyes that gleam but never flame. Between his eyebrows there is an inverted V, deep-wrinkled; you think of it as a sort of chronic frown, which persists even though the cause of it disappeared decades ago. A handsome old man! Under his fourscore years his shoulders have bowed slightly, but there is no semblance of decay.

FLAGLER—A MAN ALONE

You see in his face good concentration; good observation, without undue alertness; meditation without self-abstraction; attentiveness without tension; indomitable will without stubbornness; a steady-gaited man, deliberate not from age nor from indifference, but from temperament and life habit. But the most remarkable thing about him is the curious sense of *difference* rather than mere aloofness. There is no superciliousness, no impatience, no hint of superiority; yet you are subtly made aware that he is alone, by himself. His forehead suggests the *façade* of a strange temple. What there is within no human being knows. You think of his mind as a machine, prodigiously powerful, that works without a hitch, without sensational bursts of speed, without an eccentric in the entire engine, always steady, precise, automatic, cool, perfectly lubricated, marvelously adjusted, beautifully compensated. And the motive power comes from—where? I do not know. But one can always say: From God!

After you have become acquainted with him, you find a man who talks freely, yet never freely enough; who *answers* everything, but *volunteers* nothing. You are not guilty of a "bull" when you say of him that he talks taciturnly. His speech is deliber-

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ate, but he never drawls; a business man without the fidgets of a "hustler." You realize that there is no life-habit of caution; you get no impression of a man perennially on his guard, as in John D. Rockefeller; he is calm and kindly; never distant—and always at a distance.

A STATUE WITH VEINS

You realize that you are before a man who has suffered and has never wept; who has undergone intense pain and has never sobbed; who has never bent under stress and has never hurrahed! When a man has one or another group of salient traits, you place him in a certain pigeonhole of human classification. Your great man is apt to be one with certain faculties over-developed, and classifies easily. But Flagler is not like any one else and withal is not eccentric. He is without redeeming vices, without amiable inconsistencies, without obsessions. He simply does not "classify." You cannot accurately *adjectivize* him. He does not defy analysis; he baffles it. It is as if the soul of him, condensed, compressed by environment, or heredity, or some great natural force—not by self-effort—had been molded into a statue, full of vitality, yet immobile; a statue with veins. Whether they run red blood you cannot tell; but you are certain it is not ice water. What ichor is it, then?

That is the mystery of the soul of Henry M. Flagler.

"Sit here, on this lounge, beside me. I will let you have my good ear. It is none too good at that," he said, and made room for me beside him, the first time I saw him.

I asked him many questions. He answered every one promptly; I received no definite impression of the man. It does not often happen. Silence is the best guard against self-betrayal. With this man it was speech. And yet he was frank.

The conversation ran like this:

"Do you do thus and so?"

"Sometimes."

"Do you like this?"

"Oh, yes."

"Are you fond of that?"

"Yes; somewhat." Always with a quiet voice, neither bored nor interested.

"How did you build your system?"

"Oh, it's one of those things that just happen. I happened to be in St. Augustine and had some spare money."

"You must have thought a good hotel was needed."

"I suppose so," very simply.

"You think ten times to one of talking?"

"I've talked *you* black and blue."

"But you do think ten times more than you speak?"

"I suppose so." There is no weariness in the "I suppose so." It isn't languid, it isn't tired; no indifference, no interest. He accepts facts without thrills.

"How did you achieve your success in business?"

"All I can say is by working six days a week." He does not seem to have any maxims or business aphorisms.

"How do you manage to have such health at your age?"

"When I answer friends who ask me that same question, they laugh. But I mean it. When I was young I was too poor to indulge in bad habits. By the time I was able to afford them, it had become a fixed habit to live simply."

Only now and then are you made conscious that he is of an earlier generation. Thus, in answer to another question:

"I have studied the price men pay for success—the loss of health or of character or of reputation. And I find that all men who win success, no matter how they win it, are always met with envy. That accounts for many of the attacks you mention."

"Why should that be?"

"Poor human nature, I suppose." He has not grasped the reason for our muck-raking.

On a trip to Indian River, years ago, he met a squatter, a Jerseyman who had gone south for his health and was growing all manner of fruits and vegetables, including pineapples, of which he had secured the slips on a trip he once made to the Bahamas.

"He told me," said Flagler, "that the apple Eve tempted Adam with must have been a pineapple. When I saw how this man was growing all sorts of sub-tropical fruits, I thought that what he could do others could do, and that it ought to pay. I decided to give them a chance to do it by building a railroad. It was forlorn-looking country. If I hadn't seen that Jerseyman, I'd never have believed it could be done. But I decided it was a good thing."

"And you were right."

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"A fool for luck," he explained, not jocularly, not seriously.

It took imagination and business sense to see profitable labor in this unprepossessing wilderness. I tried to get at the vividness of his vision and at the faculty his friends said he had of seeing a work in its utter completion even before commencing it.

"When you thought about it, in the old days, could you close your eyes and see the railroad finished?"

"Yes." He spoke in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Please understand me. Don't let me *suggest* it to you. Did you actually vision to yourself the whole thing? I mean, did you, or could you, really close your eyes and see the tracks? And the trains running? And hear the whistles blowing? Did you go as far as that?"

"Yes."

"How clearly?"

"Very clearly."

"Did you merely think you might get settlers to come, once they had a railroad, or did you actually assume it? Or did you again close your eyes and see the men in the field working? Did you really vision the thing as clearly as that?"

"Yes."

"Did you build the railroad because you thought it would pay some day?"

"No."

"Why then?"

"I thought then, and know now, that nowhere else in this country can a man get more pay for his labor than here. You know, we grow no staples; only luxuries. And luxuries are bought by people who can afford to pay good prices. Then, a man can keep busy here nearly the entire year; the planting of one crop follows the harvesting of another, according to the season. The railroad enabled people to come here and work, and ship their produce, and get paid for it."

"It wasn't to make money for yourself?"

"If it wasn't for Florida, I'd be quite a rich man to-day."

"Will you tell me why you did this work here?"

"Yes; I'll tell you. The hardest problem a man has is how to help people. This desire to help others comes when a man has more than enough for his own needs. I have come to the conclusion that the best way to help others is to help them to help themselves." He said it with a matter-of-fact earnestness, as one might allude to an indisputable fact. And I knew he was not merely speaking for publication.

"When you saw so clearly what your work would mean to the East Coast of Florida, didn't the vision thrill you?"

"No."

"How did you feel?"

"Just as I do now."

"You don't seem to care to talk about yourself."

"I prefer to let what I have done speak for me."

"By their works ye shall know them," I suggested.

"Yes; that's it," he said eagerly; as eagerly as he ever says anything.

"And is this self-obliteration, what some might call self-repression, natural or acquired? How do you come by it? What was your early life?"

It was a great deal to ask of a man in his eightieth year in his own home. He answered this even more freely than the other questions:

THE TOP NOTCH OF RESERVE

"I suppose it is inherited. I was born in Hope, near Canandaigua, New York, in 1830. I realize how this country has grown when I remember that in the year I was born there were exactly twenty-four miles of railroad in all the United States. My father was a Presbyterian clergyman. When I was fourteen I realized that, with his small salary, it was all he could do to take care of himself, to say nothing of my mother and my sister. So I went to the edge of what was then called the Western Reserve, to Bellevue, in northern Ohio. I worked there. Some years later my father and mother joined me. After a while he retired from the ministry.

"My mother died in 1861. I was then thirty-one. The local paper published the customary obituary notice, and I got several copies and sent them to friends back in New York State, who had known mother. I told my father about it and asked him if there was any one else to whom he thought I ought to send a copy of the paper. He thought a long time—quite a long time. Finally he said: 'Yes, you might send a copy to Mrs. So-and-So,' somewhere out in Indiana, I think. I did so; and asked him if he thought of any one else. Again he

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thought—a long time—and at last he said: 'Yes. You might send a copy to Mrs. ——' another name, in Kansas. I did so, and asked him if those were all he could think of. He said they were. I'd never heard those names, and I asked him if these ladies knew mother well. 'I think so,' he said. 'Who are they, father?' I asked him; and he said: 'They are my sisters.' Several years afterward, when a cousin in Canandaigua was getting up a history of the Flagler family, I learned for the first time that my father was one of twelve children. So I suppose I inherited from him my dislike of speaking about myself."

I asked him what the "M" in his name stood for, and he replied: "Morrison. My mother was Scotch. The first time I ever used my middle name was ten years ago, when the Governor of Bahama wished to know, on account of a contract between myself and the British Government. He cabled me: 'How do you spell it?' and I didn't know. I wasn't sure whether there was one 'r' or two." He was only seventy years old and had never thought about his middle name!

In "Whitehall," during one of my visits, I remarked on the charming color scheme of, I think, the drawing-room, and I learned it was his own suggestion to his decorators.

"How did the idea come to you?"

"I don't know. I just thought it would look well."

"You have the æsthetic sense well developed?"

"I don't know." And then he told me that he had differed with his architects only once. It was about the height of the ceiling of the great hall. They wanted it higher, to secure the right proportions.

"But I wanted to feel at home, and so I made them put it eight feet lower. I can come here and sit down and feel that it is my home. The Italian ambassador told me that I had something the Old World had not; and that was a palace to be lived in. That was what I wanted—a home." And, characteristically, it was built in eight months. He himself decided everything.

I remember, after he had shown me through "Whitehall," and I had congratulated him on its beauty, that he led me to a panel of Honduras mahogany that hung, picture-like, from the wall; a beautiful slab of wood, exquisite in color and marvelously grained. He turned to me and said: "I often look at this house that I built and had decorated by artists. Then I look at this panel. I am going to put on it: 'What God hath wrought.'"

But all this did not give me the insight into the man that I desired. The clues came later.

"Mr. Flagler, which do you enjoy more, planning work or doing it?"

"There isn't much fun in work if you don't accomplish something."

The second was: "Which do you consider the hardest thing you have done in Florida?"

"Building the Ponce de Leon. Here was St. Augustine, the oldest city in the United States. How to build a hotel to meet the requirements of nineteenth-century America and have it in keeping with the character of the place—that was my hardest problem. The Alcazar I built because it was suggested to me that there were many nice people who might not be able to afford to pay the rates the Ponce de Leon would have to ask, and yet wished to enjoy St. Augustine. To provide accommodations for them, we built the Alcazar as a two-dollar-a-day house. It is every bit as good as the Ponce de Leon."

A MAN WITH TWO YOUTHS

On the night of the Ponce de Leon celebration in St. Augustine last spring, I met him in the courtyard of the hotel. He was standing by the fountain. The sky was like the inside of a huge, hollow turquoise—blue, luminous, thinly washed with silver. The moon was very bright; so near the earth that it seemed more neighborly than in the North. A mist as of vaporized moon-metal enveloped the buildings and made them unforgettably beautiful. The grounds were illuminated; you could have sworn the lights were captive fireflies. The palms resembled ghosts of women with disheveled hair. The fountain splashed droningly. You heard no other sound.

For perhaps five minutes he stood there; at length he turned to me and murmured:

"This is beautiful! Beautiful!"

That was the time and place from which, beginning at his eightieth year, I walked back twenty years, to the beginning of the second youth of Henry M. Flagler.

Little is known of Flagler's early youth. He is temperamentally averse to reminiscences. But Flagler himself told me that he

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went to the district school and learned all there was to be learned there; also—you recall—that he left his home at fourteen because he thought it was his duty not to be a burden to his father. He knew no trade and probably did not fancy any. When he went to northern Ohio in 1844, he became a clerk in a country store. He worked hard—six days a week. In time he became a partner in the firm, and the firm in turn became, among other things, the principal grain shipper in Bellevue.

FLAGLER BEFORE STANDARD OIL DAYS

In the early sixties he and his partner became interested in salt-wells in Saginaw, Michigan. It was at the time of the salt craze, and fabulous fortunes were going to be made in that business. After some years of ups and downs the partners failed. A very old friend of his told me he recalled hearing Flagler say, forty-odd years ago, that he owed $30,000, and that if he ever paid off his debts and was $10,000 ahead, he would retire from business. At all events, after his Michigan failure he spent a year in Cleveland working at various things. He was interested in a machine for making horseshoes, which was never perfected. He also tried to do a grain commission business. John D. Rockefeller, then a bookkeeper, he met in the office of ex-Mayor George W. Gardner in Cleveland, who was a grain shipper and as such knew and liked Flagler from the old Bellevue days. It was a period of poverty and despondency. His wife's uncle became interested in him and supplied the money—so I am informed by old-timers—with which Flagler joined the others in forming the oil firm of Rockefeller, Flagler, and Andrews.

He was close to his fortieth year; close to that period of life when a man is at his maximum efficiency; but also, an age at which a man has acquired the equipment with which to command whatever success is to come to him. He merely "found himself" somewhat later in life than is usual with men. Mentally he has grown in the same deliberate manner in which he does everything; and as thoroughly.

The oil business was profitable from the start, and his mind first grasped its vast possibilities. He was responsible for the formation of the Standard Oil Company. It was too profitable a business to be dependent on the life of any one of the partners, so he urged the incorporation. When John D. Rockefeller was asked on the witness stand if it was he who conceived the idea, he answered: "No, sir. I wish I'd had the brains to think of it. It was Henry M. Flagler."

It was in the conduct of the oil business that Flagler's mind developed its fortune-winning traits. His "arrival" was as inevitable as the succession of the seasons. He did not philosophize about business; but he grasped details amazingly and thought in fundamentals. It was the precise-minded Flagler who drew up the agreements that made millions.

In the Standard Oil Company's gigantic growth, grave problems were met and dealt with—and dealt with, it seems to us outsiders, from the point of view of business expediency and corporate profit. The business, from its very magnitude and ramifications, inevitably had its political, no less than its financial and commercial and industrial phases. In his passion for stability and permanence and efficiency, how much there was of ruthlessness in what Flagler did I do not know, nor how far he went in that auto-hypnotization practiced by the great captains of industry, in whose plans you always find the emotionless belief that the end justifies the means. If the philosophy of his life was to crystallize at all, it surely should have done so by his fiftieth year. Under the compulsion of environment and of those long years when he and his associates were perfecting the organization of the company, one might logically expect that same philosophy to smell of petroleum, of the life-blood of competitors, to be tinged with the bitterness that comes to a man perennially on the defensive. But money-making never was a passion with him, though efficiency was. His mental machinery did his work for him in the manner in which all efficient machinery works. But the motive power did not come from the soul of the man.

WHY FLAGLER ISN'T THE SECOND RICHEST MAN

Past his half-century, Flagler, a clear-headed, calm-eyed man, found himself enormously rich. The profits of the oil business had been put back into the business. But the inevitable day came when there was no need for further investment. The money-making machine was not only perfect; it was permanent. The only concern of its engi-

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neers was now personal: What to do with the profits? His yearly income was in itself a princely fortune—and growing princelier. Outside investments must be sought. John D. Rockefeller became the richest man in the world. Flagler says: "If it wasn't for Florida, I'd be quite a rich man to-day."

It is characteristic of men who see clearly and think in straight lines that they have no illusions about their capabilities or those of others. Flagler says that at fifty-five he "had the sense to see that younger men in the company could run the business better, if they had the chance." And at about that same time he went to St. Augustine for a rest, accompanied by his daughter, who was not well. If it had not been for that visit at that time, he might perhaps to-day be the second richest man in the world.

FROM OHIO WHEAT TO FLORIDA PALMS

His personal habits had always been simple. They tell me he carried his lunch to his office daily for years, even after he was a millionaire; not from excessive frugality so much as from absorption in his work and from that curious half-shyness, half-modesty of his. The wife of his youth was an invalid. Every night, when his work was done, he went home. He would read to her; or, if she were too fatigued, he would sit in the adjoining room and read to himself. In seventeen years this man, who was well liked by his fellows, spent but two evenings away from his home. *Two nights in seventeen years!* Diversion, distraction from business cares, information he found in books read aloud to an invalid wife and silently to himself.

At first blush, it seems curious that this man, with his genius for detail, his broad grasp of essentials, his remarkable sense of fundamentals, his vivid imagination, and a very highly developed creative impulse, a man who never was really selfish nor self-centered, up to his sixtieth year found more pleasure in *things* than in *men*. But if you think about it, it is not strange at all. Inessentials never entered into his scheme of things. He found men ready-made; and saw industrial processes in embryo. He said to me: "I never want to leave a thing unfinished"; and he was very busy with his Standard Oil Company. His life's philosophy he left unfinished until an age when the shadow of the cemetery gates falls athwart a man's consciousness.

What we call knowledge is not merely the collection, but the proper classification, of facts. This man's years, from the thirty-fifth to the fifty-fifth, were spent in business—on the defensive against certain men, in the offensive against other men. It was so strenuous, so remarkable a business experience, that he could not come into that intimate contact with his fellows necessary to acquire the essential facts about them; nor had he the leisure to classify such facts into real knowledge. The oil that the power of his mind transformed into wealth shaped itself into the one unscalable fence of all—a fence of solid gold, exactly man-high!

In all his life he has never been in Europe, nor even in California. He told me once: "If ever the Lord made a man who hated traveling, I am that man!" But he had read books, he was fond of history. His thirst for information made him interested in beautiful and strange places, even though he preferred to imagine what they were like rather than to visit them. He had grown up with his own country. And in Ohio, where he lived from boyhood till middle age, he had seen about him only the new, the raw, the man-made things of to-day. Yet antiquity and the works of antiquity had for him a peculiar fascination. You must bear in mind also that there is a well-developed vein of sentiment in him. He himself probably is not aware of it; but he has it. Nor does it show inconsistency.

And so this man of fifty-five, so rich that his most serious problem was how to invest his income, this man who had read a great deal and *had never traveled*, went to St. Augustine. It was the oldest city in the United States. He saw the old slave market, he saw the old *Spanish* fort; he saw the old city gates! He saw what you and I saw when we went to Pompeii or first gazed on the Pyramids! He saw palms—*palms!*—this man who had grown up in Ohio amid the wheat. St. Augustine was a magic pool; he steeped his soul in the glamour and romance of antiquity.

It was to him, logically enough, the most interesting place he had ever seen, the most unusual, the most un-American. Why didn't more people come to it? This *Spanish* city was three hundred years old; and the city of Cleveland, Ohio—why, he was as old as Cleveland, almost.

The reason why more people didn't come to St. Augustine was that the hotel accom-

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modations were not first-class. Nobody would build hotels, because they might not pay. Flagler had more money than he knew what to do with. He decided to build a hotel. He thought it might pay, when people learned about St. Augustine. They might take a long time to learn. But what did that matter to a man with his millions?

And so, while it was business—for he felt sure of eventual success—it wasn't Standard Oil business. And it wasn't altogether play. It was the new point of view that made it seem like a whim to so many people at the time and that makes it still arouse suspicion among some. Remember he said: "My hardest problem was the Ponce de Leon: How to build a hotel *to meet the requirements of nineteenth-century America and yet be in keeping with the character of the place!*" He gave the commission to a firm of then unknown young architects—Carrère & Hastings. He set no limits to cost. It was built by day's labor—as a rich man might build his own house if he really were interested in a home. The best site for such a hotel was a certain swamp. Maria Sanchez Creek ran through what is now the Alcazar. So even the ground was built by him that his scheme might go through in its artistic entirety.

It is perfectly obvious that in building the Ponce de Leon and the Alcazar he began to emancipate his mind from the thralldom of the Oil trust, to awaken the dormant æsthetic sense and develop it by gratification, to shift a little from the center of his point of view. The blue sky began to take on the meaning it has for human beings who have time to look at it.

There still remained for him to get closer to his fellow-men.

Tourists to whom the climate of St. Augustine and the beauty and comfort of the Flagler hotels there would appeal, were the kind that dislike unnecessary discomforts in traveling. Flagler naturally endeavored to induce the ramshackle railroad from Jacksonville to St. Augustine to mend its way. But it was a poor road, poorly managed. Lacking profitable traffic, it would remain ramshackle forever. In the end, Flagler purchased the railroad. In the transformation of "a streak of rust and a right of way" through a wilderness, into an efficient railroad; in the development of sandy wastes, sparsely settled, into a productive country with a self-supporting population, there are all the thrills and all the inspiration that such a mind as Flagler's needs.

And now his Florida work was no longer exclusively the outcome of his sentimental love of beautiful skies and admiration for exotic plants, or reverence for the near-antiquity of St. Augustine. He became interested in agricultural development. He saw great possibilities in orange growing. He decided to extend and improve his railroads —not gradually, as the profits justified, but at once, for he had the money and no need to wait for profits. So he had engineers survey a line for a railroad, and built into an undeveloped wilderness. And people came and planted orange trees.

There was a frost. It killed most of the fruit trees—and also killed the last of the old Flagler. He promptly went to the scene of the disaster, in order to consider intelligently what to do. And there he saw for himself how people whom his railroad had induced to come here and invest money and devote time and labor to develop the country, had lost. It was not his fault. It was the worst frost on record, and the planters were too new at it to know how to protect their trees against the cold. Their investment in dollars was a drop beside his own. But he saw for himself human suffering, he met his fellow-men close enough to look into their eyes. He reverted to his first youth, to the time when he was very poor, before he was even a partner in a country store. It was then that his philosophy of life began to crystallize, slowly at first; more rapidly as he saw more and more of men, as he saw them trying to benefit directly by his own work. Having great wealth, he decided there was but one thing to do: Extend his railroad still farther south, where orange growers would be less at the mercy of Jack Frost.

FLAGLER'S MAGIC FOUNTAIN

He would do this to help others! Logical, clear-sighted, immune from greed, and free from emotionalism, a six-days-a-week worker from his youth, realizing the value of opportunity to men, he now reached the conclusion that the best way to help others was to help them to help themselves. The desire to help he might long have had; it was intensified, made definite, by the sight of the distress caused by the blighting of the oranges.

That is why Flagler decided to push south; and *there* it was that he found the Magic Fountain of his Second Youth!

He built the Palm Beach hotel to get

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passenger traffic. He did not care so much for the tourists as for the fruit growers now. Therefore in Palm Beach he did not take the interest in the Royal Poinciana Hotel, architecturally, that he did in the Ponce de Leon. He gratified his love of beauty with the marvelous grounds, in the making of a garden spot.

And again the frost came. When orange trees were killed, perversely, in what up to that time had been a section safe from "freezes," somebody showed him a spray of lemon blossoms from near Miami. The lemon tree is even more delicate than the orange. So he carried his railroad to Miami. He built the town. He felt safe there. He would see a city below the frost belt. He laid it out, when he should have been thinking of the City Beautiful. But had he not found his Second Youth?

When Cuba became a republic, it was evident that under American influences it would develop fast. Friends tried to induce him to build a chain of Flagler hotels on the Island; but he declined. I myself think it was too much of a money-making scheme to move him. His views were more serious; if he worked at all, he would do a man's work; not merely a capitalist's. But he did think of extending the railroad to Key West. When it became certain that the United States would build the Panama Canal, he sent for his engineers. And the amazing railroad among the Keys followed.

I do not know whether I have succeeded in making clear what I mean by saying that in Florida Henry M. Flagler found his Second Youth and was able to do a work that only youth ever does. It is an amazing work, even in this land of rapid development. Where others have *helped*, he has *forced*, growth. That it is a work of vast importance is obvious. That it is unique is due to the impossibility of finding a man of Flagler's mind and Flagler's wealth and Flagler's business experience, having the attitude of Flagler toward his fellow-men. To my mind his most remarkable exploit was the changing of his own point of view, of his attitude toward his fellow-men, so completely, at so advanced an age. You must admit that he has done as a man in his prime does. It is easy to give; it is not easy to give as Flagler has given—money and service. And if the magnitude of his accomplishment grows the more you ponder it, so does the man's character appear more remarkable the more you reflect. It is therefore not so difficult, after all, to visualize the man as he is to-day, at eighty years, *in the flower of his Second Youth.*

I shall never forget the last time I saw him. It was in Palm Beach. A supernally beautiful day! . . . Now that the end was coming, the heavens took on marvelous tints. From the dark fringe of trees on the opposite shore of Lake Worth palest greens shaded upward into incredibly delicate blues. Veils of fire opal had been drawn across the sky and then rent. You saw tatters of incandescent gold, topazine splendors in shreds. . . . The clouds grew faintly pink, then rosy, with tints almost of dawn. . . . To the south the sky was a plowed field; the furrow-slices were of molten fire, and in the depths of the furrows, as though it were shallow soil, the sky showed through in streaks of beryl and aquamarine and turquoise. In the east, where the sun's cloud-plowing had not yet begun, the sky remained a stupendous meadow of amethyst.

All that day I had tried to catch a glimpse of this man's soul—in vain. And now, in the loggia of his palace, looking out to where Lake Worth, expecting the night airs, had covered its bare blue bosom with silver-cloth, and, beyond that, to where the dark green tree-fringe was spotting itself with inky shadows, I turned to this old, old man who had done so much and had talked so little; and, forgetting all differences—in age and experience and ideals and point of view—I asked him, I fear impatiently:

"Doesn't this sky get into your soul? Doesn't that glow light it? Don't you love that water, that line of trees, that sky? Isn't *this* the real reason why you do things here?"

He turned to me, hesitated; then, very slowly, very quietly, he said: "Sometimes, at the close of day, when I am fortunate enough to be alone, I come here." He faced Lake Worth and was silent. Then: "I look at the water and at the trees yonder and at the sunset." He turned to me and placed his hand on my shoulder. Then, earnestly, almost wistfully: "I often wonder if there is anything in the other world so beautiful as this."

I saw him, a tall, sturdy figure, snow-crowned, looking at the lake over whose mid-day turquoise dusk had spread a silver rug—wrinkled in places, for the night winds had come.

I did not say good-by to this man. The sun said it for me.

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"NOTHIN' WOODSY ABOUT THAT DRESS," DECLARED MA.

TUGGIN' TO BE GENTEEL

By BESSIE R. HOOVER

Illustrations by John Conacher

ALTHOUGH it was with reluctance that Ma Flickinger had consented to her daughter Opal's going with Sefton Woods to the picnic which was to be held at Berrien Springs, the more she thought of the invitation, the more she felt the honor of it. But after a careful survey of Opal's scanty wardrobe, she decided that it contained nothing fit to wear.

"Opal, you can't go," declared her mother, "'cause you ain't got no decent duds."

"Oh, Ma, there must be something I can wear!" cried Opal anxiously.

"I'd like to toggle you up somethin' respectable," affirmed her mother, "but it can't be did."

"My old white dress," began Opal.

"No, don't mention it; it's mended to pieces now."

"Maybe Pa'd let me buy a new white dress. I could make it myself. I promised Seftie I'd go."

"Land! I wisht you wa'n't grown up; here you are eighteen years old, and wantin' to go places, and nothin' to wear. But I know what your Pa'll say—he can't afford it."

"Hello," shrilled a feminine voice. "Stop gabblin' and lemme in."

When Opal had unhooked the door, Jule Peebles, one of her married sisters, hurried in and flopped into the nearest rocker. She wore a much beruffled petticoat of dingy black for a skirt, and a lank dressing sack of gaudy Persian pattern.

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"That skirt don't look very dressy, Jule," criticised her mother.

"Oh, I come 'cross lots," answered Jule easily. "And, say, Ma, I met my own brother, Billie Flickinger, this mornin', and I hollered out, friendly-like, 'Hello, Cabbage-head,' and he fired back, jest as sassy, 'Hello, Pepper-head.' What do you think of that?"

"He did it just to tease you," assured Opal.

"That's all right, Miss, stand up for Billie," cried Jule aggrievedly. "And I suppose, Opal, you're feelin' turrible swell just 'cause you're goin' up to the Berrien Springs picnic in Seftie Woods's horse and buggy."

"Opal ain't goin'," stated her mother.

"Seftie gotta 'nother girl already?" questioned Jule greedily.

JULE.

"No; 'tain't Seftie's fault; she ain't got no decent duds to wear," enlightened her mother.

"I'd like to know what I've got to wear, either—even if I had any place to wear it," said Jule bitterly. "But one thing I do know: I ain't never goin' over to Sophie's and Billie's no more."

"I wouldn't let a little josh like 'pepper-head' keep you from goin' to see Billie's wife, Jule," reproved Ma. "Sophie ain't to blame for Billie's actions."

"But I ain't no pepper-head, and Billie he knows it."

"Now, don't hurt Sophie's feelin's by stayin' away," urged Ma.

"Land! how disagreeable everything is!" she cried, when Jule was gone; "here's Jule a-gittin' mad at her own brother, and here's you, Opal, havin' no duds to wear to the picnic. But I don't believe I'd ast your Pa for a new dress, 'cause that'd make everything more disagreeable than ever."

But Opal could not give up the idea of a new dress, and so, as soon as her father and her brother Jed were seated at the supper table that evening, she courageously said: "Pa, can I have a new dress to wear to the picnic?"

"A new dress," echoed her father gruffly. "I don't know nothin' about it; but this I do know, we've gotta be awful careful of money jest now while the factory's runnin' light."

"What'd I tell you, Opal?" asked her mother significantly.

Pa ate his potatoes and meat in grim silence. But after he began on the rice pudding his scowl gradually relaxed, and a look of peace overspread his tired face; for the pudding tasted very good to him. And as he slowly munched the raisins, he glanced speculatively at Opal; then, after every crumb was gone, said pleasantly, "What kind of a dress do you want, Opal?"

"A thin white one; and I can't go to the picnic without a new dress."

Pa sheepishly handed Opal three silver dollars.

"Oh, thank you, Pa," cried Opal joyfully. "Can I have it, Ma?"

"Didn't your Pa give it to you? But I dunno as he would if we hadn't worked on his feelin's with the puddin'," worried Ma.

"A good puddin' turneth away wrath," grinned Pa.

"Nothin' woodsy about that dress," declared Ma Flickinger, when the new white dress was finished and Opal had put it on. "I wouldn't 'a' knowed you," she admired. "And bein' a leetle on the scraggy order, the dress kinder fulls you out and makes you seem more stubbed. Now put on your hat so's I can see how you're goin' to look.

"Land!" she went on, "you look like tunket. I didn't know your old brown sailor was so fur gone. And, Opal, as sure as you're alive, you've gotta have new white silk gloves, 'cause your sleeves are elbows, and new shoes, 'cause the luther is as red as my hand!"

"I don't mind," answered Opal; "I won't wear any hat, and my shoes can be blacked."

"I mind," replied her mother grimly. "Do you think I'd let you go off with a swell feller like Seftie Woods, without a hat? If you go, you've gotta have everything to match. And you sha'n't go a step with your head and heels a-lookin' as hodstodgeon as that!

"Mebbe, Opal," she added, "if your Pa was to have another rice puddin' he'd pony up a hat and gloves; but don't ast him this time till after he's et."

"And I could trim the hat myself," claimed Opal.

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"And you needn't put in nigh as many raisins as you did last time; your Pa'll never know the diff," advised her mother economically.

"Ought I to put up a lunch for the picnic?" asked Opal.

"I think so," affirmed her mother. "Seftie's contributin' the horse and buggy; and you ought to be willin' to furnish the dinner as long as he hauls you up there free." Ma was determined that Opal should not consider Sefton Woods as a "beau."

"We'll want sandwiches and pickles," began Opal.

"Yes, but you'll want more. To do it right means frosted cake—plenty of it."

"I don't believe we'll want very many sweet things."

"*He* will," prophesied Ma. "Think what the men-folks in this family does when they gits their paws on to frosted stuff! I don't want you to haft to be ashamed of your lunch."

The rice pudding was duly prepared, and that evening Pa Flickinger, munching on the frugal dainty, remembered the last pudding, and, smiling reminiscently, inquired, "What's the tax this time?"

"You'll have to fix up something different after this to catch Pa," grinned Jed.

"Not as long as the puddin' holds out as full of raisins as this'n," asserted Pa genially.

"Opal, did you do as I told you?" questioned her mother severely.

"I always put in a few more than the receipt calls for," confessed Opal.

"Half is enough—nobody'd know the diff," declared Ma.

"I would," stated Pa promptly. "I like it jest as it is; and if Opal wants somethin', spit it out."

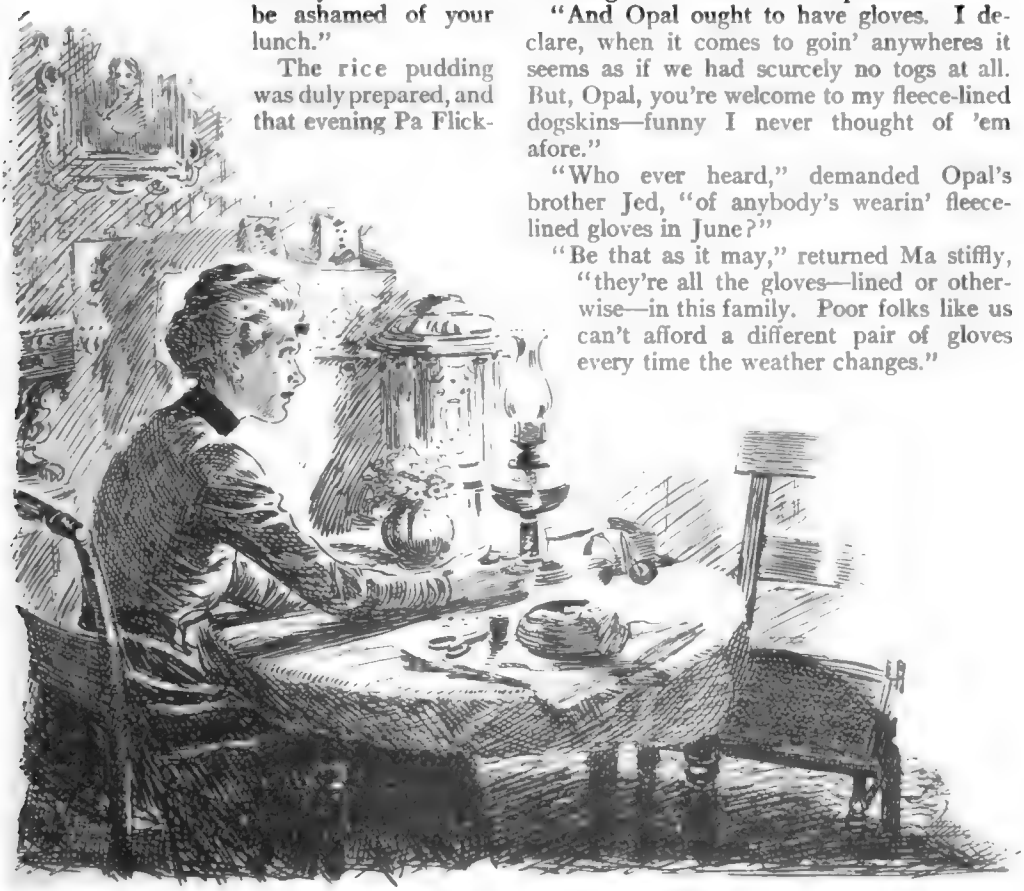
"Opal's best hat is too frazzled to wear to a picnic," informed Ma.

"We don't want Opal to go lookin' like a farmer; but don't spend any more money than you haft to," said Pa cautiously, giving his daughter a dollar and a quarter.

"And Opal ought to have gloves. I declare, when it comes to goin' anywheres it seems as if we had scurcely no togs at all. But, Opal, you're welcome to my fleece-lined dogskins—funny I never thought of 'em afore."

"Who ever heard," demanded Opal's brother Jed, "of anybody's wearin' fleece-lined gloves in June?"

"Be that as it may," returned Ma stiffly, "they're all the gloves—lined or otherwise—in this family. Poor folks like us can't afford a different pair of gloves every time the weather changes."



SHE COULD SEE HERSELF DRIVING AWAY WITH SEFTON WOODS, THE PRINCE CHARMING OF HER SMALL WORLD.

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"But the poor kid'll swelter in 'em," protested Jed.

"I didn't jest mean for her to wear 'em, 'cause her sleeves is elbows; but she could carry 'em in her hand polite-like. A real lady ought to always wear gloves—or have 'em by her," qualified Ma.

"Mebbe your Ma's gloves'll do, Opal; fetch 'em out," said Pa.

"My gloves is light gray," described Ma, "just the thing to go with Opal's white dress—or would 'a' been afore they got so dirty."

Opal held up her slim young hands encased in the fleece-lined dogskins, whose bulky fingers and abbreviated wrists gave her hands the appearance of a baseball catcher's.

"Well, I'll be durned!" shouted Jed. "Ma, don't let Opal do anything like that." And he and Pa laughed heartily, while Opal could not repress a giggle.

"Is Opal a-goin' to git new gloves or ain't she?" demanded Ma sharply. "If she is, they've gotta be bought to-night—the picnic's to-morrer, remember."

"I'll get along without gloves," said Opal.

"But I'd rather you didn't," dissented her mother. "I want you to go *right*——" for the demon of gentility had hold of Ma Flickinger, and she could not rest till it was satisfied.

"What'll they cost?" asked Pa with a sigh.

"All of one and a quarter," feared Ma.

"That wire nettin' for the garden'll be about that," observed Pa.

"I plumb forgot the nettin'. Land, I wisht we wa'n't so pizen poor!" lamented Ma.

"I'll give Opal a dollar and a quarter," unexpectedly offered Jed.

"What's struck you, Jed, to give your sister a cent of money?" questioned Ma in astonishment.

"She needs it," replied her son dryly.

"I dunno whether she does or not," contradicted his mother. "My fleece-lined——"

"Let up," grinned Jed; "here's one *seventy-five*," handing the money to his mother.

"Many thanks, Jed; but they can't possibly cost that much," expostulated Ma politely, delighted at such prodigality.

"Then, Ma, git something for yourself with the extra change."

"I will," she promised promptly; "I'll git you some new socks."

"Cut out the socks, Ma; I said something for yourself," reminded her son good-naturedly.

"I'll git your Pa some socks, too; his'n are on their last legs now as fur as darnin' is concerned."

"That's you, Ma, every time," laughed Jed.

"Now if you men-folks is all et, git out," commanded Ma, "so's me and Opal can rid things up and git started to town; it'll be a long, hard walk."

"Leave Opal go alone," suggested Pa.

"Opal!" exclaimed Ma witheringly. "Any clerk could git the best of her—I've gotta go."

"Why don't you take the street car, Ma?" asked Jed.

"'Cause I ain't a millionaire, if you've gotta know."

"We might ride home," said Opal.

"Seein' you're goin' on such a tuckerin' jant to-morrow, we will," conceded her mother.

"Best take the umbrell', Ma," warned Pa, as they started; "she's lookin' lowery."

"If we lug the umbrell' it won't rain," returned Ma pessimistically, "and then the dust'll be knee-deep to-morrow and Opal'll spoil her new white duds; but give it here."

Pa and Jed sat under the glass-bangled hanging-lamp in the sitting-room, reading the paper, when Ma and Opal reached home. "And here I've tugged this heavy umbrell' down and back," scolded Ma, "and not a drop of rain yet. Jest my luck!"

"Where's Opal's new hat, old woman?" questioned Pa. "Don't say you didn't git none."

"Show me the gloves," commanded Jed.

"Shut up, both of you, and lemme git a breath," panted Ma. "Opal, show your duds."

"Is that your hat?" Pa asked in a displeased voice.

"It isn't trimmed yet," Opal explained.

"No bigger'n a postage stamp," criticised her father.

"And it cost all of one twenty-five," informed Ma bitterly. "But it was all we could git, and she's goin' to trim it with her white graduatin' sash."

"Nothin' wrong with your gloves, Opal," approved Jed.

"Nothin' wrong but the price," grumbled Ma. "They was one-fifty; I couldn't git but three pair of socks. But I betche you'd never guess what they cost—three pair for a quarter," she cried triumphantly; "one pair apiece, and t'other to wear in company. And I got the biggest there was, well knowin' they'd be none too big."

"A born milliner," praised Pa, as Opal

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"ONE THING THAT WE CAN GIVE HER *THAT DONT COST NOTHIN'*, AND THAT'S A CHANCT FOR HAPPINESS."

fashioned the well-preserved white ribbon into graceful bows. Yet when the hat was finished, Opal said it looked stiff and homemade.

Just then Sophie, the Polish wife of Opal's brother Billie, came in.

"Sophie, my hat looks so cheap and funny," worried Opal.

"The brim should get dented, like a picture hat I saw downtown; leave me fix him," cried Sophie, interested at once.

"Be careful, Sophie," cautioned Ma. "It looks good to me now; you might spile it."

"Go ahead, Sophie," encouraged Jed.

"I have dent it in five places, already—put on," directed Sophie.

"It does look better," acknowledged Ma; "now don't touch it ag'in."

"It looks just the way I wanted it to, Sophie," said Opal thankfully.

"Set down, Sophie," invited Pa, kicking the next to the easiest rocker toward her with his foot; he occupied the easiest one.

"No, I can't stay a minute; our little Ludwig has et something disagreeable, yet; but I come over to ask if Opal should like the loan of my gold bracelet that the factory girls give me when I was married."

"May I wear it, Ma?" asked Opal, delighted.

"It'd be a turrible responsibility," said her mother carefully. "Still, it'd be on your arm where you could see it the minute it was lost. Yes, Opal, as long as Sophie's so kind."

"Sophie, your kid's a-squallin' his head off," informed her husband, Billie Flickinger, coming in unexpectedly. Billie was big and bossy, and seemed to fill the little room with his domineering personality.

"But, Billie, to leave our baby alone," reproved Sophie. "Suppose he falls?"

"Then you hustle back," ordered Billie,

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and Sophie obediently withdrew. "See, Ma," cried Billie, holding up a battered old satchel, "would Opal like to pack their picnic fodder in this?"

"The swellest thing out," declared his mother. "What say, Pa?"

"What I say is that Billie's telescope was bought to carry his lodge regalia in, and not to smear up with picnic odds and ends," remarked Pa dryly.

Billie's face fell. "I never thought of that. But I always hated to tote a basket, and I'll bet Seftie Woods does. Anyway, Sophie's bracelet'll add to your looks, Opal," concluded Billie, anxious to be doing something for his sister.

"And a finger ring'd give Opal a nobby look; but she can't make no such splurge as that," said Ma wistfully.

"Mebbe Opal'll have a ring when she comes back," observed Jed slyly.

"Don't think it," contradicted his mother. "Opal knows it's merely a case of gentleman friend, otherwise she wouldn't git to go."

"Come and see my picnic clothes, Billie," invited Opal; "they're in the front bedroom."

Huge black clouds, rolling by overhead, threatened a sudden downpour of rain. "I'd be willin' to git sousin' wet if it'd only rain," said a shrill voice at the side door.

"What're you over here for jest at bedtime, Jule?" inquired her father shortly.

"To see Opal's new togs, for one thing," returned his married daughter, Jule Peebles.

"Go right into the spare room, Jule," directed Ma. "Opal's got a light in there, showin' Billie."

Although Jule and Billie were at outs, Jule marched boldly into the bedroom with a casual, "Hello, folks."

Opal returned her sister's greeting; but Billie only stared insolently, and then said to Opal, as he started home, "Your glad rags is certainly swell, Sissie."

"Here's Jule, Billie," reminded Opal.

"'Tain't in Bill to act decent," said Jule crossly. "Lemme see your duds. Your white dress is made too big all over. Them gloves will be black as dirt by night. What a dinky little hat! Ain't you got no fan?"

And Jule, after a hasty but sharp survey of Opal's picnic finery, flounced out into the sitting-room.

"Wa'n't you surprised that Opal had white gloves, Jule?" asked Ma.

"Naw, Opal had white gloves when she graduated, and the sky didn't tumble down neither. I suppose it's understood between Opal and Seftie that they're goin' to be married some time," she said bluntly.

"Why, Jule!" exclaimed Opal indignantly.

"Everybody knows he's sweet on you," retorted Jule.

"Nobody is sweet on Opal," said her mother stiffly.

"Willie Briggs is sweet on Opal, anyway," insisted Jule stubbornly.

"Willie Briggs'll confine hisself strictly to the upper crust after this, Jule," informed Jed. "Opal won't listen to Willie."

"No," struck in Ma, "Opal's got more sense—she's goin' to teach school and use her education."

"But I'll betche, Ma, that Seftie Woods'll talk about something besides the weather to-morrow," observed Jule shrewdly. Then the scowl melted from her dissatisfied young face, and she smilingly said, "I brung over my little hand bag for you to carry to the picnic, Opal."

"Just the thing," began Ma, before Opal could thank her sister, "for the handkerchiefs."

"Handkerchiefs!" snorted Jule. "How many does it take to go to a picnic? You talk as if Opal was fixin' for a funeral."

"Four—one up, one there, one back, and an extra," enumerated Ma.

"How'd you rake up four decent handkerchiefs that wa'n't in use?" exclaimed Jule incredulously.

"It was a tug," admitted her mother.

"And I hope the little bag'll open for you, Opal," said Jule solicitously, "and not git one of its spunky streaks."

"Everybody's been so good to help us out," beamed Ma, "well knowin' what a tug it was for us to be genteel; you, and Sophie, and Big Butch Panner, who sent the grandest pink ham for the lunch, and Billie offerin' his telescope——"

"Billie jest did it to stick in," criticised Jule. "Did you notice, Ma, he never spoke one livin' word to me to-night?"

"But folks in the same family don't need to bow and scrape every time they meet," temporized Ma.

"It's a relief to me not to have 'em speak," announced Pa Flickinger; "then they can't come here and scrap."

"Pa, how you talk," reproved Ma. "I'd ruther they'd scrap everlastingly—I don't care where they pull it off—than not to speak."

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As a clap of thunder reverberated overhead, Jule bolted suddenly out of the house, and disappeared in the pelting rain.

"She's here," exulted Pa, referring to the storm. "Opal won't have no dust to-morrow."

"You bet this'll pack the road," cried Jed.

"But supposin' Hickory Creek swells up and overflows the Niles Road," worried Ma.

"Shucks, no danger," laughed Pa.

"Where'll they cross the St. Joe River?" asked Ma.

"Napier's Bridge," informed Jed.

"I wisht I knowed if the bridge jiggled much," said Ma anxiously.

Opal, who had had a tremulous fear that something would happen to keep her from the picnic, now began to feel that she was really going; and the poor little sitting-room faded away into the sunlit spaces of the country. She could see herself in all her pretty new clothes driving away from the humdrum life on Pine Street with Sefton Woods, the Prince Charming of her small world.

"Now go to bed, Opal, so's to git all the sleep you can," said her mother kindly. "I've got a few odds and ends to fix up, and then I'll come, too. Jed, you don't need to set up no longer, neither."

Pa Flickinger pulled off his boots and, taking a small kerosene lamp, tiptoed softly into the spare bedroom to have a last look at his daughter's picnic finery as it lay like a drift of snow on the bed.

He poked at the white gloves with a careful finger, fearing to soil them with his work-stained hands. Then he gazed long at the snowy folds of the dress that he had been taxed to produce; and a mist came over Pa Flickinger's eyes. And, blowing out the light, he went to look for Opal's mother.

He found his wife in the kitchen, beside a small, smudgy kerosene lamp, busily blacking the shoes that Opal had just taken off.

"Couldn't Jeddie 'a' done that for you, old woman?" he asked kindly.

"Land, no!" returned Ma. "Jed's such a splatter-heels he'd black hisself and the surroundin' country; but I doubt his gettin' any on the shoes."

"Opal's pretty white togs kinder set me to thinkin' on—brides," said Pa boldly, then paused.

"You look tired, Pa," said his wife, ignoring his remark.

"I be—kinder. But I thought I'd say," he began courageously, "that is—Opal's old enough to—and mebbe, Ma, Seftie and Opal"—but, though Pa stopped helplessly, his wife said nothing; for she never admitted for a moment that Opal would be happier to marry; she wanted her to teach school and "be somebody."

"There ain't much we can do for our little girl, Ma, bein' so poor," went on Pa. "But there is one thing that we can give her *that don't cost nothin'*, and that's a chanct for happiness." Then he added lamely, "So I thought I'd better—turn in," which was not at all what he had intended to say.

"That's right, Pa," responded Ma heartily, "go to bed." And Pa Flickinger shuffled disappointedly away, while Ma still polished shoes with a steady, practised hand. And though her task was unlovely, she might have been posing for motherhood; for willing self-sacrifice was written in all the lines of her drooping figure, and a noble maternity that had never spared itself spoke in the serious intentness of her tired face.

"Everything to match, even if it was a tug," she thought with a contented sigh when the shoes were finished; then, blowing out her lamp, she made her way wearily in darkness up to bed.

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THEY STUDIED THE FOOTPRINTS THAT HIS FINGERS POINTED OUT.

ST. GEORGE DRAGON

By L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "The Call of the Sea," "Under Rocking Skies," etc.

Illustrations by Charles Sarka

A SLIGHT, boyish figure, with the face of a dreamer, he had come to Santa Cruz from St. Thomas in one of the seasons of agrarian discontent that are always sweeping over the islands, and in the three years that he had mended the roads of the Debevoise plantation, on the windy heights above Christiansted, he had remained a stranger to his race. But the friendly green lizards would come to his hand at the sound of his soft, melodious whistle, and when he ate his midday meal in the shade of the cocoa palms that lined his loved highway, the fearless birds would flutter about him, certain of their share. North, east, and west the waters of the blue Caribbean were always in sight, the white trade-wind clouds marched endlessly overhead, and round him in the green fields of cane, at the grinding season, the sails of the windmills at the sugar houses were always revolving, like the salutations of friendly hands. He was far from lonely.

With some vague notion of loyalty to his boyhood home in British St. Vincent, his father had named him St. George Dragon, and it was a proof of the simplicity of his nature that, when asked his name, he always gave it in full, with a shy pride in its warlike sound, and without a thought of its incongruity.

From passers-by he courted no attention, and apparently gave none; but wholly because of diffidence, and never through lack of interest. In his own way, indeed, he was curious to know men, and his carefully

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watched and tended highway gave him his own interpretation of character; for on the white roadbed, damp with the heavy tropic dews or sodden with rain, the barefooted market-people and plantation workers, going to and from Christiansted, left records that he eagerly studied. He learned to know the footprints of all, and through them, in a way, their characteristics. Studying them, he talked to himself, as shy people will.

"Dere's big flatfoot, walkin' all obbeh hese'f. Talk big, an' do liddie, dat's him, lak er tuhkey gobbleh . . . Narreh pigeon-toes meanchin' erlong, er-castin' sheeps'-eyes; bes' not trus' dat gal; no suh. Ah know her —tall yalleh gal." So he knew them all.

But one morning he came early to his work after a heavy rain, and found a footprint that he had never before seen. It was a small foot, and narrow; the heel scarcely showed, but the small toes, wide-spread, were clearly defined. Behind and before there was no sliding mark to blur the definite impression of the footprint.

"Ah yen't nebber seen *her*," he said aloud. "She's er joy gal, dancin' erlong, wid er calabash on her head. Ah know. She was er-lookin' up at da sky—dancin' eyes, lak her foots. Ah'll know yo', ma liddie lady, when yo' come erlong dis way."

Indeed, he knew her when, late in the afternoon, she came up from Christiansted in a group of chattering women—knew her though she was far off, by the springing lightness of her step, her slender suppleness of form, and the high carriage of her head. She was clad in a bright yellow gown which was like a flame of joy, he told himself. But because of the laughing companions about her, and even more because of his eager desire to see her face, he had no courage to confront the battery of quizzical eyes, and, fleeing to the depths of the thicket, he came out only to see her bright gown drop behind the crest of the hill. It seemed like the passing of day.

He failed to see her again for many days, for she always passed when he was working in other parts of the plantation; but he sometimes saw the prints of her feet dancing along the highway. They always gave him the same odd impression of materialized joy.

But on a morning in the third week, facing toward Christiansted, he was noisily repairing the road after a torrential rain when the soft pad of a barefooted step almost at his side startled him into a furtive glance over his shoulder. His yellow-clad girl, with a calabash of alligator pears on her head, smiled down upon him.

"Marra, Sen George Dragon," she called gayly, and showed her white teeth in laughing rows.

He ducked his head, and turned again to his mattock, answering confusedly: "Marra, Sis' Joy."

She stopped short. "How come yo' know ma name?" she asked with surprise.

He looked up at her with startled confusion. "Ah doan' know it," he replied.

"Dat's ma name, lak yo' say—Joy," she answered.

He looked off toward the blue sea dancing in the sun: the coincidence seemed mysterious. Then his old conception of the character in footprints came to him anew, and he turned to her with the confident air of perfect faith, as he answered:

"Ah reckon Ah call yo' Joy 'ca'se yo' is Joy."

"But how yo' know?" she persisted.

He dropped the blade of his mattock upon a fresh imprint of her foot. "Dat tells," he said.

She laughed in delighted wonder. "Ah doan' unnerstan' how dat tell ma name."

"Ah doan' know mase'f how it tell yo' name," he replied, "but Ah know how it tell yo' nature." With the joy of the enthusiast he explained at length. She laughed delightedly.

"'Foh de Lohd! but yo' is smaht!" she cried. She began to search the damp earth, and stooped above a footprint that had been made upon the road in the earlier morning. "What dat say?" she demanded.

He glanced at it indifferently. "Ah doan' want know nuttin' 'bout her," he declared.

"Yen't she nice?" she asked.

He shook his head, devouring her with his eyes. "Not faw me," he answered.

"Whose it be?" she asked again.

"Tall yalleh gal wid er red dress."

"Dat's Sis' Lucy."

"Co'se Ah cain't tell dat sort er name right off," he explained, in apology for the limitations of his art.

"Co'se not," she agreed, and began searching the ground for other footprints. At one she finally paused. "Who's dat?"

"Big man wid er big foot, er-walkin' all obbeh da road, lak he own it." He mimicked the swagger of the one he described, and Sis' Joy giggled, with her hands over her eyes.

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"Dat's Cæsar," she cried.

"Yas'm," agreed the road-mender. "Dat's it, an' all Ah want tow know ob *him*."

"He's mighty nice tow me," she said, and tossed her head coquettishly.

With grave decision he shook his own. "'Twon't last, Sis' Joy, 'twon't last," he said earnestly. "Heeh tow-day an' dah tow-marra, he is. Ah know dat kin' er foot."

"Well, yo' is smaht," she declared, and looked at him with so frank an admiration that his diffidence returned, and he bent nervously to his work. He scarcely replied to her good-by, but, when she had gone, he watched her slender form till it turned at the crest of the hill to wave a hand in farewell. In confusion he bent to his task again.

He saw her no more for a week, but on market day he watched her go by in the early morning, and so planned his work that the afternoon found him at the highest point on the road, the spot he loved best,where all his little world lay unrolled before him like a scroll. Singly and in groups, the market folk came toiling up from Christiansted; but it was not until the shadows of the cocoa palms lay black across the whole country-side that he saw her yellow gown flapping in the wind as she came lightly up to meet him. Smilingly she greeted him.

"Ebenin', Sen George Dragon."

"Ebenin', Sis' Joy. How yo' is dis ebenin'?" he asked politely.

She looked at him with mischievous eyes. "Cain't yo' tell by ma foots?" she asked.

"No sort er use. Ah can tell by yo' eyes," he replied gravely.

"What dey say?"

"Jus' yo' name, Sis' Joy; jus' yo' name."

She laughed, and seated herself on the sloping bank by the side of the road.

"Dat's right," she replied. "Ah yen't er-runnin' tow ketch up wid no sorreh."

"See yo' doan', Sis' Joy," he answered gravely, and turned his eyes seaward. She watched him curiously, but at last broke the silence, of which he seemed unaware:

"What yo' lookin' at so sharp?"

He nodded his head toward a purple peak on the far horizon to the north. "Ma ol' home, Sen Thomas," he said.

"It look lak a cloud—jus' a cloud," she said thoughtfully.

"Yas'm, dat's so; but it yen't. It's lan', an' good lan'."

"Better'n dis yerry?" she asked.

"It's ma home," he replied evasively.

Her face fell, and she looked at him with the reproachful eyes of a child as she asked: "Yo' homesick faw it?"

He shook his head shyly, but avoided her eyes. "Not *now*," he replied in a low voice.

Under her level brows she watched him pensively, chin on hand. "What change yo'?" she asked softly.

"Ah found ma pleasure heeh," he answered.

"Right heeh—on da road?" she asked, and laughed.

"Yas'm."

"Whah yo' lib—heeh?" She laughed again.

He waved his hand toward the eastern slope. "Obbeh yondeh—liddie pink house by da big tamarind tree," he replied gravely.

"Wid da real chimbley?" she asked.

He nodded. "Dat's it."

"Yo' git lonesome dah all erlone?"

"*Now* Ah does," he replied.

"Now?" she queried. "When yo' doan'?"

He looked at her shyly as he replied: "Befoh Ah know some folks."

She gave him a quick glance as she turned her eyes seaward, saying, with mischievous eyes: "Yo' doan' know many, does yo'?"

"All Ah needs faw ma pleasure, Sis' Joy."

She rose to her feet, looking up at the sky as she said: "Misteh Sun be gittin' mighty low down. Time Ah pick up ma hoofs an' jog erlong. Fahwell tow yo', Sen George Dragon. Ah doan' know when Ah see *yo'* ergain. Fahwell."

He was looking at her now in frank dismay. "Whah yo' goin' dat yo' woan' see me, Sis' Joy?" he asked. "Ah'm goin' stay right heeh, same as usual."

"So Ah s'pose," she answered airily. "Dat's how Ah say Ah woan' see yo'." Then she stepped lightly up the road. But he called:

"Whah yo' goin', Sis' Joy?"

She turned her laughing eyes over her shoulder, but did not stop. "Mebbe Ah go tow Fredericksted," she called. "*Mebbe*."

The days dragged with leaded feet after that, and just as he had decided that she had really gone to Fredericksted and all the graciousness of life had departed, one afternoon she came silently around a curve, in the midst of a little group. There was eager expectancy on the faces turned toward him,

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"NOT FAW ME," HE ANSWERED.

and he looked at them wonderingly. Sis' Joy came forward with a smile on her face, and gayly turned him about, with his back to the group.

"Now yo' wait," she said. "Doan' look." With that she marched Sis' Lucy over the freshly raked earth, then wheeled him round, pointing to the footprint on the road. "What dat say, Sen George Dragon?" she asked. Her eyes were dancing.

The road-mender glanced into them, and understood. He turned to the footprint, and gravely studied it. He shook his head.

"Light come, light go wid dat foot," he announced. "Dat gal keep yo' er-dancin' sueh."

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There was an appreciative shout from the group; they knew Sis' Lucy.

Stung by it, she turned to the road-mender. "How yo' know dat's er gal's foot?" she demanded.

"Huh!" he exclaimed. "Dat say Sis' Lucy all obbeh it. Dat's how Ah know."

"Somebody doan' tol' yo'," declared the tall yellow girl; but there was wondering awe on her face.

"Who?" asked St. George Dragon, boldly. But Sis' Joy turned him with his back to the group again. She made a pretense of choosing but Cæsar pushed forward.

"Oh, well, yo', den," she said with seeming indifference, and led him over the ground. Pushing him back to his old place, she called to the road-mender: "Now, Sen George Dragon."

The road-mender turned and glanced down. He had noticed with a pang of apprehension as they came toward him that Cæsar walked at Sis' Joy's side, and now, with a quick look at the footprint, he turned away indifferently, announcing:

"Dat say Cæsar—heeh tow-day an' dah tow-marra, promise big an' do liddie—lak er tuhkey gobbleh."

There was a shout of laughter from the others, but Cæsar stepped threateningly toward St. George Dragon, who, catlike, sprang aside, catching up a spade. Cæsar paused.

"Yo' know Ah's Cæsar, yo' sawed-off Sen Thomas griff?" he cried menacingly.

"Ah know it *now*, by yo' talk," calmly replied St. George Dragon. His shyness was gone; the light of battle shone in his eyes.

But something uncanny in the interpretation restrained Cæsar. He stood irresolute, glowering at the smaller man. "Ah's goin' fix yo'," he threatened, but the road-mender smiled.

"Yo' *say* so," he retorted, and Cæsar sprang toward him; but Sis' Joy caught his arm.

"If yo' foots say dat, den yo' is dat," she declared. "It yen't Sen George Dragon dat make it so."

"Make it so, er not make it so, he's goin' learn betteh den talk tow me lak dat," growled Cæsar. Then he caught Sis' Joy's hand. "Come erlong. Yo' yen't goin' was'e no wuds on dat off-islan' trash."

But Sis' Joy, snatching away her hand, turned upon him in blazing wrath. "Who make yo' ma lohd an' masteh, Cæsar Gambril?" she cried hoarsely. "Who? Ah talks whah Ah likes, an' goes whah Ah likes, an' comes whah Ah likes—tuhkey gobbleh!"

Abruptly Cæsar turned and marched up the road; but a rod away he paused to look back. "Talk whah yo' likes, an' go whah yo' likes, an' come whah yo' likes," he shouted; "but lemme tell yo' somebuddy roun' heeh's goin' bliebe ol' man Satan's on *his* tracks. Yo' heah me?" Then he went blindly up the slope, swinging his arms in gesticulating rage.

Two days later, Sis' Lucy, going down to Christiansted in the early morning, came upon St. George Dragon already at work.

"Yo's airly," she said pleasantly. Then she laughed as she added: "Yen't no sort er use watchin' out faw Sis' Joy, faw she yen't er-comin' no mo'. She send yo' her lub, dough."

"Whah she done gone?" he asked sharply.

"She yen't done gone nowhar; she jus' doan' dass come," she replied. "Dat Cæsar done tell her he lay yo' out col' if yo' jus' speak tow her. So she's scairt."

He stiffened visibly at the threat, but his answer came like the snap of a whip. "Sis' Lucy," he said, "yo' goin' do somepin' faw me? Tell Sis' Joy Ah's got tow see her dis ebenin'. Ah'll come tow da Penshyn Bluff befo' sundown. Yo' tell her?"

"Yas," she replied.

She did more, in fact, for she also told Cæsar, and long before the road-mender came through the tangled path to the bluff and met Sis' Joy face to face, Cæsar was waiting in the thicket for their coming. Scarcely an arm's length from him they paused. The girl's face wore an anxious look.

"Yo' orteh not er-come, Sen George Dragon," she said, and a fluttering sigh followed her words.

"Ah haddeh come, Sis' Joy," he replied. "Ah jus' haddeh. Seem lak Ah doan' get no res' no mo' when Ah doan' see yo' eyes come shinin' down da road."

"'Foh Gord! da yen't no shine in ma eyes no mo'," she said plaintively. "Ah's tow scairt."

"Scairt faw Cæsar er scairt faw me?" he asked.

"Scairt faw sorreh," she replied evasively. "Joy's ma name, an' Joy's ma nature. Ah doan' want know nuttin' 'bout trouble."

"Man is bohn tow trouble, Sis' Joy," he said gravely. "Yo' gotteh know it. But lub will make da foot light on da road."

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"Whose lub?" she asked, with an airy toss of her head.

"Mine," he said calmly.

"S'pose Ah like Cæsar betteh?" she asked, with a sidelong glance at him.

"Yo' doan', Sis' Joy," he replied, and turned at a stir in the thicket at his back. Above a low bush the face of Cæsar glowered darkly down upon him. Sis' Joy gave a short cry, and shrank back, cowering, with her hands over her eyes. St. George Dragon stepped to her side.

"Doan' yo' 'sturb yo'se'f, Sis' Joy," he said tenderly. "Dey yen't nuttin' goin' happen."

"Yen't dey?" said Cæsar, and stepped out into the open. "Den yo' gotteh make tracks, an' make 'em mighty quick."

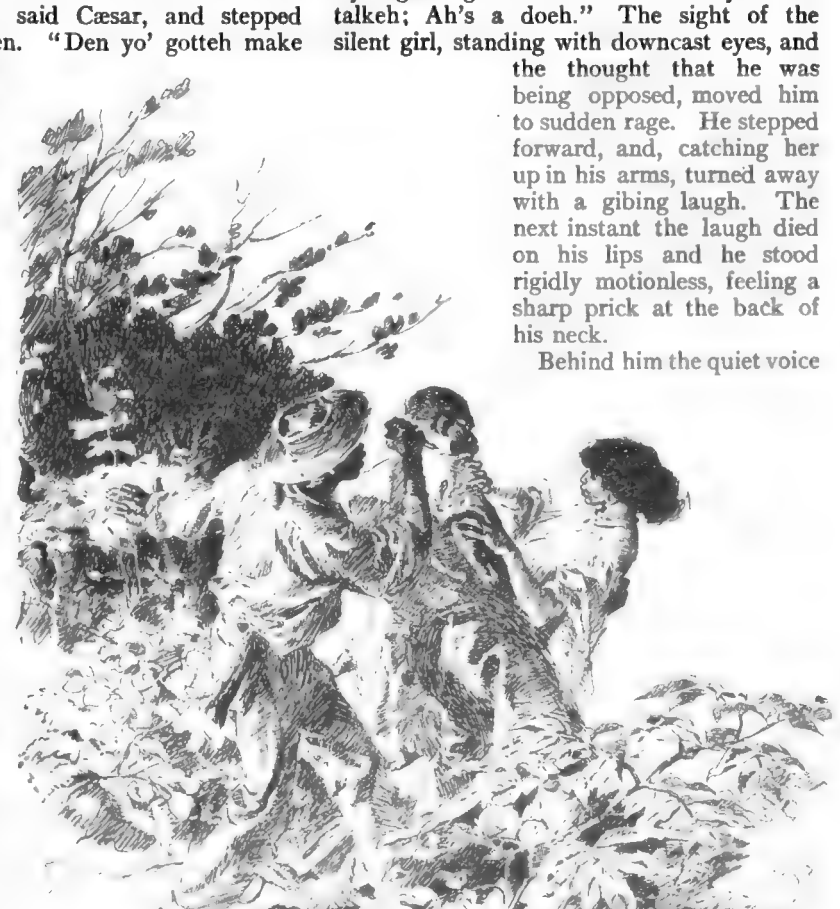
"Ah'll make 'em when Sis' Joy says make 'em," replied St. George Dragon. "Is yo' man ernough tow say dat? State yo' case, Cæsar Gambril; state yo' case, an' Ah'll state mine, an' let Sis' Joy choose. If she choose yo', Ah'll leabe her 'lone; if she choose me, yo' does. Da's fah. Is yo' man ernough tow stan' by it? Dass yo'?"

Cæsar laughed insolently. "Ah reckon Sis' Joy knows Ah's man ernough tow dass whah er liddie runt lak yo' dass," he answered.

"No good er-callin' names, Cæsar Gambril," said the road-mender, stiffly. "Sis' Joy Pogrim kin prognosticate a gemmen when she sees him—er lady lak her. She know dey yen't judged by weight—like hawgs." He stood very erect as he turned to Sis' Joy, an attractive, boyish figure. "Sis' Joy," he began, "Misteh Debevoise kin tell yo' Ah's er worker; an' Ah sabes ma money. Ah kin treat ma wife lak er lady, an' dat's ma wish an' pleasure. Ah asks yo' tow mah'y me. Ah yen't nebber had no wandehin' foot, an' Ah yen't goin' begin now. Whah yo' is, dah's ma joy."

"Mighty fine wuds!" sneered Cæsar. He looked at Sis' Joy. "Sis' Joy," he said, "yo' goin' go back on me? Ah yen't no talkeh; Ah's a doeh." The sight of the silent girl, standing with downcast eyes, and the thought that he was being opposed, moved him to sudden rage. He stepped forward, and, catching her up in his arms, turned away with a gibing laugh. The next instant the laugh died on his lips and he stood rigidly motionless, feeling a sharp prick at the back of his neck.

Behind him the quiet voice



"SET DA LADY DOWN, AND HOLD UP YO' HAN'S ——."

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of the road-mender was saying: "Yo' move er han', yo' move er foot, an' yo' woan' nebber move no mo'."

Over her capturer's shoulder the struggling girl caught the gleam of the knife in the road-mender's hand, and, closing her eyes, lay in petrified horror. For an instant, only the quick breathing of the three was heard, then the voice of St. George Dragon went on evenly:

"Set da lady down, an' hold up yo' han's, an' hold 'em up quick." Quietly Cæsar obeyed, and Sis' Joy sprang back.

"Now walk erway, Cæsar Gambril," commanded the road-mender, and Cæsar stepped off softly, like one walking on glass. Ten feet away he paused and looked back with sullen, abashed eyes. But the road-mender did not heed; he was looking at Sis' Joy.

"'Scuse me, Sis' Joy," he said tenderly. "Ah couldn't see no lady treated lak dat."

"Yo' is 'scusable, Sen George Dragon," she said, and her voice broke in a sob of sheer nervousness.

"It yen't right tow ask yo' faw no answer now," he went on, "'ca'se——"

"But it's ma pleasure tow gib it," she broke in. She darted an angry glance at Cæsar. "Ah wouldn't mah'y him if he was da las' man on yeth. An' dat's ma answer tow yo', Sen George Dragon; Ah wouldn't mah'y *him*."

"Ah was jus' er-foolin', Sis' Joy," said Cæsar; but the girl was looking at the road-mender; neither gave him a glance as they turned from the place.

For a moment he watched them with sullen eyes; then all his wounded pride and anger flamed up in an impulsive desire for revenge, and, stooping quickly to a great stone, he hurled it at the back of the road-mender.

It passed between the two, grazing the arm of the girl, and with a startled cry of pain she staggered back as the road-mender caught her. He had forgotten the knife, which he still held in his hand, but now a look of fury came into his face as he sprang toward Cæsar. But Sis' Joy caught the road-mender's arm.

"Doan' yo'! doan' yo'!" she moaned, and held him fast. They could hear Cæsar crashing through the undergrowth on the lower slope.

"Lemme go, gal! lemme go!" he said in a husky voice.

"No! no!" she cried.

Then all at once he ceased to struggle, and, throwing the knife into the thicket, went on in moody silence.

But as they neared Sis' Joy's home he looked up with a laugh, and she gave him a joyous look.

"Now yo's mo' lak yo'se'f," she cried.

"Yas'm," he replied. Suddenly he turned to her. "Sis' Joy," he said, "Ah'm goin' erway faw er liddie while. If yo' see dat Cæsar, yo' kin say fahwell. He yen't got long tow stay heeh." And he laughed again.

"What yo' goin' do?" she asked in sudden alarm.

"Me? *Ah* yen't goin' do nuttin'," he answered her. "No need wid *him*."

They missed him on his road for a week, and then one night Sis' Lucy, going into Christiansted to the ball of the Blue Bells, saw him crossing the slope below King Hill. She told Cæsar as she danced with him later in the evening.

"What he doin' up dah?" he asked in sudden suspicion, for he himself lived just beyond King Hill.

"How Ah knows?" said Sis' Lucy. "He was kitin' erlong lak somepin' was afteh him."

It was past one that night as Cæsar turned into the grassy lane that ran up to the house where he lived alone in an overgrown tangle on the edge of a wood. He was tired and sleepy, but he was keenly alert at once as he saw the black space of the interior beyond his wide-open door. In his certainty that he had locked it on leaving, he paused on the threshold, listening in troubled irresolution. He recalled what Sis' Lucy had told him of the road-mender's presence near the house, and he suspected an ambush. Then he called, "Who's dah?"

There was no reply, and he turned, looking out into the night. Though he heard nothing that could be called sound, he had a premonition of some living presence. The air seemed disturbed with the quickened pulse of suppressed breathing. Then all at once, above the palpitating silence, distinct and unmistakable, there came to his ears a lingering, extraordinary sigh. It came from no particular direction; the night seemed filled with it.

Again he called sharply, "Who's dah?" There was, as before, no reply. Indeed, he had expected none. That space-filling sigh, he felt, could have emanated from no earthly creature. He stepped out upon the grass,

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"FAW DA LOHD'S SAKE! SIS' MAME, LEMME SET HEEH AN RES'!"

and looked back at the open door. As he gazed, slowly and without a sound it closed. Tingling chills ran through the roots of his hair, and he felt cold. Silent, fearing to turn, yet turning constantly under the dread of the invisible presence that seemed always at his back, he waited the return of the sigh. Then panic seized him and he ran.

At the highway he turned south, and it was not until the dark mass of the Penhallow sugarhouses loomed ahead that he slowed to a walk. He could see a lantern moving jerkily about under the dark arcade, and, picking his way among the piles of refuse cane, he moved toward the vat-room.

A lame old negro, standing by the presses,

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raised his lantern above his head, and, shading his eyes with his hand, peered out at the sound of shuffling in the dry stalks. Cæsar called:

"Ebenin', Ben. Ah was er-passin' on da road an' see yo' lantern, an' so come in tow say ebenin'."

"Ebenin', Cæsar," replied the watchman. "'Pears lak yo's er-strayin' long ways f'om yo' baid."

"Ah been tow er ball, an' cain't sleep," explained Cæsar. "Ah's er-walkin' da music outeh ma laigs."

Ben nodded. "Walkin' does it," he agreed. "Yas, suh; Ah know, roun' yerry all da night. It doan' leab no dawnce in ma laigs. No, suh."

His rusty tin lantern, pierced with small holes, like a colander, diffused a glow, rather than a light, in an insignificant circle about him. A trickle of drops fell from the presses into the vats with a hollow resonance that seemed to Cæsar a part of the mystery of the night.

"Mighty curious noise," he said.

The old negro nodded. "Doan' tell me; Ah know," he replied. "Long erbout f'om now tow cockcrow yo' heah queer goin's-on."

"How is dat?" asked Cæsar.

"Hant-time," grunted Ben. "Yo' doan' heah *much*, an' yo' doan' see nuttin' truly; but yo' know. Yas, suh." Then for two hours he talked of the dead and the spirits that walk while men sleep, and Cæsar listening with the childlike faith of his race, thrilled anew with the dread experience of the night. Yet through very fear of the old man's possible interpretation, he dared not speak of it.

At last Ben lifted his head. "Day's er-comin'," he said, and, opening the slide of his lantern, blew out the light. Then he rose stiffly, and yawned, with his face to the sky. A palpable light suffused it, but the world was void and without form. It was as if the sky had gathered light which earth yet refused. Trees and buildings lay shrouded in an impenetrable obscurity. "King Hill got his nightcap on," said Ben. "Hot day er-comin'."

Cæsar saw now that this was what was darkening the earth: the fog lay heavy upon it. Far off a cock crew querulously, as if impatient for the coming of the halting day. He, too, arose.

"Time Ah was er-joggin' on," he said heavily. He had no heart in it. He was too greatly under the influence of the uncanny night; but Ben moving homeward, he had no alternative except to go.

He moved slowly, feeling his way cautiously with his feet, and now and then stumbling across the border of the road. A sharp rise lay just before its intersection with the lane to his house, and, coming to that, he paused. The world was now gray, for light had come, but it was as if he looked through slightly opaque glass; he could see only the ragged tops of the trees outlined against a flat, gray world. Then gradually outlines grew clearer, and, glancing down, he saw the grass at his feet, and felt for the first time that he trod again the familiar earth. With new courage he advanced to his door.

It stood ajar, and on the gray, weather-worn panels above the latch were two brown spots, like the imprint of gigantic knuckles. About them the gray wood was lightly charred; the spots themselves were deeply burned wood. Nervously he looked about him, and again felt the old tingling sensation of terror, for clearly showing on the grass at his feet was the mark of a great hoof, curious, elongated, and unlike that of any living creature. And it, too, was an impression made by fire. There were others, he now saw, coming and going, but those at the door were burned deepest, as if the creature had stood long waiting. At that moment there came to him clearly, almost at his side, a hideous chuckle, like water gurgling from a bottle, but followed by no sound as it struck the ground. With a moan he turned and ran.

The sun, now well above the sea, had burned the fog away when he reached the landing in Christiansted. And walking slowly down between the long rows of casks, in the familiar aspect of all the things that made up his working hours, he felt his courage come back again, and in the shadow of the casks lay down to sleep.

He was still in the shadow when he awoke, but, looking up at the sky, saw in it the mellow light of afternoon. The sun had passed completely over him while he slept. People were coming forth from their houses after the siesta, and, hearing voices, he rose to his feet. On the sun-dried sod the burned impression of the great hoof was clearly outlined, coming and going about the place where he had slept. Shaking with fear, he stood staring as a hand was laid on his shoulder. With a cry he threw up an arm

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and turned his terror-stricken face toward the astonished gaze of Gumbo Jim.

"What ail yo', Cæsar?" said Jim. "Yo' gone luny?" His glance followed Cæsar's, which had turned to the hoof-marks again, and he asked in a startled voice: "What's dat?"

Cæsar shook his head. Gumbo Jim called to friends lounging near. In silence they studied the prints that his finger pointed out on the sod among the casks.

"What yo' reckon dat is?" asked someone.

"Ask Cæsar," said Gumbo Jim.

Cæsar shook his head, moistening his dry lips with his tongue. "Ah doan' know no mo'n yo'," he said huskily. "Dem mahks was roun' ma do' las' night, an' Ah heah ersighin' an' erlaughin', but Ah doan' see no mo 'n dis. Now Ah see it heah when Ah wake up. Ah was broke in ma res' las' night."

"AH DOAN' WANT TOW BE IN NO PLACE WHAH AH YEN'T WANTED."

They looked at him curiously, but no one spoke, and one by one they began to move on. Suddenly it was borne in upon him that they were afraid of him. In helpless terror he glanced wildly around.

"'Foh da Lohd! what's da matter wid me!" he groaned. He began to hurry off, stumbling blindly. "Oh, yo' Jim," he called. "Ah's er-goin' yo' way. Hol' up."

Looking back over his shoulder, Gumbo Jim waved his hand. "Cain't stop now," he called back; "gotteh see er man." He turned off toward the beach, going in nervous haste.

By night every black on the island knew that the devil was following Cæsar Gambril; he was shunned like a leper. No negro dared to go abroad alone after dark, and in Love Lady Court candles burned all night in the houses, and in the little square fires were lighted and kept going till dawn. The whole quarter gathered about them, and slept there in huddled groups. Even Sis' Mame, the old obi woman, for once forgot to jeer. It was after midnight when, sitting in her doorway at the entrance to Love Lady Court, with the fires blazing comfortably in sight, she saw a dark figure come draggingly along the wall and draw near. It was Cæsar. By the firelight she saw that his face was gray with terror and beaded with perspiration.

"Faw da Lohd's sake! Sis' Mame," he said brokenly, "lemme set heeh an' res'! Ah yen't no place tow go tow, an' Ah yen't got no frien's no mo'."

She eyed him uncertainly for a moment without speaking. "What yo' don', boy?" she demanded at last.

"'Foh Gord, Ah yen't done nuttin'," he said sullenly.

"Sis' Lucy say yo' tell dat Sen Thomas boy ol' man Satan goin' git on his tracks," she now said.

He looked about him, shuddering. "Jus' talk, Sis' Mame," he muttered; "jus' talk."

"Mighty cur'ous talk!" she remarked with severity, and puffed at her pipe.

He sighed. "Well, kin Ah set heeh till

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sun-up, Sis' Mame?" he asked humbly. "Ah cain't go no mo', an' Ah cain't res'."

"Ah reckon yo' kin," she answered after a pause; but with bitter dejection he saw her rise and limp away toward one of the groups about the fires, and settle down among the silent forms.

He was unutterably weary, and even fear could not keep his eyes from closing occasionally. Once, as he awoke with a start, he saw a man rise from the group where Sis' Mame had settled and tiptoe across to another. Drowsily he watched him bend over another man, who suddenly raised his head. Then, even as he saw the two rise, Cæsar's eyes again closed and his head sank upon his breast.

Now he really slept; it was a gentle touch upon his forehead that at last roused him, with one short sob of fright. He leaped to his feet to find himself surrounded by men, and he struck out wildly; but a dozen hands seized him, and sullenly he ceased to struggle.

"What yo' all want?" he demanded.

"Nobuddy want tow huht yo'; jus' come erlong," a voice said; and silently, still surrounding him, they began to move softly down the steep stairway from Love Lady Court into the Kongensgade, and thence to the beach.

As they neared the shore, he fell back, struggling fiercely, and crying for help; but they quickly muffled his voice, and, binding his hands and feet, laid him down. One of the group knelt at his side.

"Cæsar," he said, "we yen't got nuttin' ag'in yo', an' we yen't goin' huht yo' if yo' goes away peaceful; but yo' gotteh go. We doan' lak da comp'ny yo' keeps. Yo' doan' lak it yo'se'f, so yo' betteh go anyway. We got er boat heeh, an' grub faw a week, an' wateh; er strong man lak yo' kin paddle tow Sen Thomas in less'n dat. We'll cas' yo' erdrift, an' if yo' comes back, yo'll dis'pear in er week, an' nobuddy know how or whah. An' dat time yo' woan' come back. Yo' goin' go peaceful?"

He glanced sullenly up at the dark faces surrounding him, and knew that pleas were vain: his life would not be worth a straw if he refused. Curtly he nodded his head.

Silently they unbound him, and moved with him down to where a dugout lay with her prow drawn up on the sand. As he stepped over the side of the boat, each shook his hand in parting. A groan escaped him.

"'Foh de Lohd! boys," he said huskily, "dis yerry's mighty hahd."

"An' hahd faw us," one replied; "it yen't oueh pleasure; but it goin' to be hahdeh faw all if yo' comes back."

"Ah doan' want tow be in no place whah Ah yen't wanted," he replied sullenly, and seated himself on the thwart. Then they pushed him off, and in silence watched him paddle away.

The land wind was blowing off shore. They could hear it murmuring softly in the tops of the trees, but here under the hills the roadstead was calm, and long after the boat had melted in the darkness they heard the dip of his paddle. Then it, too, ceased, and in silence they went back to Love Lady Court, where the fires now smoldered, being no longer needed.

A little after daybreak, Sis' Joy, going to the door of her house, saw St. George Dragon loitering in the road. She went out to meet him. His face was full of peace.

"He's done gone erway—Cæsar," he said, as she came to his side.

She drew in a deep breath as she said hurriedly: "Whah?"

"Dey *say* Sen Thomas, but nobuddy yen't jus' sueh erbout dat."

"When he come back?" she now asked.

"Nebbeh," he replied.

She clapped her hands joyfully. "Den we yen't nebbeh goin' hab no trouble no mo'!" she cried.

"No; jus' Joy," he said meaningly.

She turned from him coyly, swinging on her heels.

"Mebbe Ah got somepin' tow say erbout *dat*," she told him.

"Well, what yo' *say?*" he asked.

"Oh, jus' de same lak yo', Ah s'pose," she answered; then her face grew grave as she added: "What yo' reckon dat was dat scairt him—da debbil?"

His eyes were inscrutable as he replied: "Ah reckon nobuddy yen't nebbeh goin' know dat."

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"ALL ABOARD FOR BOMBAY!"

By E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F.R.G.S.

Special Commissioner for "Everybody's Magazine" in Persia and Russian Central Asia

IN a great yellow palace in Tehran a small boy sits on a peacock throne. He is a very unhappy little boy, and when they put him on the throne he cried as though his heart would break. His people call him King of Kings, for short, for he has so many names and titles that it would take a strong man from breakfast until tiffin to repeat them. And the throne on which he sits is shaky; yes, rickety, in fact.

But one of these days he will not have any throne at all, and will have to content himself with a cane-bottomed chair, or more probably a divan, for certain very much older persons in London and St. Petersburg and Berlin are calmly planning to cut his country into portions, very much as a pastry-cook cuts pie. The little boy's country, you see, happens to block up a road which one of his grown-up neighbors wishes to have open, and so it will disappear just as other children's mud forts disappear when the street-sweeper comes along. I feel sorry for that little boy.

For the map of Persia, if the signs of the times point aright, is soon to be repainted. Now the repainting of maps is a business both fascinating and dangerous, and that is why I will ask you to come with me behind the drop curtain of diplomacy and see with your own eyes how the pigments are prepared and the colors mixed, how the outlines are sketched and the painting is done. You shall see the mine owners and the cotton growers and the railway builders and the concession hunters grinding the colors which they wish laid on. You shall watch the diplomatists—ambassadors, ministers resident, political agents, and the like—grave-faced men in frock coats and shining headgear—compounding those colors to the same shade and consistency. You shall take a peep into the cabinet room of an old gray palace and see the Minister for Foreign Affairs and the Chief of the General Staff leaning, with their heads together, over an unrolled map, for theirs are the master-hands that make the preliminary sketch in brief, bold outline. And, finally, you shall behold hordes of Northern soldiery: stolid, plodding infantry in flat caps and belted tunics, fierce-faced, fur-hatted horsemen on shaggy ponies, and, amid them, lean, black-muzzled guns, pressing in their tens of thousands down the desert, down the railway, down the river, toward the south and the warm water. For they, when all is said and done, are the real painters, they the ones who ere long will change the present blue tint of a certain ancient empire —the blue of a Persian turquoise—to an imperial Russian yellow.

It is a tale of big men and bigger things that I have to tell; of projects so vast in their conception, so enormous in their scope, that before them the imagination falters. Romance, intrigue, treason, war, each has its turn. Sallow-faced Persians in lambskin caps, and concession hunters in white helmets; statesmen sitting at green-covered tables in Downing Street and the Wilhelmstrasse and the Nevskii; Hebrew money lords in London and Paris and Berlin, and the poor, timid Nicholas himself, hiding from the Terrorists in his great park at Tsarkoe Selo, not to mention generals and admirals and prime ministers, with a shah and an ameer thrown in to make good measure—each of these plays his lesser or his greater part. It is a tale that should begin with the words "Once upon a time," for it sounds for all the world like a fairy story. And now to the telling of it.

Russia is the only country in moribund old Europe that is expanding territorially. Every European chancellery fears the designs of St. Petersburg, because, although no one knows just what Russia is doing, as surely as the sap comes in the springtime, as the dawn precedes the day, as the tides move with the moon, just so surely goes Russia to the sunrise

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and the warm water, just so surely is her ultimate, relentless aim the domination of Asia and the overlordship of the world. Irresistible as a glacier, she moves slowly but surely, every year a little more powerful; now baffled, retiring for a little, now advancing, moving along the lines of least resistance—like water, turned back at one point, at last inevitably finding its level.

Russia is the only country that ever expanded eastward, and she did so only because she was effectually blocked from going farther west. For years without number Peter the Great sought to obtain "a window open toward Europe," but Europe kept him back with the strength of desperation. And meanwhile, in the mysterious regions of inner Asia, the empire kept on expanding. The story of this expansion is one of the most wonderful in the history of nations.

To-day the Russian flag flies over a sixth of the land surface of the globe, not parceled out in oversea possessions, as is the British Empire, but one unbroken, far-flung land, stretching from the Euxine straight away to the shores of the Western Ocean, from the Hindoo-Kush and the hills of Persia to the borders of Arctic night. And still she is without an outlet to the warm water. As Ponce de Leon sought for the Waters of Everlasting Youth, so Russia seeks for the gleam of the open sea. What was necessary in the time of Peter has become imperative in the time of Nicholas. Imagine, if you can, a nation two and a half times the size of these United States, with no single mile of ice-free seaboard, and with no single outlet to the world's markets. An ice-free seaboard and an outlet to the markets of the world: In the light of these two national aspirations can be read the policy of the Muscovite.

Russia has the choice of three routes by which to attain her destiny, and at the end of each of them she will find herself facing the cannon of an opposing and jealous power. She might reach the Mediterranean through the Bosporus and the Dardanelles; but to secure that exit she must dispossess Turkey, a step she would have taken long ago (I myself have seen Russian military maps on which a certain city on the Bosporus is marked, not Constantinople, but Tzargrat, that is, Tzar's town), were it not that beyond the Dardanelles lie Malta and Cyprus and the British fleet. She might run her goods from St. Petersburg to the Yellow Sea, but if that route is to be all-Russian she must hold Manchuria —and the rising-sun flag flaunts over Port Arthur even as it trails from the sterns of the Mikado's warships in the China seas. Her third and last chance lies to the southward, for she might break out to the Indian Ocean through the Persian Gulf; to attain that she must hold Persia, and Persia, as the diplomats know full well, is already in the hollow of the Muscovite hand. But here again Russia finds herself opposed, for British warships patrol that gulf which a certain superior person once dubbed a British lake, and it may be assumed that unless she is convinced that such a move would be the lesser of two evils, England will oppose, tooth and nail, the advance of the Bear to the sun-kissed waters of the Gulf.

But here steps on the stage another figure, no less a one than the German War Lord, William the Ambitious. For Germany's interest in the control of the Persian Gulf is very deep. In the July, 1909, issue of Everybody's Magazine, under the title "The Fight for the Highway of Nations," I told the real story of the Teuton's struggle for an all-German railway from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf, and of how, after the expenditure of much imperial diplomacy and twenty-five millions in gold, the advance of the Bagdad Railway, as the German enterprise is called, has been indefinitely arrested by political stumbling-blocks thrown in its way by England. The chief of these was the British seizure of Koweit, the Arab town at the head of the Persian Gulf where the Kaiser had planned to end his epoch-making railway. Theoretically, therefore, Russia might well expect to find her aspirations in Persia opposed by both England and Germany, the concession for the Bagdad Railway having brought Germany into the field not only as a competitor for trade in Asia Minor and Persia, but as an aspirant for political domination in that part of the Shah's empire which lies to the north of the Gulf. As a matter of fact, however, so deep is England's dislike and distrust of Germany that she has entered into the far-famed arrangement with her old-time antagonist for the control of the Shah's disorganized Empire, and while the spheres of influence are rigidly demarked, I am inclined to think that, in

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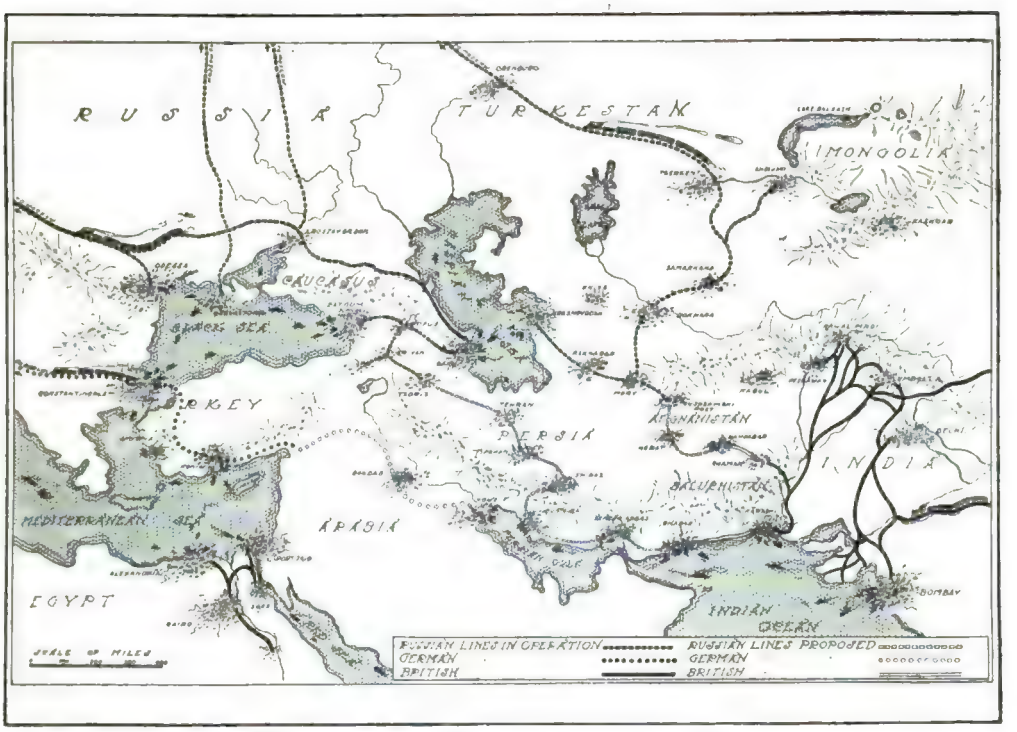

MAP SHOWING THE GERMAN AND THE TWO RUSSIAN RAILROADS NOW PROGRESSING TOWARD THE INDIAN OCEAN. ALSO THE ENGLISH RAILROADS IN NORTHWESTERN INDIA.

the inevitable European imbroglio, England would prefer to see astrakhan caps rather than spiked helmets along her Indian border. Russia, for England, is potentially a less dangerous neighbor than are the pushing, resourceful Germans, whose battalions of commercial travelers are even a greater menace than the Kaiser's cannons and cuirassiers.

In other words, the real reason for England's complaisant attitude toward Muscovite policies in Persia may be found in the exigencies of European rather than of Asiatic politics.

Glance now at the map of Asia—that map which Monsieur Isvolsky and his colleagues would smear a brilliant ocher from Vladikavkaz to Vladivostok—and you will see that Persia, decadent and disrupted by revolution though she may be, occupies the same strategic position toward the projected trunk lines and mail routes of to-day that she did toward the plodding camel caravans of three thousand years ago; still has a great part to play, for she commands the crossroads of three continents.

It is her geographical position which invests Persia with this world-importance, for the frightened boy who sits on her peacock throne claims dominion over a territory larger than France, Germany, and Austria rolled into one; his realm stretches from the Caspian to the shores of the Indian Ocean; on the east his frontiers march with the two countries that cover the flank of India and are under Indian protection, and on the north his entire border is coterminous with the Transcaspian provinces of the Bear. On the southwest—aye, there's the rub!—his dominions reach the eastern shores of the Persian Gulf, with seaports that have been both emporia and outlets for the inland commerce of Central Asia all down the ages. Here, then, will center the struggle of the nations for commercial world power in a future which is not very far away.

Of Russia's three possible outlets to the warm water, the one which offers least resistance and is, therefore, the most natural course, is, as I have already said,

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the route through Persia. England does not want Russia in Persia—that goes without saying—for Persia adjoins India, and Britain is as jealous of any European power holding territory contiguous to her Indian possessions as a country swain is of the rival who sits next to his best girl. But she knows perfectly well that Russia is coming down to the Gulf, anyway, whether she wants her or not, for Russia is suffocated and struggling for air—which in her case means sea outlets. She relies on her navy and the *entente* to safeguard her interests, and in the meantime Persia needs railways. If some one must do the grid-ironing, better Czar than Kaiser. So England, in tentatively accepting what seems to her the lesser evil, has developed a common interest with Russia, and dealt a blow at the Asiatic design of Germany. It is a pretty game, this international diplomacy.

Nowhere have the Russian diplomatists played the game with greater success than in the dominions of the Shah. Always the Muscovite has worn the velvet glove. Both England and Germany have been brusque, peremptory, and overbearing. (The Persians have not forgotten the affront put on them by Lord Curzon.) In Persia, as in most Oriental countries, the key to the control of the foreign policies rests in the control of the finances. Until very recent years this key to Persian politics was held by England. The story of how England lost the control of an empire by her parsimony and delay throws an interesting side-light on one of those diplomatic battles which are fought by banks instead of battalions, by gold instead of gunboats, and on the results of which often hang the fates of nations:

In 1892 the Imperial Bank of Persia, a British institution, lent the Persian government $2,500,000 on the security of the customs receipts of the Gulf ports. In 1898, Persia, finding herself again hard up, desired to borrow six millions more from the same source and on the same ample security. But before the British bankers would grant the additional loan, they must needs quibble and procrastinate and insist on still further conditions. Finally, however, $6,250,000 of Persian bonds were underwritten in London. Russia, hearing of the affair at the eleventh hour and fifty-ninth minute, promptly offered Persia a much larger loan on much better terms, and she did no haggling, either. Persia, finding herself in the embarrassing position of having two parties suing for her financial hand at the same time, and not daring to offend either of them, thought to escape from the predicament by not borrowing at all.

But so persistently and skillfully did Russia urge her suit that in 1900 Persia timidly yielded to the ardent wooing and acknowledged her submission by accepting from Russia a loan of $11,875,000 for seventy-five years, at the same time agreeing that all previous loans should be paid off at once and *no more incurred until this one was discharged, without the permission of the Russian Banque des Prêts de Perse.* Within less than a month, therefore, five million rubles ($2,500,000) were remitted to London to pay off the British loan of 1892, thereby freeing Persia from any British financial control. There has been no more audacious and successful stroke of diplomacy in modern times, for by it Persia became a financial vassal of the Bear.

Successful in outwitting the British, Russian diplomacy was equally successful in outmanœuvering the Germans. The Kaiser, determining to have a hand himself in the commercial exploitation of Persia, sent a diplomatic mission to Tehran, which, by bluff and bullying, succeeded in obtaining from the since deposed Shah a series of concessions which practically handed the country over to their care. They were to found a bank, build railways, supervise the collection of the customs, the administration of posts and telegraphs, look after the mines and forests and waterways, and Heaven knows what besides. But when the news of that impending concession reached St. Petersburg, a cipher message was flashed to the Russian legation in Tehran, a brigade of Cossacks was moved up close to the Persian frontier, and the Russian minister sent (*sent*, mind you) for the Persian Minister of Finance to come to the Russian legation.

Within an hour after that conference, the concession was revoked, German threats and protestations notwithstanding, and the Germans had to content themselves with permission to found a bank. *To found a bank!*—such was the sole result of the Kaiser's diplomacy in Persia. Why, you or I could found a bank in Persia tomorrow without any permission at all. Nor was this all, for it was expressly stipulated that the

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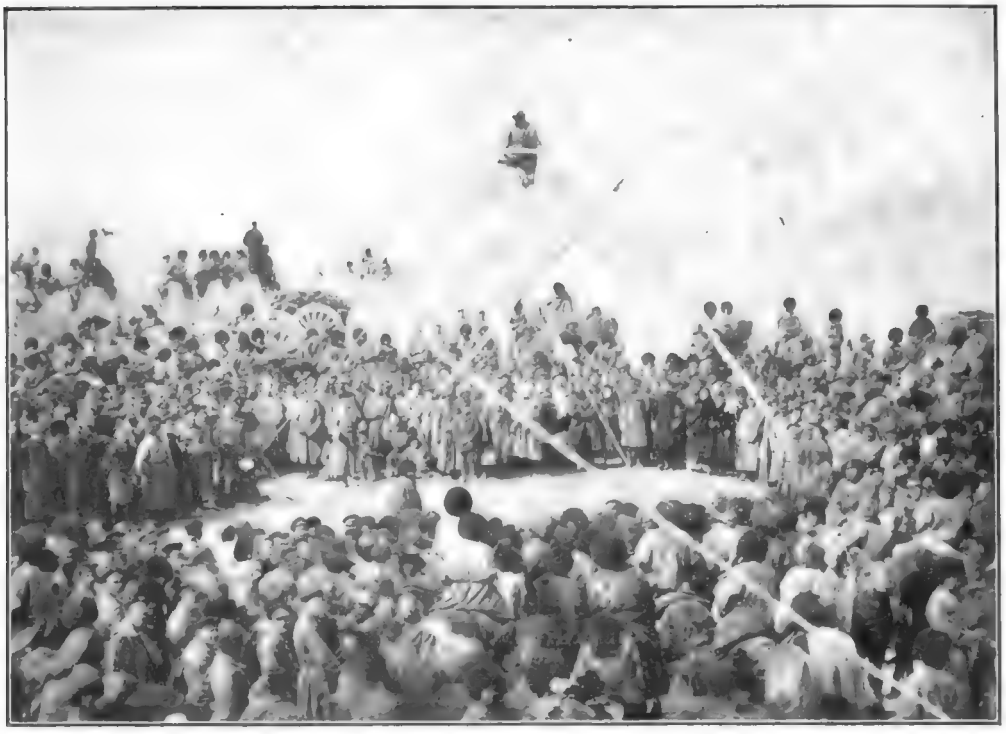

KHIVA, THE MOST MYSTERIOUS FORTRESS IN THE WORLD.

The picture shows a native tight-wire dancer entertaining soldiers of the garrison, and is one of the few photographs of this jealously-guarded fortress ever taken.

German bank was to charge no more than fifteen per cent. on any transaction. The Russian bank charges twenty-five per cent. to the Persian government itself.

As a result of these two diplomatic victories, therefore, Russian prestige is as much above par in Persia as British and German is below. They have a proverb in the East that one can cut off a Persian's head with a piece of rice paper and his brother will salaam in gratitude, but behead him with a sword and his brother will arise and slay. The Russians, who are half Orientals themselves, understand the application, and by soft words and specious deeds are uninterruptedly plotting Persia's destruction. England, eager to maintain a semblance of the old empire as an independent buffer state between her Indian possessions and Russia—and Germany, ambitious for Oriental trade, both have failed to read the Persian character aright, and for lack of a rose or a compliment have lost both the game and an empire to the Muscovite.

Let there be no mistake: Russia, fully alive to the possible consequences, is determined to secure at any cost the absolute control of Persia, and a naval and maritime outlet upon the Indian Ocean. Persia lies helpless before her; her plans for railway extension from the Caucasus are being pushed forward at top speed, and she has already staked the route for her railway through Persia to the Gulf. The field of operations has been long and carefully prepared. So successfully did the Russian secret agents work in the Persian capital that the Shah Ali Mirza was dethroned last spring and is now a virtual prisoner in Russian hands, while his youthful successor, Ahmed Mirza, was actually crowned in the Russian legation and is now under the watchful supervision of Russian tutors, leaving the empire of which he is the nominal head to the tender mercies of warring factions organized and whooped on by Russian agents.

A good and much-needed road has been built by a group of Russian merchants, heav-

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ily backed by imperial subsidies, from Resht, on the Caspian, to Tehran; the Shah's "Cossacks" are commanded by Russian officers, and have been gradually increased in number until they now hold the balance of military power, while parties of Russian engineers are quite openly driving their stakes and running their levels for the railway which is to link up the Caucasus with the Gulf.

ONE OF THE HISTORIC SIGHTS ON THE ROAD TO INDIA: THE TOMB OF TAMERLANE AT SAMARKAND.

As a result of the recent Anglo-Russian understanding, the seven hundred miles which separated Russia from the Gulf have, with the reluctant consent of England, been reduced to two hundred. In other words, England no longer has any right to object should Russia construct a railway or railways that would carry her troops to a point from which one week's forced marching would bring them to the shores of the open sea. Though Great Britain may do her best to hold off the Bear from that last two hundred miles, the ultimate victory cannot but lie on the side of the spirit of Progress, which is to bind Persia, with girders of iron, irrevocably to the Empire of the Tzar.

The long series of carefully planned moves which ends in the annexation of a country are fascinating in their subtlety, amazing in the certainty with which they attain their ends. Let us penetrate the veil of mystery with which the diplomatists would hide their machinations and see how Russia goes about the business of stealing—lock, stock, and barrel—an empire. Courteous always, she begins by obtaining privileges for her merchants and caravans to pass into or through the coveted country for, of course, nothing but purposes of trade. Then come the secret agents, most of them officers of the Russian army; but, needless to say, they do not travel as such. Some pass themselves off as sportsmen in quest of big game, or tourists of an innocent but inquiring turn of mind; and the commandants of more than one lonely post along the Indian border have unsuspectingly extended their hospitality to these supposed

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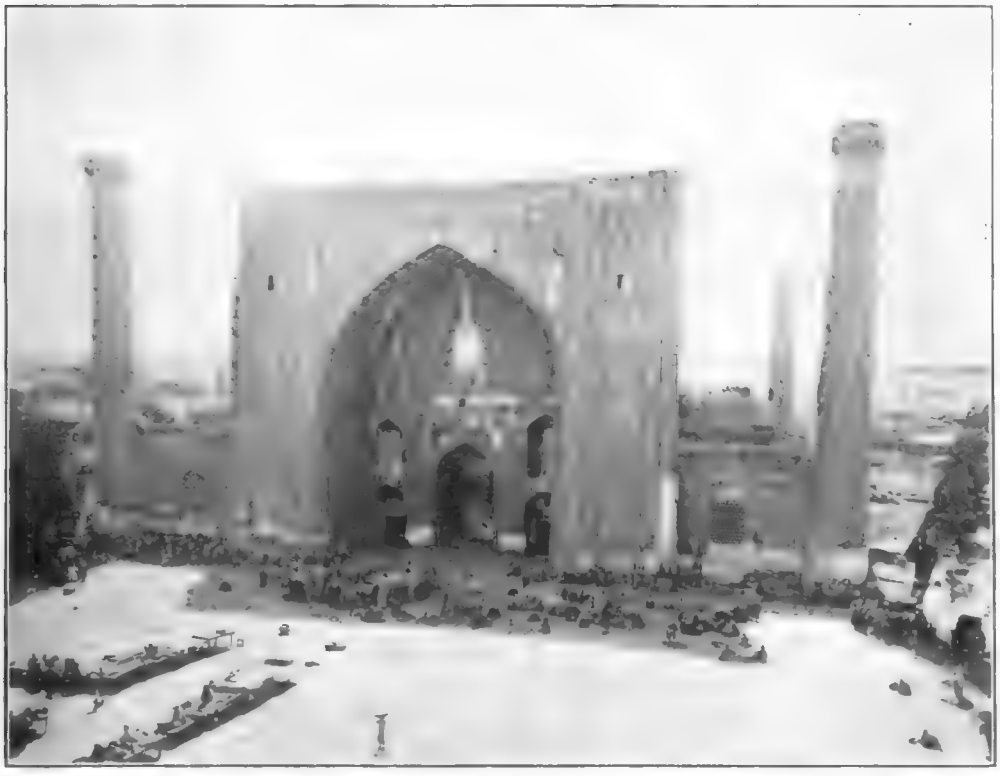
globe-trotters. Some go as commercial travelers, and wander at will over that vast, mysterious land which lies to the north and west of the Himalayas, on the pretense of investigating the possibilities of cotton growing or the market for agricultural machinery. Some assume the character and garb of orthodox priests, even to the towering headgear and the flowing hair, and cover their political activities by religious proselytism. While still others, ostensibly in quest of rugs and furs, penetrate to Ispahan and Shiraz, to Herat and Kandahar. The chauffeur of the Ameer of Afghanistan is a Russian secret agent, and the roads which he is encouraging his royal master to build throughout his mountain kingdom for the royal motor cars, may one day shake to the tramp of Russian soldiery.



A POINT OF INTEREST ON THE PROPOSED RAILWAY; THE RIGISTAN, WITH THE RUINS OF TAMERLANE'S COLLEGE OF SHAR DARI AND THE FAMOUS LEANING MINARETS.

The next step for Russia is to obtain permission to open stores and banks, to trade at ports, to navigate rivers, to establish postal routes with their various stations for the exchange of drivers and horses and, above all else, to establish a postal service and post-offices of her own. Concessions are secured for cutting timber, for growing cotton and tobacco, and for operating mines; and rights are procured whereby Russia may buy land and build consulates, stores, factories, and dwellings for those who are connected with the various enterprises. This is the method by which the so-called "Russian settlements" are established in every Asiatic town.

Military reconnoitering expeditions are sent into the country, accompanied by detachments of Cossacks, under the thin disguise of parties for scientific exploration. Out of pure generosity and solicitude for the welfare of her weaker neighbors, Russia engages to watch over the conduct of Russian subjects located within their gates. On the plea that the native tribunals would be prejudiced, she establishes her own courts of justice, so that Russian settlers are amenable only to Russian

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THE POINT OF THE RUSSIAN WEDGE; BOKHARAN TROOPS ON THE AFGHAN FRONTIER.

laws and can be tried only by Russian judges. And, finally, as the highest mark of her esteem, she "permits" the prospective victims to employ Russian officers to reorganize their armies, and even allows Russian bankers to float their loans. Thus it is that she builds up Russian "interests" and establishes that indefinite and elastic something known as "spheres of influence."

Then, when the stage is set and the spectators appear to be in reasonably good humor, there is a carefully planned uprising in some interior town. A few Russian stores are burned or looted, the Russian mails are interrupted, the Russian flag is torn down and trampled on by a well-trained mob, and, should necessity demand it, a Russian vice-consul is killed, provided he is not of too much importance. Russia's action in such cases is always prompt and decisive. Before the embers are cold, a Russian punitive expedition has crossed the frontier and occupied the capital and the chief seaports, for, much as it grieves her to take so drastic a step against so dear a neighbor, she is compelled to protect her interests and the lives of her subjects. The blue-white-and-red flag of Russia is raised over the public buildings; the shah, or the ameer, or the khan, or whatever the ruler's particular title may be, is packed off on a prolonged visit to St. Petersburg; the local stamps are surcharged with Russian numerals; a Russian military governor or political resident is installed with due pomp and ceremony, and a series of polite but vaguely worded notes is despatched from St. Petersburg to the various European chancelleries, informing them that, in view of the threatening local disturbances and in the protection of her interests, Russia has been compelled to take under her protection the dominions of His Majesty the Shah, or the Ameer, or the Khan, as the case may be. . . .

A stuccoed palace and a stone-paved square; long lines of white-smocked infantry with their trousers tucked in their boots; behind them Cossacks with hats as shaggy as their horses; and behind them again a vast sea of sullen faces under turbans and tarbooshes. A gun on the ramparts crashes out the hour of noon. A portly, bearded personage in green and silver, his breast all glittering

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with stars and crosses, reads from a red-sealed parchment in a deep, sonorous voice. A ball of bunting climbs up a staff and suddenly breaks out into a banner of three stripes, white and red and blue. The rows of rifles and sabres come rigidly to "present"; the waiting band, with clash of cymbals and roll of drums, bursts into the Anthem; the personage in green and silver takes off his cap and waves it in the air, and from the motionless soldiery comes a deep-mouthed roar—"*God save the Tzar!*" The Little Father has one more title; one more possession has been added to the Empire of All the Russias.

Hard on the heels of the soldiers come the builders of railways, the real pioneers of civilization. A great country without railways, depending chiefly upon caravans for the transport of its goods along rough, desert tracks, is in these days afflicted with paralysis internally, while externally its condition interrupts and cuts across the lines of communication that might otherwise link together adjoining countries, and thus perhaps obstructs the communication of two continents. This is precisely the position in which Persia stands to-day. The Russian railways already touch her northern border at Erivan in the Caucasus and at Askabad in Transcaspia; the German Asia Minor line will doubtless soon be pushed forward to Bagdad and Kerbela; the British Indian lines reach up longingly to Quetta and Chaman. And between them all lie dormant the six hundred thousand square miles of Persian plain, fertile but undeveloped, holding the greatest potentialities for wealth in wheat, cotton, and tobacco of any country in the wide world.

Though the utmost secrecy is observed upon the matter, it would seem, to judge from all that I could gather during my recent visit to this region (and I might mention that I was fortunate in having quite exceptional sources of information), that the railway which Russia is planning to lay through Persia to the sea, the route of which has already been surveyed, is intended to start at Erivan on the Caucasian frontier, running thence via Tabriz to Tehran, Ispahan, Yezd, and Bender Abbas to Chabar, a

RUINS OF OLD MERV, A STRATEGIC MILITARY BASE ON THE AFGHAN FRONTIER, SERVED BY THE CENTRAL ASIAN RAILWAY.

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THE PEOPLE TO WHOM THE PROPOSED RAILWAY WILL BRING CIVILIZATION: A GROUP OF TEKKE TRIBESMEN ON THE PERSIAN FRONTIER.

port on the Indian Ocean on which the Russians have long had an eye. Not only has this obscure port vast commercial possibilities as an outlet for the exports of all Central Asia, but, what is still more important, it is of immense strategic importance, for, commanding, as it does, the entrance to the Persian Gulf, it would make this boasted "British lake" as useless to England as the Black Sea is to Russia, and would, moreover, enable Russia to mass her troops on the frontier of India and within striking distance of Karachi or Bombay. From St. Petersburg to Chabar by this route would be about 4,300 miles, with a running time estimated at just seven days. Add to this two days for the journey from Paris to St. Petersburg, and a like time for the sea passage from Chabar to Bombay, and one has a journey of eleven days as compared with the fortnight required by way of Suez.

But there is another all-rail route to India which Russia has under consideration; a route infinitely more interesting, considerably quicker, and, most important of all, *lacking only 438 miles of completion*. I refer to the route through Afghanistan. Close up against the northern frontier of Afghanistan lies Kushkinski Post, a Russian border fortress and the terminus of Russia's strategic railway from Merv. On the opposite side of the Ameer's dominions, and the northernmost point on the Quetta railway line, is the British frontier fortress of Chaman. If England and Russia would forget their jealousies and join hands across these four hundred odd miles of Afghan mountain-land, one could travel from Paris to Bombay, a distance of approximately 5,000 miles, *in just eight days*, cutting almost in two the length of time which the present journey takes. Every mile of that journey would teem with history and romance: Paris, Berlin, Warsaw, Rostov-on-the-Don, Petrovsk, Baku, Krasnovodsk, Askabad, Merv, Kushk, Herat, Kandahar, Chaman, Haidarabad, Baroda, Bombay—in all the world no trip like this. Or, following

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the recently completed Orenburg-Tashkent line, the traveler could avoid the short passage of the Caspian Sea and, journeying by way of Moscow, Samara, Orenburg, Tashkent, Samarkand, Bokhara, and Kushk, could reach India without having to alight from his carriage between the Gare du Nord in Paris and the Victoria Station in Bombay. But in spite of the Persian *entente*, that day seems far away; for it is still a tradition in the Indian office that the line to Quetta shall go no farther north, and that any extention of Russian railways into Afghanistan shall be tantamount to a declaration of war.

That one of the above mentioned lines will be built, built soon, built at any cost and in spite of any opposition, there can be no doubt. My recent visit to Russia and Central Asia convinced me of that. The situation has developed into a railway-building race between the Tzar and the Kaiser, with England secretly putting obstructions in the way of both. The Kaiser, it must be remembered, stands possessed *de jure* of the right of which the Tzar is hurrying to become possessed *de facto*, namely, the right to build a railway connecting the present European system with the Farther East. Russia's fear is intense, therefore, that Germany will come to some agreement with England whereby she can push her Bagdad Railway to completion, and thus create direct transit between Europe and India before Russia herself is in a position to prevent it or to complete a railway of her own.

If Russia wins—and I think she will—she will be as independent of the Dardanelles and the Suez Canal as if they did not exist; when her manufacturing institutions are developed, as they must be, sooner or later, she can undersell England in her own colonies; and, by thus building the greatest of all trunk lines, she can open up the sparsely settled sections of her own land to unexampled development and prosperity. No longer, then, will British bottoms be the chief carrying medium between Europe and the East.

Should the Persian route be chosen, a Russian fleet will lie at anchor in a Russian harbor within two days' steam of Bombay, and Russian soldiers, riding in Russian trucks running on Russian rails, can be thrown southward in overwhelming numbers to hold this gateway to the warm water for the Tzar.

But I like to think that the day will come in the not far distant future when Russia and England, forgetting their suspicions and their jealousies, will refuse to allow an uncivilized *régime*, be it Persian or Afghan, to stand in the way of one of those great advances of intercommunication which are the chief signs and promoters of civilization. The most interesting feature of the project, when all is said and done, will be the binding together, with bonds of steel, of Europe and Asia, of Calais and Calcutta, of Brussels and Bombay. A few years more and we shall be standing beside the Indian Mail in the Gare du Nord in Paris and shall climb into our carriage, with but a week's journey before us, instead of the fortnight the steamers used to take by the Suez Canal, as the conductor shouts "*All aboard! All aboard for Bombay!*"

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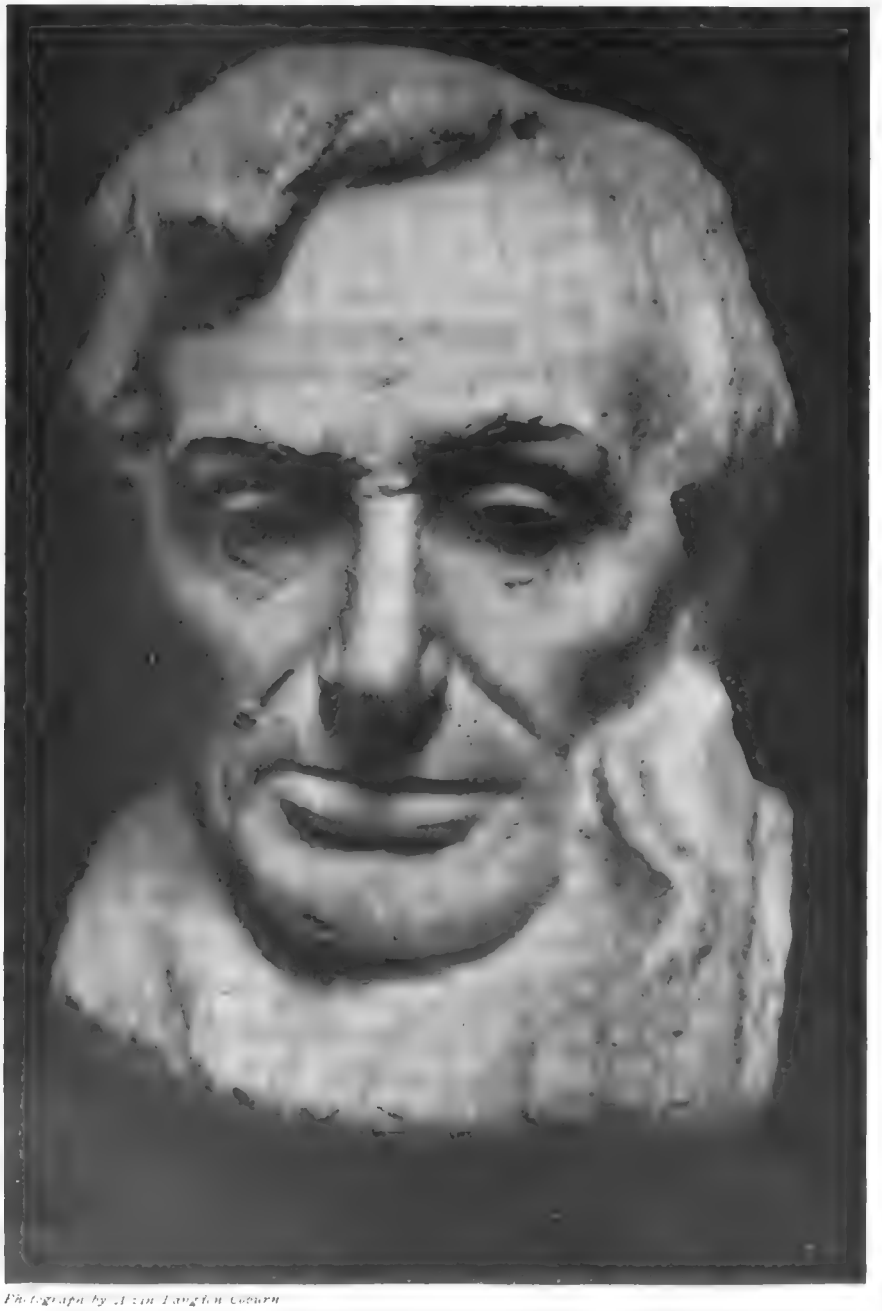

Photograph by Alvin Langdon Coburn

A PORTRAIT BUST OF LINCOLN, MODELED AFTER EXHAUSTIVE, CONSCIENTIOUS STUDIES AND MEASUREMENTS. BY GUTZON BORGLUM.

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THE BEAUTY OF LINCOLN

By GUTZON BORGLUM

CARLYLE once said to Holman Hunt: "I'm only a poor man, but I would give one third of what I possess for a veritable, contemporaneous representation of Jesus Christ. Had those carvers of marble chiseled a faithful statue of the Son of Man, as he called himself, and shown us what manner of man he was like, what his height, what his build, and what the features of his sorrow-marked face were, I for one would have thanked the sculptor with all the gratitude of my heart for that portrait, as one of the most precious heirlooms of the ages."

Remarkable as it may seem, were it not for photography and one life mask, this, with equal truth, might be said of a man who, as the ages run, has hardly gone from among us.

Lincoln, one of the greatest of observers, was himself the least truly observed. God had built him in the back-yard of the nation, and there, wrapped in homely guise, had preserved and matured his pure humanity. He was heard, but seems rarely, if ever, to have been truly seen. The reports we have of him do not satisfy, do not justify themselves, are inconsistent. The Eastern, Old-World eye could not read beyond the queer hat, bad tailoring, and boots you could not now give away—and he was so long he fairly had to stoop to look the little world in the face.

Never have bad tailoring and homely, deferential manner so completely hidden seer, jester, master of men, as did these simple accouterments this first great gift of the West. The world ever reads simple, deferential manner—true evidence of innate refinement—as weakness, timidity, and indecision, just as it reads strength in noise, and power in abuse. It is said of sound that volume will start a tear more quickly than quality of tone. But it is surprising that professional observers, artists and writers alike, have drawn and redrawn an untrue picture of this man. Out of the hundreds of Lincoln's pictures few are reliable, even as records of fact; and the hundreds of copyrighted lives of him, in their personal description, are largely reiterated popular opinion and hearsay.

A great portrait—and I do not mean the modern masterpieces of technique, that factor which has practically wrecked modern portraiture through vanity on the part of the public, and blatant insincerity in painter, sculptor, and author—a great portrait is always full of compelling presence, more even than is at all times seen in the original; for a great portrait depicts great moments, and carries the life record of the whole man. It is, therefore, not sufficient to draw a mask. If this were enough, the lifeless, bloodless state-paper to which Washington has been reduced would be a great portrait. The Father of his Country, as a human possibility, has been edited out of existence. Even the faithful but placid mask by Houdon leaves us utterly uninterested. There is nothing left that convention could eliminate—and this is about all we have of the man Washington.

The mask is not enough for Lincoln. Prudish Colonial vanity and icicled Puritanism have melted away, and I would the state-paper to which the Father of his Country has been reduced, and the jackknife sketch our righteous forebears whittled of the savior of this land, had passed with them. Acres of misdrawn caricatures, however, have not sufficed to hide *his* acts; *his* writings, some photographs, or an occasional note sketched, thank God, without deliberate intent—through these Lincoln lives, lives as a comfort and a reality, an example, a living inspiration to every mother and every son in America.

No mask will satisfy *us; we* want to see what we care for; *we* want to feel the private conscience that became public conduct. With his coming, the West has steadily rolled back the East, and of his ways the world has many. The silk hat, the tall figure, the swing, the language and manner have become American, and now we understand and love this man because he was wholly one of us and made true democracy a living fact.

Official Washington was shocked by his

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address. Men who could have given us master pictures of a master man remained unconvinced until he had passed. The great portrait was never drawn, and now it is too late; we must wade through mountains of material, and by some strange divination find in fragments the real man, and patiently, lovingly, yet justly, piece them together.

Nor is it strange that this first product of the West should confound Old-World-trained eyes. They were blind to the real man; they ever read him by official and Continental standards. His free, easy stride, not Indian but Western—developed in the open road, where men, with bent head, study the unbroken trail—was misnamed. His deference and native, Middle-West directness led the superficial observer into making those caricatures by which the public knows him best.

It was speculation of this kind that gradually led me to a careful analysis of Lincoln the man. I felt that the *accepted* portraits of him did not justify his record. His life, his labors, his writings made me feel some gross injustice had been done him in the blind, careless use of such phrases as *ungainly*, *uncouth*, *vulgar*, *rude*, which were commonly applied to him by his contemporaries. These popular descriptions did not fit the master of polished Douglas, nor the man whose "intellectual arrogance" academic Sumner resented.

I did not believe there ever was a grotesque Lincoln. I did not believe the man who could whip his way to the head of a band of ruffians, reason his way to the head of a town meeting, inspire and fire a nation, win and hold the hearts of millions, was gawky—or even awkward.

No, Lincoln was not an awkward man. He was long of limb, and, as is the method of long-limbed men, he moved his arms from his shoulders, his legs from his hips; and this gives rise in the mind of the observer to a sense of awkwardness, because the whole body always takes up part of the labor, producing an appearance of effort not perceived in people of medium height. It is not generally known that this is the true way to ease and grace, and that so all natural human beings move—and so moved the Greeks.

I believed the healthy, powerful youth and frontiersman, the lover, lawyer of spotless record, legislator, victor over the artful Douglas, the man thrice candidate for President, had been falsely drawn. I believed, if properly seen and truly read, the compelling and enduring greatness of the man would be found written in his actions, in his figure, in his deportment, in his face, and that some of this compelling greatness might be put into marble.

In order to do this, I read all, or nearly all, he had written, his own description of himself, the few immediate records of his coming and going. I then took the life mask, learned it by heart, measured it in every possible way—for it is infallible—then returned to the habits of mind which his writings showed; and I came to the conclusion that five or six of the photographs indicated the real man.

Fortunately, Lincoln was wholly without personal vanity and could be as remote, as naïve, as alone in the presence of the camera, as though he were a sentinel on the field of Gettysburg; and we have three or four photographs which are great human documents, for they give the mood of the man, and show the features arrested in mental action.

I found, however, that I must get behind his acts, must nestle into his viewpoint, following him not as a reporter but as one with himself. Lincoln's interest to the true reporter, the true artist, lies in his continual, *unconscious* reiteration of great human traits. He was primarily natural—he would not hold discourse with any one until he had literally stripped him of all pretense, official or social. He was wholly without vanity and brooked none of it. Had Apollo called upon him, there is no doubt he would have compelled him to listen to a story of quaint human foibles—perchance designedly—before settling the affairs of some new world. In other words, he possessed, in a most remarkable way, traits that will make him the subject of the most inspired art, long after Napoleon is but a name.

There is another point that cannot be too much insisted upon if one will draw this great plainsman truly. You must get into *his own* story—follow him closely through his first years—and, forgetting nothing, you will find nothing to forgive. Slight not his love for Ann Rutledge, nor his conduct following her death, which sounds the highest note of a heart's cry. Then if you wish to conjure up the man, move quickly to the most serious cabinet meeting of the century, opened with a reading from Artemus Ward, and watch him continue it, fulfilling his compact with himself, with God, freeing four millions of slaves. This scene admits of the greatest possible distortion; it might have been grotesque; it was godlike. Is there any other

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character in history who could repeat it? This extraordinary act sent to their beds his cabinet with impressions never to be forgotten.

Then watch him as he listens to the pleadings of a widow for her son. You will see his lower lip make an attempt at firmness, curl tightly under the strong upper line, then release the tension, tremble a little awkwardly; you see his mouth open a trifle, close, his head move slightly, his shoulders seem to move forward; you feel his inclination to lift all the length of his arms, just as a bird might as it begins to fly; there has been hardly any movement—but enough. He has answered with his whole being, and all that's human understands. A sympathizing statesman, protesting that Lincoln ought not to be bothered with such things, is waved aside with the answer, "These are the things that make it possible for me to go on."

Whether Lincoln sat or stood, his was the ease of movement of a figure controlled by direct and natural development, without a hint of consciousness. There are but two possible explanations of this—either he was a consummate artist and appreciated the power of absolute directness, or else he was by nature wholly unconscious. His ease was that of a man of power.

He sat in chairs a little too low for him. Of course, chairs were not made for him—nothing in this democratic country of ours is made for anybody in particular; everything is made for everybody. And so Lincoln seemed when he sat down to sink farther than was quite easy or graceful, and that left his knees pushing unnaturally high. Again, when rising, he would grab both knees as if to help himself; he would lean forward to find the center of his equilibrium—a movement we all go through; but in dear old Abe, because he was a little out of scale with his smaller companions, they called it awkward.

His walk was free, and he moved with a long, but rather slow, swinging stride; he looked down as he walked, like a man picking his way carefully over a newly harrowed field, lifting his feet quite clear of the soft ground. It was this movement that gave the long fold in the thigh part of his trousers, straining the garment—an effect often commented upon.

His arms hung free, and he carried his hand open. Any one wearing an eight and a half glove could take his hand easily in his. His hands were not disproportionately large; but the cut of his sleeve was generous, as of his period, and in the swinging use of his arms so much of his wrists came through that they seemed large. In his early life hard labor had developed the palms of his hands, and the thick muscle part of his thumb was full and strong; but this shrank later to the thumb of the literary man, and, strangely, considering his early life, he carried it closely into his hand, as becomes the habit, or is the nature, of literary men.

He was erect. He did not stoop at the shoulders, as nearly everybody states. There are no wrinkles in his coat, forward, between the lapel and the shoulder, nor is there a corresponding strain in the back, to show the garment's yield to the stooping tenant. On the contrary, there is evidence of an erectness, definite and purposeful.

And here I want to register a statement that Abraham Lincoln was a man of action. It takes most human beings from three to five generations to get within speaking distance of the circle this man raised himself to and commanded, in a short lifetime, without the shoulders of predatory interests to creep upon; and many of his photographs show to me a spirit hunting and hunted as by some soul-stirring motive. His neck does not *rest* on his shoulders. It rises from them with an erectness, an alertness, as of one alarmed, that is unique.

In 1861, he tried to raise a beard—through the suggestion of a little girl that by doing so he might look "less ugly." For a year and a half he was quite undetermined how to cut that beard. He trimmed it short, then shaved it low, then cropped it quite close. Not until 1863 does he seem to have become quite used to it. About 1862 he began definitely to change the parting of his hair from the right side to the left. And though he did this chiefly with his fingers, he seems to have acted with a definite purpose, for it caused a radical change in his appearance, and he persisted in it.

His face was large in its simple masses. Nature seems to have intended him to be ten or twelve feet in height, and as he failed to grow to that, the free skin settled back to fit the natural man. His head was normal in size; his forehead high, regular, and classical in shape. He was wide through the temples; his brow projected like a cliff. The hollow of the eye was large and deep, and the eye seemed to lie in a kind of ravine; it would hardly have been perceptible if you had passed your hand over the ball. His cheek

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bones were not high; they seemed high because of the careworn flesh that shrank sharply beneath. Below this, again, the face lost the splendid regularity of the upper part. The nose yielded to the constant activity of the right side of his face, and was drawn in that direction. The line of the mouth ran up toward the right side. This becomes very perceptible if one looks at any of his good, full-face portraits.

His eyebrows were very strong, and hung out over his face like the huge cornice of a mountain bungalow. They were bushy and moved freely, and developed a set of wrinkles similar to those seen in the face of Homer. There was a large wrinkle that descended from the lower and outer part of the eye almost straight into the hollow of the cheek line, and became very strong when he laughed; in severity, this would straighten out like a guy rope.

His mouth was not coarse nor heavy. His upper lip was as regular as can be—bearing a little to the right; but his lower lip was drawn toward the right side at least half an inch—and some irregularity of his teeth and the way his jaws came together forced the lower lip out, giving the exaggerated line we see.

I discovered by carefully tracing individual expressions, tendencies to expression, wrinkles, and other developments of his face, the habits of the separate features. Little can be determined about a man by the structure of his nose, nor can his character be fixed because he has a small eye or a full one, high cheek bones or practically none, a full mouth or a small one. But the use he makes of those features, and the record that use makes daily upon the features and the whole face, can be read as easily as the headlines of a New York paper. And so I found that the storm center of Lincoln's face was about his right eye. He would peer out at you for an instant with this right eye half closed; then would follow that uplift of his head and the receptive expression that was so generally misread as bewilderment, hesitancy, and indecision.

The mirth center was also in the right eye. The eye always gives the first evidence of humor in a merry soul; and Lincoln, I believe, had naturally a merry soul. But sadness changed this, and I found evidence that he smiled very, very often with his mouth alone when his nature took no part in it. It was the saddest feature that he had, and yet about the right corner there always lingered a little memory of a smile.

The left eye was open, noncommital, dreamy. The brow seemed ever to question, and all this side of the face seemed primitive, unfinished. The expression was sad, undetermined, and I believe he knew this and that it explains why he managed so often to get the photographer to the right side of him. This right side was as cautious as Cassius, and in profile remarkably like that of Keats. The profile from the left was pure Middle-West plainsman. All expressions of pleasure, when they reached this side of his face, seemed to lose their merriment, and the habitual lowering of the line of the mouth on this side accentuated the sadness. Expressions on his face seemed to begin about the left upper brow, travel across to the right eye, down the right side, and stop at the upper lip, or lose themselves over the rest of his face.

Briefly—the right side of this wonderful face is the key to his life. Here you will find the record of his development, the centuries-old marks of his maturity. All the man grew to seemed engraved on this side. It guards his plan—watches the world, and shows no more of his light than his wisdom deems wise. The left side is immature, plain—and physically not impressive. It is long, drawn, and indecisive; and this brow is anxious, ever slightly elevated and concerned.

You will find written on his face literally all the complexity of his great nature—a nature seeing at once the humor and the pathos of each situation as it presents itself to him. You see half smile, half sadness; half anger, half forgiveness; half determination, half pause; a mixture of expression that drew accurately the middle course he would follow—read wrongly by both sides. We see a dual nature struggling with a dual problem, delivering a single result.

He was more deeply rooted in the home principles that are keeping us together than any man who was ever asked to make his heartbeat national—the first great human return from the West—too great to become president, except by the extraordinary combination of circumstances then existing.

It is yet to be shown in bronze or marble, as Carlyle said of Christ, what manner of man he was—his majesty, his simplicity, his humanity.

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OUR HORSE

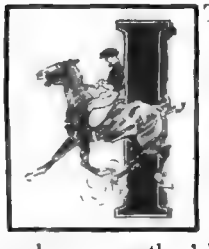
By LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

Author of "A Motor Car Divorce," etc.

The illustrations in this story are by Mrs. May Wilson Preston and Mr. James Moore Preston.

People: by Mrs. May Wilson Preston (who refused to draw the horse).

Horse: by Mr. James Moore Preston.



IT was Aunt Ernestine who suggested that we should have a horse, now that we had a blackberry- and, consequently, chigger-farm. Aunt Ernestine was always listened to respectfully. She was our mother's (George's and my mother's) stepsister, fifty-one, a spinster, and of a highly sensitive nature. We did many things to please her that we would not do even to please ourselves. She came to visit us for a week six years ago and had been with us ever since, although every ten days, or when we had wounded her deeply, she started to pack her trunk, and had to be dissuaded. Yes, she has money, but what has that to do with it?

Father, while absent-mindedly scratching a chigger bite (I say absent-mindedly, because we bought the farm from Aunt Ernestine, and it always hurt her to see us scratching. She called the bites "hives"), replied that he was fond of animals, and he couldn't see a horse ploughing among those blackberry vines even if he did work there himself. But Aunt Ernestine, controlling a tendency to go upstairs and pack, that she might remain below and gain her point, assured us that nobody loved a horse more than she, and that was her main reason for wishing we could keep one: it would have a good home. Besides—seeing that this touched our vanity and enlarging upon the theme—now that we had become landed proprietors, we had a certain dignity to sustain, and a pretty horse with a stylish tail gives tone to any household. "It is dressy," she concluded.

After this clincher other reasons for buying a horse came thick and fast. Father pointed to the empty stable (we were sitting in a row on the back porch—the mosquitoes are not so bad there), and argued truly that if he had to stare at that barn for the rest of his life it would be pleasanter to feel that there was something animate about it. "It's our only neighbor," he added rather sadly, for father was a city man, and had been moved to the country by Aunt Ernestine for his health, which had always been excellent.

Mother hurried in at this point, with one restraining hand upon her rising stepsister. Mother always begins at the wrong end of a sentence, but if we wait long enough her meaning grows clear. "Of course, Dorothy"—I am Dorothy—"why only in the third act? Why not put it to some practical use?"

"Yes, mother," we led on.

"It's good cloth. I always said it was too good for the stage."

A light broke upon us. "You mean the riding habit I wore in 'Virginny Days'?" I asked, somewhat excited myself.

"What else should I mean?" replied mother querulously.

I saw the wisdom of this. The one idea of a player when she is taking a summer's vacation is to use her old stage clothes, and that they somehow or other never fit into the

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landscape is one of the private griefs of theatrical life. I had spent a good deal of money on this habit; of course I hadn't gone to a big tailor, but a very good theatrical man had turned it out, and it was always a sore point with me that I only walked on and off in it instead of caracoling clear across the stage on "Virginia Pearl," as the leading woman did. It used to annoy me so to hear the applause she would get for her intrepidity when a stage hand gave the animal a push from behind the scenes at the right, and another caught it after it disappeared beyond a canvas rock on the left. The only intrepid ones were the rest of the company, nearly getting trampled on, as we stood by and cheered her madly. I was wondering if I could ride the horse as far as her country place, and show her a thing or two, when George broke in rudely:

"Who's going to take care of this beast?"

There was a pause. We all knew who was going to take care of it, and so did George, but we hesitated to tell him so. He accepted our silence as the worst, and continued in an unnecessarily arbitrary tone: "All right, I'm game. An architect has some versatility. But I don't ride horseback, nor does Sis, for that matter, and we'll have to get a buggy."

Mother took this up inversely. "Well, all you'll have to do is to walk down to the village, George, and it's a bargain."

"What, mother?"

"In Jones's show window."

"Jones is a plumber; we don't want a bath tub."

"George," admonished father, "don't be disrespectful. Your mother means a second-hand buggy for sale at Jones's. He got it off his dead mother-in-law. There's a harness, too. Why, I was wishing only yesterday we could use it some way or other—only eighty dollars for the lot."

"That's right," admitted George, selfishly seeing himself in the vehicle already, "and ninety dollars ought to cover the whole thing, hay, buckets, and currycomb."

This was pleasant news to all of us except myself. I was thinking about a sidesaddle. Aunt Ernestine, who cares only for driving, was more than delighted. "There," said she, "now it's all settled, and no further expense—except the horse."

"Oh, yes, the horse!" we echoed rather sadly. We had forgotten that.

Mother came to the fore again. "Ernestine," she almost whispered, with a suddenly adopted romantic and yet direct manner foreign to her, "have you forgotten Peter Gains?"

Aunt Ernestine, too, behaved remarkably. First she nickered—no, I should say, snickered—consciously, then, habit strong within her, she half rose as though offended that the name of Peter Gains should be uttered by any other lips than hers; then after that she reseated herself, looking straight out into the dying west with an air like a heroine, but most unbecoming to a stout spinster, and hissed back to mother: "It is Fate!"

Now we all knew that Peter Gains was Aunt Ernestine's past. A past was all that she ever had with which to grace herself, for her present was beauless, as we could see, and her future promised the same condition. But George and I, led on by winks and sighs from Aunt Ernestine whenever his name came up, had believed from childhood that if any man ever did propose to her, that man was Peter Gains. This conviction swept over us again, and with it the chilling recollection that Peter Gains bred horses out in Indiana.

I don't say that the same thought came to father. I only know that there was a shuffling of his feet and a clearing of his throat, which generally prefaces any agonizing necessity of speech. "Well," he began mildly, his voice trembling with fear, "I'll walk over to the White Star Farm to-morrow and see what they've got in the horse line. It's near by, and that will save freight, and then we'll escape dealings with any of those Western sharpers, and——"

His voice died away, for Aunt Ernestine, head erect, lips tremulous, left us and went majestically to her own room. We listened in silence, and when we heard the dragging about of a trunk, mother followed.

The horse which Peter Gains sold us arrived in a box car three weeks later, after a voluminous correspondence. Aunt Ernestine wrote the letters. She herself did not think it maidenly to do so, and, had the subject been any other than horse flesh, nothing could have induced her to put her pen to paper—*nothing!*

The first effort was purely a business one. She asked for prices, and described minutely the kind of a horse we wanted; she was very explicit. "It is for a small barn," I remember she wrote. After she had shown us the letter, she went back to address the envelope, and I was perfectly sure that she added

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WHEN WE HEARD THE DRAGGING ABOUT OF A TRUNK, MOTHER FOLLOWED.

a postscript—I saw her blotting it; but George denied this. Late at night, however, we crept over to the fresh blotter which I had put on the desk the day before, and held it up to the mirror. "Give my love to Lizzie," it read. Lizzie, mother told us, was his wife.

The answer proved that Peter Gains was a man of some humor. In his parlance we wanted a "combination horse," spirited in appearance, but gentle in nature; in short, one with the exterior of an equine, but the interior of a bovine, and one that would shy at nothing, *shy at nothing*, SHY AT NOTHING. He repeated this three times, because Aunt Ernestine had done so. It made father walk around in angry circles, and swear he was being made a monkey of.

Now, by the most singular coincidence in the world—Mr. Gains continued in his letter—he had just such a horse in his stables—("Fate again," breathed Aunt Ernestine). Such a thing wouldn't happen once in a thousand years, but the millionaire who was its late owner, having decided to go to Europe, had sent the animal back to its native state for fear it would get homesick.

At this point father broke in, and with an almost fearful joy declared that settled it. He would take no horse away from its native heath; he was as humane as any millionaire any day, he—with difficulty we persuaded Aunt Ernestine to read on. In fact, in her haste to get past the price, which was two hundred and eighty dollars, she read clear down through the postscript, which was, "Lizzie's been dead five years," before she could stop herself. She pretended to be mystified over the postscript, but I can't say that she took the loss of her friend very hard.

Her advice was to write immediately and order the animal, and it took a tremendous family council back of the barn during her nap hour before we could bring ourselves to insist upon her trafficking a little further with the horse-dealer. We called him a horse-dealer among ourselves, in a contemptuous way, and we never mentioned the name of Gains—there was an ominous quality about it.

Our aunt was indignant at this demand, yet the opportunity for a continued interchange of letters was not to be despised. We do not know the exact import of these epistles, but we were told that, while a saddle was thrown in out of compliment to Aunt

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Ernestine's family, the freight prepaid was a tribute to an old-time friend "whose sweet face rises up before me while I trace these words." (I looked over her shoulder.)

After this there was nothing to do but name the creature Ernestine, and George took me aside to ask if it would be going too far to remark upon a resemblance. Eventually we were forced to abbreviate the name to Ernest. But this was no disappointment as compared with the saddle—it was also a male, and, from appearances, an old Indian fighter. "The girls out West all ride that way," Aunt Ernestine assured me, when I showed some indignation; and she drove me very nearly to the point of packing her trunk for her when she offered as a consolation her two chamois skins with poker-work Gibson girls on them, in case I wanted to "fix up" a saddle.

But the horse, although an Ernest horse, was all right. He was nobby and he was docile; he did not shy at Aunt Ernestine, nor at any of the other tests to which we put him. In fact, he had the curiously unseeing gaze of the aristocrat who never looks at anything.

He arrived at nightfall, and, though the hour was late, we were eager to put him to the buggy, the shafts of which were stretched in welcome. Father was the one who suggested it, but, as he did so, he handed the harness in a nonchalant manner to George. George, without a moment's hesitation, handed it on to me, and I on to Aunt Ernestine. In a trice it was around the circle to father again. He fell back upon his years: "I am too old to harness a horse, George."

But Aunt Ernestine took umbrage at this, starting to say, "And am I not older?" but changing to "Am I *so much* younger?" and this might have gone on indefinitely had not George thrown the something-or-other across the back of the horse, and admitted freely, for all of us, that not a blessed member of the family knew the bridle from the crupper.

There was an uneasy silence until mother remembered that she had "seen an old copy in the stair closet."

"A copy of what, mother?" said George, trying not to speak between his teeth.

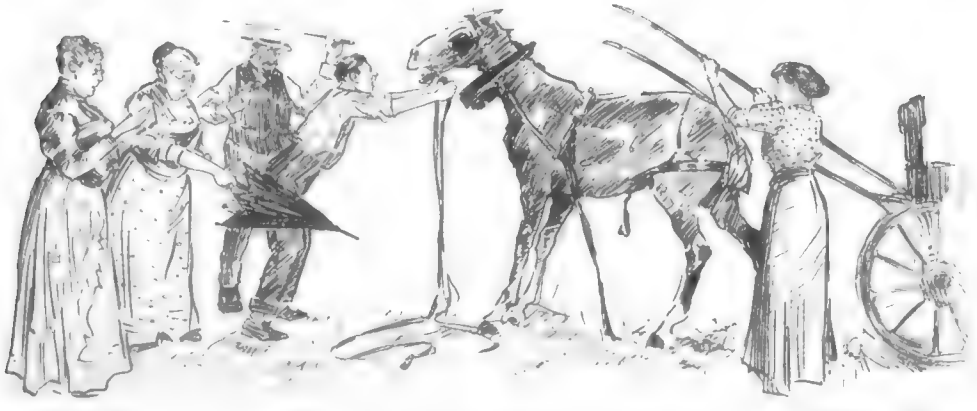
"Why, the *Horseman*," she replied. "Perhaps that will tell you how to harness up."

It was quite dark when we returned—with the lantern, but no further light on the subject. We had stopped to read about windgalls, however, for, as father said, one must be prepared for anything. Mother, I think, confused them with windfalls, since they both come suddenly, and watched hopefully for their appearance from that time on; but Ernest never had either.

Aunt Ernestine held him while we were in the house, and he was looking very contented upon our return, with petunias sticking out of his mouth. Our aunt refused to feel guilty, and her lack of firmness forced father to insist that the harnessing continue. "He must know who's master right from the start."

"I was thinking, George," I said, "that it really doesn't matter whether you put the harness on straight or not, for if you put it on correctly he won't do anything, so you'll know you are right; and if it's on wrong, he'll kick."

"Kick whom?" said George coldly, after I had been applauded to the echo. In spite of his ill nature, my measures were adopted,



THE ONLY BAD TRAIT DEVELOPED WAS HIS REFUSAL TO BACK INTO THE SHAFTS; THIS HE WOULD NOT DO.

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in a modified fashion; but I'm inclined to think that the fact that Ernest didn't kick merely showed the sweetness of his disposition.

Indeed, the only bad trait developed that night was his refusal to back into the shafts; this he would not do. It seemed, by the way he stood and trembled, that he could not; and at the end of an hour we decided that he need not—father giving us to understand that he would have it out with him in the morning.

That was a glorious moment for us when the last bit of twine was firmly tied to the leather things. We were obliged to employ string, for the harness did not seem to stretch far enough in places; in truth, the waistband had to be pieced out with a shawl strap. No one regretted this except George—it was his strap—for the handle was quite useful in pushing Ernest about and in conducting him to the horse block. Mother wanted us to get a patent on it right away; but George grumbled out that one doesn't lead a horse around by the middle as one does a steamer rug (as though any one ever "led" a steamer rug!), so mother gave up the idea.

We need not have taken the horse to the block at all, but, by doing so we put off the choice of the person who should be the first to drive Ernest over our lawn and up to the chicken house, which was to be his home for the night. We all wanted mightily to do it. The moon was up now, and there was really no danger beyond what the unexpected might bring forth. We could see that Aunt Ernestine wished to be the first; her features were working fearfully in the white light, as she whipped herself into a sort of hypersensitive state at the thought that she might not be asked. I was willing to make the sacrifice, but George, who was adamant at first, didn't give way until auntie whimpered that "you never can tell—one might get killed." And then, muttering something to me about our "one best bet," he bundled her in.

As the reins were lifted, Ernest started off at a trot, and father, whose hands seemed galvanized to the shawl-strap handle, trotted too. George and I tore along behind. "Steer him, steer him!" we cried, and "Don't run over father!" shrieked mother, while from the driver rang out wild petitions for "whoaing."

He did not whoa, however. He made a detour around the house, and, with the instinct of the beast that smells oats in the hen nest, made straight for his extempore lodgings. It was a short chicken house, just about the length of the horse, so that the beam of the low door missed auntie's forehead by only an inch. It was really a miraculous escape, proving, as our aunt said, that her time had not yet come. George, for once, concurred with her, more than insinuating to me that we might as well give up. Father was not as lucky as auntie. Still galvanized, he was trotted on into the stall; the carriage itself blocked the door, and it was some time before he could cut the harness, push back the vehicle, and get out. Still, as mother said, there was nothing damaged but leather straps, so we should be very thankful.

We all had troubled dreams that night. I spent my hours carrying one oat at a time from the cupola on the house to the chicken shed, and it was no grief to me when the bell rang and the less arduous tasks of the day began. It occurred to me, as I dressed, that my early morning sleep had been broken by certain authoritative sounds from the chicken house, a sort of command, varying little in construction, but arrested now and then by what can be most elegantly expressed as "language." Upon investigation, my suspicions were justified, except that by this time there was a worn quality in father's voice as he urged Ernest to BACK.

Aunt Ernestine had joined him. The *Horseman* having failed us, she had in her hands a volume on the "Physical and Moral Training of Children," as her contention had been from the first that dumb brutes and our little ones require the same handling.

This exasperated father. "All right," he cried to her, "look up 'BACKING' and see what the remedy is."

"I have," replied Aunt Ernestine, slightly hurt. "It only says 'BACK, page 48,' and you rub it with alcohol every night. But on page 24 it says that 'moral suasion is best when children err,' and I'm here to see that you use it."

"I couldn't use anything else if I wanted

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to!" roared father from the interior of the chicken house. "There isn't room in here for one rooster to whip another. But I give up—you can all take turns, and see how you like it!"

He squeezed past the hind quarters of Ernest, and came out with feathers of departed hens sticking all over him. Feathers were picked from the garments of all of us before the day was over; even the carpenter who was building a stall in the little stable had a try at backing Ernest. His lack of success did not depress him, as our own failure had done us. In the first place, he was working by the hour, and he also saw the job ahead of him of tearing down one side of the chicken house to get the animal out.

Father claims to this day that the carpenter made a private arrangement with the horse-breaker whom we finally chose to teach Ernest the gentle art of backing out. Father's argument was that a man who is a professional backer (this sounds very theatrical to me, but it has nothing to do with "angels") ought to be able to exercise his trade in a chicken house as well as on his farm five miles away; but neither the horse-breaker nor the carpenter agreed with him. The next morning the chicken house was rent apart, Ernest standing perfectly quiet and showing his sweet disposition, as our aunt pointed out, until he was conducted over the despoiled hen-nest manger and off to the farm.

Then came the calm after the storm—but an expensive calm. The harness was sent off to be repaired, a tan side saddle to match my gown was ordered, and, at the suggestion of the carpenter, the stall which he had completed was torn down and enlarged. This was the only point on which he and the horse-breaker differed—the latter claimed that there would be no difficulty after he had once broken Ernest—and us.

WE HAD STOPPED TO READ ABOUT WINDGALLS—ONE MUST BE PREPARED FOR ANYTHING.

Aunt Ernestine continued to correspond with Peter Gains. She said she did this to keep father from writing; men are so hasty, she told mother, and she knew that father, especially in his first befeathered state, might say things he would regret. Father replied—behind the barn during auntie's nap hour—that there wasn't a word in the English language which he would regret at any time applying to Peter, and the only thing which prevented his writing was his respect for the United States mails.

Peter Gains wrote back to auntie, and the way she went down to the blackberry vines, and read and reread the letter, convinced us that she had never mentioned Ernest's backslidings at all. She scratched all that evening, as the result of her visit to the vines, but we derived very little joy from the situation, for she didn't seem to know she was scratching, and, as George said, nothing but love could make one unmindful of chiggers.

It was like having a new horse all over again when Ernest came home, backing. The man said he had had difficulty getting him to the house—he wanted to go "back"—and at times he had been obliged to turn him around and conduct him over the road, tail end first, in order to make any headway. Aunt Ernestine smiled widely at his humor. She said it must be the association with dumb beasts that made all horsemen so witty, and George started to reply that the real reason was that the animals couldn't answer them, but I stopped him.

I don't know why there is always a fly in our ointment. The morning should have been very satisfactory. In the first place, Ernest backed all over the flower beds in the most wonderful way; then, for two dollars extra, the horse-breaker rehearsed us with the mended harness, so that finally, after he had gone away, we got our pet into the shafts by ourselves, and each

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"NO HORSE DOES THAT! NO HORSE DOES THAT!" FATHER WAS CRYING WILDLY.

had a little drive up and down the road, during which time he shied at nothing, *shied at nothing*, SHIED AT NOTHING!

Aunt Ernestine was very happy. She remained in the buggy all the time as though she were a personal conductor, while the rest of us took turns driving, and she declared that I was unkind, ungrateful, and pernickety when I refused to drive far because I believed the horse was sick.

Of course I could give no definite reason, but there was a droop to the stylish tail and a hang of the fashionable head which spoke to me of misery. After a good deal of rubbing up and currying the wrong way of the patient beast, we got him into his new quarters, brought him his ration of corn—for he was to be fed at regular hours like a baby—and gathered round to watch him enjoy his meal. He never touched it, and pity and triumph fought for mastery in my breast.

"Try him on water," suggested father.

But Aunt Ernestine objected. "He must have water one hour after meals; if he drinks just before, or with them, he'll get fat."

"Hang it all, Ernestine," replied father, "this is not an obesity cure! George, get the bucket!"

Auntie started to the house to pack, but returned in hot haste as the shriek of horror reached her ears which we set up when Ernest plunged his head into the pail. She arrived in time for the poor creature's second effort, and saw two streams of water gush from his nostrils.

We were all in a state of demoralization.

"No horse does that! No horse does that!" father was crying wildly, and "Get it, get it, Dorothy!" mother implored.

"Get what, mother?"

"The 'Physical and Moral Training!'"

But Aunt Ernestine had already fled for it, while George, with almost superhuman intelligence, put on his coat and started to the village for the veterinary. It was well he did, for the "Physical and Moral Training" again failed us. There wasn't a single instance of a child spouting water through its nostrils like a perverted fountain.

We walked a path from the stable to the front gate while waiting for George and the surgeon. Mother was in a sort of daze. "It's happened before! It's happened before!" she kept repeating.

"That's just a sensation, mother!" I endeavored to assure her. "That feeling comes to every one now and then. Of course this has never happened before—to us. We've never had a horse!"

"Yes, it has," insisted mother. "This

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walking back and forth, I mean, and the anxiety. If I could only remember what we did to the nostrils when we got back to the crib."

"Crib, mother? You mean stall."

Mother became exultant. "No, I don't, I mean crib, and you were in the horse's place. I remember now. You had the diphtheria, and that's what Ernest's got."

A shrill squeal from Aunt Ernestine greeted this statement. "But I'm subject to it!" she gasped. "I must go right into the house! No one considers me—I must have a doctor!"

"All right, all right," soothed father, "go on in, and we'll send in the 'vet' as soon as he sees to the horse."

Aunt Ernestine teetered between fear and wrath, but poor Ernest spouted again, and the sight drove her to the house searching for an antitoxin in the "Physical and Moral Training" as she ran.

Even in the midst of all this stress the three of us gave a sigh of relief.

"Dorothy," said father, taking command, "you're an actress; now act like one. Do everything you can to keep your aunt shut up there in the room. Put it on thick—perhaps she'll leave the place."

"I'll do my best, father," I replied, touched by the delicacy of the compliment.

"I don't think it would be right. It would be telling a story," worried mother.

"No it won't, mother," I insisted; "it will be just my art seeking expression.

So when the veterinary surgeon came and said our new pet had the strangles, caught over at the horse-breaker's farm, we arranged, by means of an extra five, for him to tell Aunt Ernestine through the megaphone that one couldn't be too careful, though of course not every one got it—the average was about one out of four.

"And if there aren't four?" called back auntie from the porch, making a trumpet of her hands. "Suppose just three look after him."

"Well, then, the chances are less, of course," answered the wit, "but the three and the fourth mustn't meet."

Auntie flew back to her room, and father shook hands with the surgeon. Mother and I didn't care so much for him, as we saw before us the prospect of carrying trays to the fourth's room; and George didn't like him at all. To be sure, he lanced the poor beast's throat, which brought instant relief; but he left a series of directions for future treatment which naturally fell to the young man of the family, who, I must say, behaved very churlishly about it.

It seemed that Ernest must be frequently gargled. This was very simple, the horse-doctor said. About a quart of medicine was to be put into a bottle; then, the horse's mouth being forced open, the fluid was to be poured slowly down the animal's throat. Ernest would not swallow all of this, we were told; after a certain quantity reached the throat, the vocal cords, or something, would contract, and the patient would eject the fluid.

"On whom?" asked George wildly.

The "vet" thought this was very funny. George ought to have been proud and happy at making such a joke—but he wasn't. He listened—dangerously—for more directions. It seems that it is not difficult to force open a horse's mouth if you know just the right place to stick in your hand; otherwise, of course, you may get bitten; and, as there are a good many wrong places and only one right place for the sticking in of the hand, George grew awfully blue. More than that, it was likely that if the horse scrunched his teeth down, he would break the glass bottle.

"And that will cut his mouth," deduced mother.

"His mouth!" snapped George at mother rudely. "What about my hand, bitten and cut, and me an architect?"

But the veterinary said there was very little danger of getting cut, and he praised me highly when I suggested putting the medicine in a hot-water bag. Even George cheered up a little at the thought of only being bitten and ejected upon, and, as Ernest looked easier, we spent a pleasant afternoon in the stable till the first gargling time.

Gargling would have been easier had George been taller, and we all told him so. He has always been too short for practical purposes. George, however, said nobody but a giraffe could gargle Ernest when he began to lift his head. It went higher and higher as George tried to force down the medicine, and he didn't seem to swallow any of it at all.

Of course George had on his mackintosh and an old hat of mother's. She had put it on him hastily as an afterthought—and just in time. I had to rush into the harness room and pretend to be looking for something when I first saw him in the full glory of his equipment.

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Mother, having thought of the hat, became still more inventive when George found it was impossible to reach up high enough to empty the hot-water bag. "And they are loose, too," she began, starting for the door. "So you can slant them right up against the manger."

"Now, mother, what do you mean?"

"Why, the new cellar steps. They're made separately, and we can lift them out."

"I believe she's right," assented father. "Now, George, your troubles are over."

GEORGE HAD ON HIS MACKINTOSH AND AN OLD HAT OF MOTHER'S.

It was awful to see the way George glared at his own father—and in his mother's hat, too. I had to go into the harness room again; but in spite of his grouchiness the difficulty was certainly lessened. The steps were lashed to the manger (falling only once with George), and he began at the bottom, ascending as Ernest's head was lifted, pouring the last drop down from the topmost step, then descending very, very quickly when there were evidences of the ejecting.

Sometimes he got caught and sometimes he didn't, so it was really most interesting. Indeed, it was sunset before mother and I, with a single sinking of the heart, remembered Aunt Ernestine. I ran to the house, calling out false things toward the upper windows about supper coming right up on a tray, as I ran; but there was no reply.

"She's not here—I feel it," panted mother. "She enjoys her food so, she would answer. Oh, Dorothy—" she stopped short—"you don't suppose she's got them?"

"Got what, mother?"

"The strangles—just as a punishment to us."

"Strangles? Never!" I answered with some bitterness. "I'll go up to her room and answer the complaints." But I did not have to, for on the porch table lay a note addressed to mother. We read it in the waning light:

"Since it is evident that a horse is closer to you than your own stepsister, I have decided to go down to the city until you find out for yourself, by further contrast, just what place I have in your affections.

"ERNESTINE.

"P.S.—I have borrowed George's suit case and Dorothy's white scarf.

"P.S.—'The Martha Washington' will reach me."

The next three days were dismal ones. When we were not gargling Ernest, we were sending post cards to Aunt Ernestine—this being medicinal treatment also. George declared she went because she feared contagion; I felt that there was still some further mystery; mother's tender heart was downright troubled at the thought of having hurt her; and father expressed himself no more fully than by figuring up on bits of paper just what her means must really be, then whistling softly to hide a certain agony of indecision.

It was on the day that Ernest was pronounced sound again—on the day when my sidesaddle came, that I found an empty special delivery envelope behind Aunt Ernestine's dresser. It bore the postmark of New York City and the imprint of the hand of Peter Gains! We were pretty mad, all of us. The letter must have come while we were in the barn "starring" poor Ernest, and, seizing a few hours' neglect as her petulant excuse, she had gone down to New York to see Peter.

I don't believe that anything but the arrival of my sidesaddle could have diverted my pen

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from telling Aunt Ernestine what we had been thinking of her for six years. Even the remembrance of the codicil which she had read to me three years ago, and which would make me independent of all bad parts and cheap theatrical managements, would not have prevented me; but, being a temperamental creature, the new saddle was diverting. I put on the habit, Ernest was strapped up somehow or other, and—well, George put me into the saddle. But for some reason I couldn't sit down, so I slipped off, and we tried again, with no better results, and then, after a few more attempts, mother and I looked the habit in the face and realized, at last, that it was only a stage costume, gracefully draped for walking, but not for riding.

It was a sad moment. Even George said "Poor Sis!" and mother wanted me to send right off and get another. We looked at Ernest. He was eating the petunias again. He was a good-looking horse, but I had lost my taste for him. He represented Aunt Ernestine to me—and Peter Gains.

"Father!" I said suddenly, "let us sell him."

Mother shrieked: "What will your auntie say?"

George, who could never use his mackintosh again, didn't care a hangity-hang what she said—he was for selling him. We could get a price, he declared—there was no doubt the horse had style, and he would shy at nothing, *shy at*——

"Don't!" winced father. He had been figuring, on the special delivery envelope which I had brought down, the expense of Ernest up to date, and what might be the expense in the long years that stretched before him. "And I've come to a remarkable conclusion," he said. "The cost of that horse and the cost of your mother's stepsister, together with the cost of our self-respect in the vague hope of some day getting her money for you children, is more than that sum will ever amount to. I am for doing away with Ernest—and with Ernestine!"

There was a gravity in father's voice that sobered us. There was a relief in mother's face that we hadn't seen before in many years. And George and I walked over to the White Star Farm to offer our horse for sale.

It's hard to tell which came first that afternoon, the mail or the man to look over the horse. I think the letter from Aunt Ernestine arrived before him, and that mother carried it in her hands, seal unbroken, as we gathered around the dealer to tell him that Ernest would shy at nothing, *shy at nothing*, SHY AT——

We never finished our peroration. The man completed it for us: "I can believe that all right," he concluded. "He's stone blind!"

After that he sat with us on the porch and told us a few things about horses, while Ernest went on to the verbena bed. He wasn't a bad sort—the man. He said the horse was worth twenty-five dollars—perhaps more—but he didn't want him at any price. Mother interrupted him, for, half unconsciously, she had broken the seal of the letter. She stood up, rather white for mother.

"He's got it, she's got him!"

"Who, mother?"

"The money! It's all over, anyway. I'm so glad we decided first."

George wrested the letter from her. The news came straighter from him, but was still fragmentary as he read it:

"I met Peter Gains in New York City on the street with his sister, the crippled one—such a surprise! He hasn't changed in any way. He pressed his suit again, and this time, dear ones, I consented. We are to be married quietly to-day. Some time you must all come to visit us at Ernest's home in Indiana. I feel a deep affection for that noble animal since he brought my Peter back to me. How that man understands my sensitiveness. He made his will before he asked me to be his wife—all in my favor. Such delicacy! So I have retaliated. It is but right since Dorothy and George are young—don't send me anything expensive—just some little thing about the place which I have grown to care for——"

We rose up like a choir, chanting an anthem with one theme. "Send her the horse!" rang to the skies.

The horse-dealer, with the sense of humor peculiar to his kind, led the gift down to the station. In the best stall of the out-going freight we quartered Ernest, and underneath his name, upon the door, we printed the one potent word:

"COLLECT!"

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"The trail goes one step farther. It leads from the offices of the corporations to the doors of the Capitol; it ascends the steps of the State House; it enters the sacred precincts of the Supreme Court itself. And I propose to follow it."

THE BEAST AND THE JUNGLE*

by Judge Ben B. Lindsey
Of the Juvenile Court of Denver

CHAPTER XI

THE BEAST AT BAY.

THE elections that followed, in the autumn of 1904, were marked by the most lawless and far-reaching contrivances of power on the part of the corporations in Colorado. In that huge turmoil of injustice, of subsidized treason and legal anarchy, my own small struggle was the merest flurry. But I am not trying to compose a history of the gigantic activities of the plutocracy out of the conflicting testimony of various witnesses and the disputable interpretation of incidents of which there may be more than one sense. I am only seeking to make plain to you what I saw with my own eyes—to put before you the evidence of a personal experience of which there can be no doubt—to show you clearly, in the little, what was actually going on in the large.

* A brief summary of the preceding instalments may be found on page 244.

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My election had been declared invalid, as I had known it would be; and it became necessary for me to run again. The corporations, having put their Democratic tools in power in the city elections of the spring, now bought back the Republican machine so as to elect a corporation legislature and Governor in the state elections of the fall. I expected, therefore, to have the Republicans against me, and we began to organize the usual committees and arrange for the usual public meetings in advance. But several days before the Republican convention was to meet, a number of Republican "leaders," in newspaper interviews, announced that there would be no opposition to my nomination on the Republican ticket; and Mr. "Jim" Williams, one of the most intimate of Wm. G. Evans's personal agents, invited me to meet him in a room in the Brown Palace Hotel, and assured me that it would *not* be necessary to "organize" my friends. "There seems to be no use trying to fight you," he said with a smile, "and we have decided to nominate you when the convention meets next week."

I felt relieved. The spring campaign had been a nervous trial that I did not wish to repeat. I thanked Williams for saving me the anxiety of several days' uncertainty, and went back to my court work.

Some days later I spoke to a Republican friend about the interview with Williams, and he said: "That's strange. Jim has been quietly sending the word 'down the line' that the party caucus is to put young Bert Shattuck (Hubert L. Shattuck) on the slate to-night for County Judge." I thought my friend was misinformed. The Denver *Republican*, the official organ of the party, had been proclaiming in large headlines and leaded type that I was to be nominated unanimously on the party ticket. Bert Shattuck's father, the former Dean of the Denver University, had publicly declared that I ought to have the position of County and Juvenile Court Judge for life; and he had come smilingly to my chambers and promised me his loyal support. His son had been clerk of the County Court when I first took office, and we had never been anything but friendly. It seemed to me impossible that my Republican informant could be right.

The night on which the Republican caucus met, to make up a slate for the convention, I made no attempt to find out what was being done; but at midnight I was roused from bed to answer an urgent call on the telephone, and a friend announced: "The Republicans have selected Shattuck for County Judge. Evans sent a telegram from New York saying it had to be done. The corporations are against you. They're going to prevent you from getting a nomination on either ticket."

I dressed in haste and hurried down to the office of the *News*—which paper, like the Denver *Post*, was then friendly to me—and a special edition was rushed to the presses with a flaming exposure of "Treachery" on the front page. In the early morning I went to the editor of the *Post*, and a special edition was issued by that paper too. But the *Republican*—the paper that had been promising my unopposed nomination by the Republican party—inserted only an inconspicuous five-line paragraph announcing that Shattuck had been selected by the caucus.

We had been prettily betrayed. There was no time now to arouse the public sentiment that, at the previous election, had "scared the wits out of the Boss," as the *Post* had said. There was no time to organize the women and children. We had just twelve hours in which to prepare before the Republican convention should meet to ratify the choice of the caucus; and it might as well have been twelve minutes. The Democratic machine was against me. Mayor Speer, it was reported in the newspapers, "on the very best authority," had obtained the promise from Evans that I should not be nominated. "Chairman Davoren, for the Democrats, smiled pleasantly when these matters were being discussed." I had been "effectually blocked." Opposed by both parties, with both machines using election frauds and corporation contributions against me, I could have no more hope of winning my way back to the County Court on an independent ticket than of getting an election to the White House itself.

Some of the young Republican reformers who had nominated me in the spring campaign came to my chambers that morning, and talked the situation over with me. They suggested that I should appeal to Mr. David H. Moffat who was president of the First National Bank of Denver and a large stockholder in the utility corporations. But I did not know Mr. Moffat. The only man of the sort whom I knew was Mr. Walter S.

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Cheesman, president of the Denver Union Water Company and head of our Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. "Then see Cheesman," they advised.

I knew Mr. Cheesman well. I had first gone to him to get his aid in obtaining the public baths and playgrounds for the children, and he had been helping us in our work for the children ever since. I had more than once accompanied him, in his automobile, on little jaunts around Denver; and once, on our way to inspect the waterworks dam, which his company was building outside Denver, I saw him stop his car, pick up a stray cat mewing by the roadside, and take it to the dam where we caught fish to feed it. I thought him a gentle and compassionate man of wealth, and I hurried now to his office to appeal to his philanthropy, to his interest in our court work, and above all to his influence with Mr. Evans and his power on the corporation boards.

I went to the offices of the Denver Union Water Company, and was ushered down the inner passageways, past clerks and secretaries, to Mr. Cheesman's private room. He was seated at his mahogany desk, a typical business man in his business clothes —bald, elderly, with a round and kindly face, but shrewd, cold eyes. He received me genially enough. "Mr. Cheesman," I said at once, "I've come to see you about the convention."

"Yes, yes, Judge," he said, "sit down." I sat down. He always spoke in a sort of half voice that at times became a whisper, leaning forward, as if confidentially, because his hearing was defective. "Yes, I've just been talking to Mr. Field about it over the telephone." Mr. Field, of course, was Mr. E. B. Field, president of the telephone company.

Thus encouraged I went on to explain my situation. I told him that I had made a lot of enemies among the Democrats because I had exposed the grafting County Commissioners and attacked the Police Board for protecting the wine rooms and denounced the ballot-box stuffing that had been done by the Democratic machine. I could not hope for the Democratic nomination, but I had been led to expect a place on the Republican ticket. Now I had been betrayed by the Republican caucus. "It's not square," I said. "It's not honest. It's not fair."

He listened, but I saw that he listened unmoved.

Then I appealed to his interest in the work we had done for the children. He heard me politely, but with a blank eye. "You know," I pleaded, "that I'm entitled to a renomination on every count. The court has been honest; it's been efficient; it has served the public interest every time. The people will elect me; you know that. Nobody's against me but Mr. Evans, and it's Mr. Evans that's standing in my way. He sent a telegram from New York saying I wasn't to be nominated. That's the whole trouble. If we can get Mr. Evans to keep his hands off, I'll have no difficulty. Won't you help us? We can do it if you'll help pull off Mr. Evans."

"Yes," he said, "I understand that Mr. Evans is against you. And I've been thinking the matter over. I'd like to see you returned to the court. You've been doing good work there. . . . Yes. . . . Personally Mr. Field and I admit all you say. You are entitled to be renominated. But Mr. Evans represents our interests in

THE LATE WALTER S. CHEESMAN, PRESIDENT OF DENVER UNION WATER CO.

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politics, and, of course, you understand, politics with us is a matter of business. Mr. Evans represents our interests and we cannot very well question his judgment. If Mr. Evans were here, I'd make an exception in your favor and see him about it. But he's in New York——"

"Send him a telegram," I put in eagerly. "I can get it rushed through. I know them—down at the telegraph offices. We can get an answer back before the convention meets."

He shook his head over it judicially. "I'm afraid it's too late. Mr. Evans insists that Mr. Shattuck must be nominated by the Republicans. He has arranged with Mr. Speer that Judge Johnson (Henry V. Johnson) is to be nominated on the Democratic ticket. I'm afraid I can't go behind him."

"Well! What about *the people?*" I cried.

He replied, benignly: "You have been long enough in politics to know the people have nothing to do with these things."

He spoke as if I were a personal friend come to borrow money from his company without security, and he regretted that he could not lend it—as a matter of business—

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EX-GOVERNOR JAMES H. PEABODY.

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though personally he would have liked to. I felt the ground slipping from under my feet. I made a frantic appeal to him—for the sake of the work for the children, which would be discredited all over the country if I were refused a nomination by both parties. Everyone would think the Juvenile Court had been a failure. In other cities, where I had been lecturing, they would think so. They would not understand why I had been defeated. The movement was growing. A check to it might be fatal now. The other cities were looking to Denver. It would hurt the work for the children all over the States.

"Tut, tut," he said. He thought I was "overexercised," "unduly" alarmed. Mr. Shattuck was an intelligent young man. He could continue the work. Or Judge Johnson.

By this time I had lost my self-control. I knew that neither Shattuck nor Johnson could do the work of our children's court; they had no training for it, no knowledge of its methods, no understanding of its aims. Besides it was the work of my life; it was the one thing left to me; I had fought and suffered for it, struggled and succeeded with it, when no one believed in it. And now——

I jumped up from my chair and began pacing about the room, arguing, pleading with him, almost beseeching him not to join Mr. Evans in crushing our court because we had done what was honest, what was right. "It's an outrage!" I cried, backing up against the wall before him. "It's an outrage that Mr. Evans should be the man to say whether I'm to work for the children in this community—or not!"

He seemed coldly embarrassed as if he were a public executioner who pitied his victim but could not help him. "Sit down a minute," he would say; and I would sit down, only to spring up again when his unyielding "business" considerations forced me to face again the hopelessness of my situation. "I'll run anyway," I said in desperation.

"No," he warned me, "don't do that. As a friend, I wouldn't advise you to do that. If I thought you had a chance, I'd like to see you run. But you know it's impossible under our ballot laws. The people don't know how to 'scratch.' It's impossible." He was afraid that I was such a "headstrong young man" I might make an expensive independent campaign, and mort-

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A MEMORIAL TO THE BEAST, A MARK OF ITS POWER OVER A FREE COMMUNITY.

gage my house (he even thought of that!) and lose all I had. And while he spoke calmly, the anger rose in my throat. I could guess why Mr. Evans was to give the Democratic nomination to Judge Johnson; wasn't it because Judge Johnson, while Mayor of Denver, had signed a franchise for the tramway company against the protests of the whole community and in violation of the platform on which he had been elected? I could guess why Mr. Evans had insisted that I should not be nominated by either party; wasn't it because I had refused to job the election contests? Weren't these the "business considerations" that put Mr. Evans against me and joined Mr. Cheesman with him? Mr. Cheesman might pretend to be as friendly and as fatherly as he choose in his advice; my anger dried the blur in my eyes and I saw through him. I saw through him and I despised him. Business demanded that I should be crushed. The Beast required it. The tools of the Beast—like the grafting Commissioners who had rebated taxes for Mr. Cheesman's corporations—insisted on it. The ballot laws made it possible—the very laws which Cheesman deplored and which his corporations took advantage of!

I struck my clenched hand on his table, furious with indignation. "I'm going to make a fight," I challenged him. "Will you stand by me?"

"I can't," he hedged, "if you run independent. You have no chance."

That was the end. That was the "showdown." I caught up my hat. "I'm going to fight," I said, "and fight like hell." And without waiting to hear his fluttered remonstrances I flung out of his office, trembling with an agitation I could not conceal from the clerks who stared at me as I hurried by.

It was the Beast again, the whole Beast at last, self-acknowledged and unashamed. The people had "nothing to do with these things." The united corporations ruled the town. I had offended them when I fought graft, ballot-box stuffing, the wine rooms, the Police Board, and all the other effects, means and agents of their rule. And here I had wasted a valuable hour appealing to one of the patrons of this corruption to help me fight it! I do not know whether I despised Cheesman more than I despised myself for my trusting simplicity, as I hurried back to my chambers that morning from my appeal to the head of the Children's Aid Society to save the Children's Court.

I had only a few hours left. The Republican convention was to meet that afternoon. I telephoned to all my friends among the young Republicans, telling them that Cheesman would not help, that we must fight alone and at least go down fighting. They must hold the floor in the convention until we could get in the women—the children—anybody who would shout for us and intimidate the machine. I got all the men who had fought for me in the Republican convention in the spring—E. P. Costigan, James C. Starkweather, Wm. W. Garwood, Willis V. Elliott, Horace Phelps, James H. Causey, Rodney Bardwell (who had not yet gone

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JUSTICE GABBERT OF THE SUPREME COURT OF COLORADO.

over to the corporations)—and they got the aid of their friends. When the convention met there was not a quorum present, but within half an hour the old Coliseum Hall began to fill and the fight commenced—on a resolution offered by ex-Judge George W. Allen, delegating the work of the convention to a committee so that the machine might "knife" me privately behind closed doors.

Costigan, Causey, Starkweather, Garwood, and the other young reformers held the floor against Allen, fighting for time. Delegates were pouring in from all parts of the city; the galleries were filling up with cheering men, women and children. In an hour the place was jammed, and it was jammed with opponents of the machine. The "Treachery" extras of the morning newspapers had done their work, and the public enthusiasm that had "scared the wits out of the Boss" in the spring now scared the wits out of his henchmen. They lost control of the convention. It was less like a convention, as the newspapers said, than it was like the gathering of a mob. The machine speakers were howled down, hissed and jeered. The young reformers were applauded and cheered on. The galleries hooted and clapped. In a confusion of catcalls and insults, ex-Judge Allen withdrew his motion; and my friends spoke for my nomination in the midst of an enthusiasm that carried all before it—in one of those waves of emotion that sometimes sweep conventions and wreck the best contrived plans of the most astute politicians. In vain did tramway agents like C. W. Varnum try to stand against it. In vain did Mr. Fred J. Chamberlain,* a pillar of his—and of Mr. Evans's—church, cry: "You fellows *mustn't* nominate Lindsey. You *can't.*" They did. To the waving of handkerchiefs in the galleries, with "staid lawyers tossing their hats in the air" (as the papers said), with Bert Shattuck withdrawing his nomination, and pandemonium let loose upon the angry and helpless machine men who could not make themselves heard, my nomination was moved—was carried—was made unanimous—and the wild cheering of the convention drowned the ragtime of the brass band!

We had won again. At least we had carried the first line of the System's defense. The second fell when the Democratic Executive Committee, alarmed by my apparent popularity, also nominated me. But the System still had the courts to appeal to. It had particularly Judge Peter L. Palmer, who had protected Cronin and the dive-keepers; and on the application of Milton Smith he granted a temporary injunction enjoining me from running—on the ground that my previous election was valid. (It seems impossible—doesn't it?—but it is all on record in the courts of the county.) One of the attorneys in the case confessed to me: "The whole thing's fixed up. They're afraid more election protests will come into your court, and something has to be done." When we went before Palmer to argue against making the injunction permanent, we found him closeted with the machine politicians; and when he mounted the bench he rendered his decision against us without even allowing my lawyers to open their mouths. (This was not in Russia under a Czar. It was in Colorado under the System.)

The public outcry was effective. The Supreme Court reversed Judge Palmer. Another suit was promptly trumped up and Palmer granted another injunction—this time, in effect, forbidding the election commissioners to print my name on the official

*Mr. Chamberlain is now a member of the Colorado Railroad Commission, and Varnum, of the City Civil Service Board.

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ballot as a candidate of the conventions that had nominated me. But he was reversed again on a ruling of the Supreme Court that such suits must be brought after the elections, not before them; and I was allowed to make my campaign, the System meanwhile having discovered a less public way of getting rid of me.

I was allowed to make my own campaign, and I took the opportunity of making another directed against Harry A. Lindsley, who had been re-nominated as District Attorney, and against "Len" Rogers, a notorious election crook, whom the Democrats had put on the ticket as State Senator. I fought Rogers on general principles; his candidacy was an outrage to decency. I fought Lindsley because I hoped to hamstring the Beast by putting in an honest District Attorney. We succeeded in defeating both Lindsley and Rogers, but the man, George Stidger, who took Lindsley's office proved little better than the corruptionist whom he displaced. He confessed to me afterwards that he, too, had been nominated by Evans and that Evans, physician who heard of it, and when Rogers came to my chambers to threaten the publication of this perjured slander, I was able to defy him. I had found out who the women were, and one of them had admitted her guilt. Fortunately for Rogers he went no further with the affair. I continued to make public my knowledge of his record, and of Lindsley's. One day Rogers, crazed with whiskey, came to the Court House and lay in wait for me in the corridor outside my chambers, with a loaded revolver; but a deputy sheriff (Edward G. Shaffer) came upon him there and got the revolver from him and coaxed him away.

"Judge," Rogers confessed to me afterwards, "those fellows down at the Democratic Club put me up to it. They kept saying 'Len, if the little —— said things like that about me, I'd shoot him!'" (Exactly the same tactics that ended in the shooting of Heney in San Francisco!) "I got drunk, and they egged me on to it." And that poor tool, in tears, almost went down on his knees, in my chambers, to ask my forgiveness for

HOME OF JUSTICE GABBERT, WHERE LINDSEY SAW HARRY ORCHARD LURKING.

personally, had given him the money for his campaign.

In the fight against Lindsley and Rogers all the old tricks of the Beast were used against us. False affidavits were obtained from two unfortunate women of the streets, accusing me of unmentionable vices; but I was warned of it in advance by a friendly

the slanders he had circulated about me, the attempts he had made to ruin me!

Forgiveness? I could forgive him a thousand times over. I had never had anything but pity for him in my heart. But I could not forgive the men who had brought him to that posture before me—who had debased him in his own tears—a man like myself,

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crawling in spirit through the degradation of remorse for the crimes with which *they* had polluted him. O you rulers of Denver—with whom "politics is a matter of business"—this was *your* work! The bleeding Clerk in the Capitol, the poor negro shot in the gutter, the would-be murderer weeping over his shame—these are among the spoils of your triumph. Let your clerks and bookkeepers write *them* down in your ledgers beside the columns of those millions which their dishonored lives helped you to gain. Cheesman——

Cheesman is dead. I wish to say nothing but good of the dead; but "the evil a man does lives after him"; and of that evil, I propose to say nothing but ill. What else can I say of the part that his corporation took in the system of evil which I have described? What else can I say of the history of the Denver Union Water Company, with its record of taxes rebated, assessments reduced? What else can I say of the preparations that are now being made—this day, as I write—to force the people of Denver either to pay $14,400,000 for the water works or grant the company a new franchise? What else can I say of the fact that, after Mr. Cheesman's death, it was proposed to a complaisant City Council that our Congress Park—donated to the city by the federal government and valued at a million dollars—should be named in his honor "Cheesman Park," on condition that his heirs spend $100,000 erecting a public monument to his memory there; and the City Council dedicated that public park to the private glory of this——

HUBERT L. STARTUCK.

No. Let us say nothing but good of the dead. Let us say that on the highest point of "Corporation Park," where the view of the Rockies is most beautiful, the rulers of Denver are building a marble pavilion, with fountains and electric lights, to perpetuate the dishonor of the Beast and immortalize the success of its knaveries! Let us not join the name of the dead to this edifice of public shame. Let us see in it only a memorial to the Beast, erected by the Beast, as a mark of its power over a free community betrayed and corrupted; and seeing in it only such a memorial, let us realize that a monument in Washington to Benedict Arnold or to Wilkes Booth would not be a sorer insult to the sun that shines on it, the rain that wets it. Let us citizens of Denver look up at that pavilion, when we pass, as the disfranchised patriot of a subject race looked at a Roman Arch of Triumph in his capital, with the blood of indignation swelling against the iron collar on his neck. Let us leave the dead to their rest—forgiven. Our war is with the living.

XII

THE BEAST AND THE SUPREME COURT

In a republic, such as ours, where the law is the only king "there is a divinity doth hedge" the courts; and it is right that it should be so. If our democracy is to endure, we must obey the law and respect its agents. The man who wilfully tries to impair the public credit of our courts, when those courts are just, is the greatest traitor that our country has. But what if a court is *not* just? What if it does not impartially administer the law, but does the bidding of a ruling faction of the community, and oppresses the helpless many in the interests of the powerful few? Must we respect the corrupt priest and minister of justice who degrades his almost holy office and defiles the very temple of justice with his iniquities? Must we obey the court that crushes us? Or is it true with courts

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as it is with monarchs that "resistance to tyrants is obedience to God"?

Throughout this story I have been careful to accuse no judge of corruption, by inference—to relate nothing of him but what I personally know to be true. I have refrained from arguing any conclusions; I have left the facts to plead for themselves. I have particularly respected the Supreme Court of Colorado, the high altar of justice in our state; and even when the evidences of corruption there were more than arguable, I have drawn no inferences of guilt. I have waited until I had followed the trail of the Beast, step by step, from the dives to the Police Board, from the Police Board to the lower courts, from the courts to the political leaders who nominated the judges of the courts, and from the political leaders to the corporation magnates who ruled all. But now the trail goes one step farther. It leads from the offices of the corporations to the doors of the Capitol; it ascends the steps of the State House; it enters the sacred precincts of the Supreme Court itself. And I propose to follow it.

I thought I had seen the footprint of the Beast in the Supreme Court's decisions on our three-fourths-jury law. I thought I had seen it in the decision that protected the ballot-box stuffer who was prosecuted by the Honest Election League. I thought I had seen it in the injunction that prevented me from opening the ballot-boxes in the spring of 1904. I thought I had seen it in 1893 when the tramway company claimed a perpetual franchise in Denver, contrary to the provision of the constitution that declared: "No law making an irrevocable grant of privileges, franchises or immunities shall be passed by the General Assembly"—and Justice Luther M. Goddard first held that the franchise was void, and then allowed a rehearing and reversed himself! (So that the tramway company was able to sell its stocks and bonds in Wall Street on the representation that it had "A franchise without limit as to time, and therefore, perpetual," in spite of the constitution, the law and the courts.) But these were merely strongly suspicious circumstances; I needed proofs that were above suspicion. I got them in the memorable elections of the Fall of 1904.

Six months before, in the Spring, the corporations had elected Mayor Speer and his Democratic machine men by ballot-box frauds that were open and admitted. But

JUDGE PETER L. PALMER, WHO DECIDED AGAINST LINDSEY WITHOUT HEARING HIS SIDE.

the state was normally Republican; and the corporations now turned Republican in order to elect their candidates to the legislature and the governorship. The Democrats were warned that they must not "stuff" the ballot-boxes; and Speer in person carried that warning to the Democratic "Savages," ward-heelers and election crooks—as they afterwards confessed to me. The "Savages," having candidates, on the Democratic ticket, from their own ranks, took the warning with a countenance that did not promise well; and before the balloting began—on the application of a corporation attorney acting ostensibly for the Republican party—the Supreme Court issued a blanket injunction enjoining the election officials from committing ballot frauds, and appointed "watchers" who were responsible to the court alone.

The injunction was printed in the form of a poster and pasted up all over the city. I saw it, and read it, with amazement. Not only was it without precedent in the whole history of American jurisprudence, but it was without legislative or constitutional

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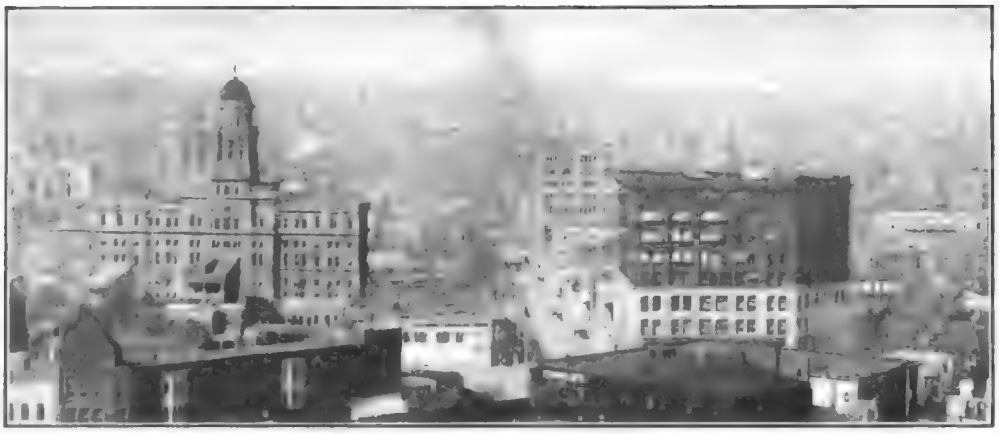

Photograph by L. C. McClure.

DENVER FROM THE CAPITOL. SHOWING COURT HOUSE (WITH DOME) ON LEFT AND THE CORPORATIONS' "MAJESTIC BUILDING" IN RIGHT FOREGROUND.

authority, and it was in contravention of all the specific provisions made by law for the conduct of elections. It was an exercise of "kingly prerogative" that was declared by lawyers and law journals to be the most amazing act of lawlessness ever committed by an American court.

It was done avowedly to prevent the "Savages" from stuffing the ballot-boxes; but the "Savages"—as I have related in a previous chapter—were not wholly intimidated. Some of the usual frauds were perpetrated—though in a much milder form than usual—and the Democrats carried the elections. All the candidates on the Democratic County ticket were returned, excepting Lindsley and Rogers, against whom I had made a campaign. The Republican governor, Peabody, was defeated for re-election. And the Senate was given a Democratic majority.

Here was a dangerous slip in the plans of the corporations. A constitutional amendment had been carried, by which the number of Supreme Court justices was to be increased from three to seven. Two were to be promoted from the Court of Appeals, but two were to be appointed. A Democratic Governor would have the appointment of these, and a Democratic Senate would confirm the appointments. There was no time now to buy up the Democratic state machine, even if it could be bought in its hour of triumph. Something had to be done. It *was* done—and done promptly.

The Supreme Court prosecuted the Savages for "contempt" and imprisoned them. Then Justices Gabbert and Campbell—with Justice R. W. Steele dissenting—ordered that certain election precincts, in which frauds were alleged, be not canvassed; the hundreds of honest Democratic votes in these precincts were thrown out with the few dishonest ones*; and, by eliminating these votes, the Supreme Court succeeded in declaring elected three Republican State Senators, eleven Republican representatives, and the entire Republican county ticket—although the returns showed that the Democrats had carried the county by majorities ranging from two to five thousand; and even with all the "fraudulent" votes eliminated, the Democrats would have won.

But this was not the end. The Democrats still had a majority of two in the Senate. So the State Canvassing Board, upheld by the Supreme Court—although the Board had properly only clerical powers to canvass and make its report—illegally threw out the returns from certain precincts in the counties of Boulder and Las Animas, and issued certificates of election to a number of Republican senatorial candidates, and so manufactured a Republican majority in the Senate.

Pardon these tiresome details. They are necessary to make plain how the cards were "stacked." Without them, the deal that followed would be as bewildering as sleight-of-hand.

The constitutional amendment that pro-

*In a subsequent investigation, thousands of votes that had been held fraudulent by the Supreme Court on the testimony of handwriting experts were proved honest and valid by the sworn evidence of the voters who had cast them.

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vided for the appointment of the new Supreme Court justices expressly stated that the Court so constituted should not come into existence until the first Wednesday in April, 1905, when Governor Peabody would have been out of office and his Democratic successor sworn in. Governor Peabody did not wait for the passing of April Fool's day. He submitted the names of the new justices to the manufactured Senate and got them confirmed. Finally—as the climax and triumphant crown of the whole conspiracy—the Supreme Court assisted the manufactured legislature in preventing Alva Adams, the Democratic governor-elect, from retaining his office—although he had been elected by a plurality of more than 10,000 votes. And, after an interval of legislative uproar, with troops ready in the Capitol and the machinery of government at a standstill, while the corporations fought among themselves, a sort of compromise was effected by which Adams was unseated, Peabody was declared elected, his appointments to the Supreme Court were accepted, but he himself resigned in favor of his lieutenant, Jesse McDonald.

All this, no doubt, was nothing to the public but more political chicanery. I knew that it was corporation treason; and this is how I knew.

At the time that Governor Peabody was considering the appointment of the new judges, I happened to mention to Mr. W. G. Brown,—then president of one of the Denver banks—that I intended to speak to the governor on behalf of a friend who was seeking a place on the Supreme Court bench. "The governor?" Mr. Brown said. "Why, he hasn't anything to do with it. Don't you know the deal is to let the committee name the judges?" I asked "What committee?"

"A committee," he explained, "agreed upon by the various 'interests'." He named the men. They had been chosen, he said, by the utility corporations of Denver, the railroads, and the Colorado Fuel and Iron Co. "If your friend is to have any show," he told me, "he will have to see this committee. They are 'the big ones' who will pass on his qualifications. He'll be especially strong if he can get Mr. Evans's endorsement. He'll have to satisfy these gentlemen that he's 'right' on certain questions in which they're interested. And if he can be depended on to decide such matters 'right,' he'll be considered. Otherwise, he needn't apply. They're going to have a court they can depend on."

What were these important questions in which the corporations were 'interested'? The most important, Mr. Brown said, was the right of the Governor to declare martial law in case of labor disturbances, so that the right of habeas corpus might be suspended and the laborers prevented from applying to the courts in defense of their liberties.

And it was not Mr. Brown alone who admitted the deal with Governor Peabody. Peabody's nephew, Mr. Geo. P. Steele, was a candidate for one of these appointments and his friends had given it out that the Governor had promised him the place. One day I met Steele and asked him why he had not been appointed. "Why, Ben," he said, "it was the darnedest farce you ever heard of. The corporations had him absolutely.* He had to appoint Bailey and Goddard. He had to appoint whoever the corporations wanted. I wouldn't go up there unless I could go 'straight.'"

Does this seem incredible? Read then the Colorado Supreme Court Reports, Volume 35, page 325 and thereabouts. You will

* This does not refer to Justice Bailey of the present Supreme Court.

JUSTICE LUTHER M. GODDARD.

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find it charged that the Colorado and Southern Railway Company, the Denver and Rio Grande Railway Company, and the public service corporations of Denver had an agreement with Governor Peabody whereby these corporations were to be allowed to select the judges to be appointed to the Supreme Bench. You will find it charged that Luther M. Goddard had been selected as a proper judge by the public utility corporations, but that the two railroad companies objected to him as "too closely allied with the interests of the Denver City Tramway Company and the Denver Union Water Company." "As a last resort," the statement continues, "the agent and representative of the said Colorado and Southern Railway Company was induced to, and did, after midnight on Sunday, the eighth day of January, and at about one o'clock in the morning on Monday, the ninth day of January, repair to the home of the said Luther M. Goddard, in a carriage, calling him out of bed, having then and there such conversation with the said Goddard that the said railway corporations, through their agents, withdrew their opposition to his confirmation, and they did on said morning at about three o'clock thereof announce to the remainder of the said corporations through their said agents and representatives, that their opposition had been withdrawn, and the withdrawal of the said opposition having been announced, the said senate of the Fifteenth General Assembly did, almost immediately upon its convening on the morning of Monday, the ninth day of January, confirm the said nomination of the said Goddard."

The brief containing these charges is signed by Henry M. Teller, Ex-Cabinet member and United States Senator, and by Ex-Governor Thomas acting as counsel for Senator T. M. Patterson, who had made the charges in his paper *The Rocky Mountain News*. These gentlemen offered to prove the charges before the Court, but the Court, in a most amazing decision, refused the offer, held that no matter how true such charges might be, it was "contempt of court" to make them, and fined Senator Patterson $1,000!

Senator Patterson, rising to receive his sentence, protested against it, to the court, in one of the most scathing arraignments ever addressed to an American bench of justice. "If constructive contempt," he ended, "is to be maintained as it has been maintained by this court, it can simply mean . . . that we have in each of the states of the union a chosen body of men who may commit any crime, who may falsify justice, who may defy the constitution and spit upon the laws, and yet no man dare make known the facts. . . . From this time forward I will devote myself . . . to deprive every man and every body of men of such tyrannical power, of such unjust and dangerous prerogative."

His protest was no more vigorous than Justice Steele's dissent from the decision—Justice Robert W. Steele, the judge whom I had succeeded in the County Court—an honest man who was in the minority in so many of the corporation cases that came before the Court. He has fought the people's fight for years, often single-handed, in that court; and he is still fighting. But his term of office expires in the Fall of 1910, and he will have as much chance of being re-elected as any other honest man who is not "right" on those "important questions" in which the corporations are "interested."

I understood why the corporations wished the Governor to have the right to declare martial law and suspend the habeas corpus in case of labor disturbances. The Cripple Creek "labor war" was being waged. I do not hold a brief either for the miners or for the mine-owners in that struggle. I do not defend the lawlessness of either. But I had held court in Cripple Creek at the time and talked to the laboring men and learned that they knew, as well as I did, who controlled the Supreme Court and Governor Peabody and the corrupt legislature that betrayed the people. An intelligent laborer, who had opposed the calling of the strike, said to me: "No one thing ever caused so much ill-feeling among the laboring men of this state as what we considered the treachery of Judges Gabbert and Goddard in deciding against us on the eight-hour law!" (Both these judges had been "Populists" during their careers and had been first elected by the votes of the laboring men.) The strike claimed to be a strike for an eight-hour day in certain mills. The legislature had passed an eight-hour law, but the Supreme Court, composed of Campbell,* Gabbert and Goddard had declared it unconstitutional—although the Supreme Court of the United States, in a similar case, had held the contrary!

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*No charge of corruption against Judge Campbell is here made or implied. Even the laboring men, during these troubles, recognized that Judge Campbell's decisions were those of an honest prejudice, due to his training and his temperament.

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When the question of the validity of my election of the fall of 1904 came before the Supreme Court, my counsel argued that I had not been legally elected in the Spring of 1904—because the charter convention had no right to provide for the elections of county judge, district attorney, or district judge, since these offices had been specifically excepted from the jurisdiction of the charter convention by the constitutional amendment that provided for the convention. But the Supreme Court calmly held that the charter convention had no right to consolidate *any* county office with a municipal office—a question that had not been brought before the court at all in this case, except by distant implication. And the effect of this decision was to throw out of office *all* the Democratic county officeholders who had been elected with me in the spring of 1904. They had been re-nominated and re-elected in the Fall, but the action of the Supreme Court, in throwing out the precincts in which the Democrats had obtained their majorities, had given the Republicans the offices. And now these Democrats found themselves on the streets—the very Democrats who had "mixed it up" in the hope of losing me "in the shuffle." I was far from lost. I had been elected twice, by both parties. If one election was not valid the other was. If one party's majority was declared fraudulent, I had still all the votes of the other party to elect me. I could laugh at the Beast, its frauds and its courts.

But I did not feel like laughter. Some of the decisions of the Supreme Court had already had an awful result. They had had a result that not only convulsed Colorado but horrified the whole civilized world.

In the Spring of 1904, Chas. H. Moyer, president of the Western Federation of Miners, was arrested by the military authorities at Ouray on a charge of desecrating the American flag by using a printed representation of it in a campaign hand-bill. He obtained a writ of habeas corpus from the local judge, but the military authorities in power in the strike district refused to surrender him —on the ground that his "reasonable further detention" was required by "the ends of public justice and the restoration of public tranquility." His attorneys appealed to the Supreme Court in Denver, and the judges decided against him—all but Judge Steele again.

Judge Steele held, in his dissenting opinion: "If one may be restrained of his liberty without charges being preferred against him, every other guarantee of the constitution may be denied him. When we deny to one, however wicked, a right plainly guaranteed by the constitution, we take that same right from every one. When we say to Moyer: 'You must stay in prison, because if we discharge you, you may commit a crime,' we say that to every other citizen. When we say to one governor: 'You have unlimited and arbitrary power,' we clothe future governors with that same power. We cannot change the constitution to meet conditions. We cannot deny liberty to-day and grant it to-morrow. We cannot grant it to those heretofore above suspicion and deny it to those suspected of crime, for the constitution is for all men—'for the favorite at court, for the countryman at plow'—at all times and under all circumstances."

The corporations and their court did not think so. Having denied the laboring man his representation in the legislature and his appeal in law, they now denied him his most elementary constitutional right to liberty itself. What happened? The inevitable happened. Harry Orchard writes in his terrible autobiography: "They wanted us to work on Judge Gabbert and see if we could not bump him off, as they were very bitter against him —especially Moyer. Judge Gabbert was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and had decided against Moyer when they brought him to Denver from Telluride on a writ of habeas corpus, when he was in the hands of the militia." And again: "They were very bitter against Judge Goddard, as they said he had written up most of the opinion in the Moyer habeas corpus case, and had been instrumental in declaring unconstitutional the eight-hour law that had been passed by the legislature a few years previous, when he was on the Supreme bench before." Lawlessness had its inevitable result in lawlessness.

As I walked home, one midnight, with my friend Dr. C. B. James, the City and County Physician—from a performance of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—we passed Judge Gabbert's house, and saw on the porch a man crouching, like the horrible Hyde himself, at the sill of Gabbert's front window, while a confederate watched from the shadow of a veranda pillar. These two men—as we have since come to believe—were Harry Orchard and Steve Adams. They made off rapidly across the lawn and down the street as we approached; and after trying in vain to find

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a policeman we met Judge Gabbert's stepson returning home and we warned him of the burglars, as we thought they were. Some time before this, Dr. James had received a telephone message from an unknown friend in the middle of the night telling him not to walk down to the Capitol in the morning with Judge Gabbert, as had been his custom, and Orchard's confession shows that he and Adams were then planning to kill Gabbert, with a bomb, on his way to court. They killed, by accident, a man named Walley, in a vacant lot a few blocks from my house. I heard the explosion of the bomb. They planted another bomb at Judge Goddard's gate, but it did not explode. They tried to waylay and shoot Governor Peabody, but they failed.

And why did they do these things? Why were murderous outrages committed in Colorado that are only paralleled by the outrages of the revolutionists in despotic Russia? Because like conditions breed like events. The government of Russia has been described as "a despotism tempered by assassination"; and the government of Colorado, in this Spring of 1905, was just that! The crimes of Orchard—that horrified the whole country and blackened the name of Colorado in the estimation of the world—were the inevitable result of the crimes of the corporations that made the government of Colorado an insufferable despotism of lawless men. The crime of the oppressed is a demand for justice!

From my chambers, in which I am writing now, I can look out of my window and see the little shop in which Orchard says the casings of his bombs were prepared; and from another window I can see the Majestic Building from which the corporations govern the state. What a government! And what an opposition! The millionaire uses his power of wealth to rob and starve and pollute a whole community with protected vice and thwarted justice and laws defied—and the exasperated laborer, finding himself denied the common rights of man, declares war against his oppressors with the bomb and the bullet! Who is the more to blame—the criminal who makes the conditions or the criminal who is made *by* the conditions? The one goes in broadcloth to his church, sleek, smug, respected, feared for his power and honored for his successes. The other, branded with his guilt, a moral leper by his own confession, imprisoned for life, a shuddering horror to the whole world, appeals for forgiveness to the same God whose church the man of wealth so proudly enters—one of its "pillars," its powerful benefactor, its generous patron, its bland communicant. I do not presume to voice the judgment of Providence upon these two men. I do not even predict the decrees of human justice. But if I had to make my choice of their fates and elect between the burdens of their iniquities, I should prefer to crouch before the altar of Orchard's prison chapel, trembling, with all his clotted murders on my hands.

The Sixth Instalment of **The Beast and the Jungle** will appear in the March Number.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS: In the first instalment of Judge Lindsey's Autobiography, he is brought, as a lawyer's office boy, into contact with the typical social conditions of a typical American city. Puzzling over this initial encounter, he gains his first glimpse of the "Beast." In his next step, as a young lawyer, he finds the same situations developed in his work in the courts; and, he and his partner feeling the need for reform laws, their efforts take them to the Republican Legislature, where again, more plainly still, he comes upon the trail of the "Beast." His partner, the senator, succumbs to the influences they meet here, while, unhappy but not disheartened, Lindsey goes on with the work as a Democratic Committeeman. Here he discovers the "Beast" to be as powerful and effective in his own party as he had discovered it in the Republican Legislature.

He is appointed Judge of the County Court, and now meets the "Beast" interfering with the efficient administration of justice; and when finally a divekeeper is prosecuted before him, he sees the plain connection between the "Beast" and all the vices of the city which it protects. Even the children he finds exploited under the protection of the "Beast."

Next, in his court work, he comes upon evidences of business graft in contracts for court stationery, etc. And, finally, when he founds the Juvenile Court, after numerous evidences of the great need for such a safeguard to the children, the "Beast," finding that the court interferes with its processes, begins its efforts to get rid of him.

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THE RETURN

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," etc

Illustrations by M. Leone Bracker

SHE laid down her book and waited. She knew by the way he had opened the door and was moving around the hall that he was drunk. He came in now, rubbing his hands and smiling inanely at her.

"Cold out—by George! Thr-thr-thundering cold out!"

That first stage of maudlin stupidity—how well she knew it. She knew, too, what the next phase would be—a quarrelsome irritability which the least remonstrance from her would excite to a frenzy of rage and profanity.

He was fumbling with the papers on the table, trying not to meet her eyes. His effort to appear careless and natural was painfully evident. If only she could keep from irritating him from saying anything to

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arouse him—he might go to bed still in this simpering stupor. She held her glance fixed on the book in her lap that he might not see the disdain in her eyes. That alone would be enough to excite him.

"Er—ah—guess I'll go to bed. Late, by George! Time for you to go, too."

She bit her lip. She knew that all she should say was: "Yes, I'm coming." But she could not. The bitterness and contempt and the desire to give it expression were too strong. "I shall sit up until I finish this book."

He turned. The simpering smile had vanished. "What's that?"

"I thought I spoke plainly. I said I intended to sit up until I finished this book."

"Oh, you do—do you?" he sneered. "And how long will that be?"

"Oh, two or three hours," she answered recklessly.

"Oh! it will? And you expect to sit up here all hours of the night reading those infernal novels?"

"Yes, if I choose." She knew the storm that was coming, but she had lost all desire to check it now.

"We'll see about that." His voice was hoarse with rage. "Now you put that book down and go to bed."

She smiled.

"Do you hear me?" he thundered.

"You are speaking loud enough."

"D—— you! Give me that book!" He made a lurch toward it, but she easily avoided him.

His face was crimson, his hands clenched, and there was a strong odor of stale liquor from his breath.

"Oh, if you only knew how loathsome you are when you are drunk!" she breathed, her eyes and voice full of disgust.

"Drunk? Drunk? Who said I was drunk?"

"I think I did."

"You ——, you!"

He made another lurch toward her, but she laughed defiantly and slipped past into her bedroom. There was no key! Quick as thought she flew down the hall and into the closet at the far end.

When they first took the apartment she had objected to the way that closet door opened, and had it hung the other way—which brought the lock on the inside. And now she turned the key with another defiant laugh just as he tried to jerk open the door. He shook it fiercely, banged upon it, with a volley of foul oaths.

She crouched back in the closet, burying her face in some clothes that hung there, to shut out the hideous words. When he found the door was locked, he went back into the library muttering threats and curses.

She felt around the walls until she found a long cloak, pulled it down, and sat on it. Only a faint streak of light came in under the door. It lay across a pair of beaded slippers, a shoe tree, and an old leather trunk strap. The rest of the closet was in darkness. There was a faint odor of camphor from the furs on the shelf overhead.

For a while she sat motionless, staring at the thin strip of light from under the door. All the bitterness and hatred and loathing she had ever felt for him seemed concentrated in that moment. She found herself thinking of a woman who was now being tried for killing her husband. For days the papers had been full of it—glaring headlines, pictures, interviews, every detail of the murder and trial. At great length they dwelt on the woman's calmness and self-possession. "Cold, unfeeling," the reporters called her. The man—her husband—had struck her in a drunken rage, and she had killed him. She made no effort to escape or to deny the deed, saying simply that she could no longer endure his drunken brutality and—she had killed him.

As she crouched there in the dark closet, her sympathy went out to this woman in swift understanding. A mental picture flashed before her—of herself standing in a court room before a jury. The judge, the lawyers, the sea of faces below—the clearness and vividness of the picture brought with it a rush of terror. She covered her face with her hands.

A crash from the room outside! A sound of breaking glass and then a storm of oaths.

She shivered and huddled closer to the closet wall. Why was it that profanity always made her sick and faint? She was not a religious woman. It was not a feeling of sacrilege, of outraged piety; she had none of that. And yet it always terrified her—made her blood run cold.

Another crash and another storm of oaths! It did not occur to her to wonder what he had broken. She was only wondering vaguely if it was the words or the passion in his voice that chilled her so. Would any other words, hissed out with that fury and

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violence, have the same effect? If he should swear in some unknown language—she felt it would be the same. And if the same oaths were spoken in a soft, gentle voice? She found herself trying to fit them to the tune of a soothing old Methodist hymn!

She was growing cramped sitting like that. She tried to change her position. There was something hard and uneven on the floor under the cloak. She drew it out. It was too dark to see, but she knew by the feel that it was one of his bedroom slippers. With quick revulsion she threw it from her. Oh, how she hated him! Hated everything that belonged to him! She could not bear it any longer. She would go away—anywhere. Anything would be better than this constant, feverish, burning hatred that was consuming the best of her, poisoning her nature—bringing out all the wickedness that was in her.

She would go away at once—to-night, and begin a new life. Whatever the hardship, there would not be the abasing degradation of this. What if she did have to work? She would be free—free! The whole world lay before her—a world of freedom. Why had she not gone long ago? For four years she had endured this life with him—and she might have been free!

From her cramped position she rose to her knees and then to her feet, turned the key in the door, opened it softly, and listened. The sound of heavy breathing came from his room. She had no fear of waking him now. He was sleeping, a wine-drugged sleep.

The clock in the library struck the half hour—half past one. With feverish haste she slipped into a dark traveling suit, heavy walking shoes, a small, close turban and veil; wrote a hurried note saying she was leaving because she hated and loathed him, that it would be futile to follow her—she would never return; swept her jewels and a few toilet things from her dressing table into a small satchel—and she was ready.

At the door of her room she paused for a last glance. The warmth and luxury of it struck her with a new note: the bed with its silken covers, the soft negligee on a chair near by, the fur-lined slippers.

But from the next room the heavy breathing rose suddenly to a snore—a hoarse, guttural snore. Her face hardened. Without another glance back she passed out into the hall.

The narrow, vault-like corridor stretched out long and shadowy before her. She must not ring for the elevator, she must try to get down without letting the bell boy or night clerk see her. One flight after another she crept down the stairs. At each landing stretched out another long, dimly lit hall.

From the top of the last flight she could see down into the office. The night clerk was writing with his back toward her, but the bell boy was reading near the elevator. She could not pass him without being seen. If some one would only come in to be taken up, she could slip out while the elevator was gone. It was very late—after two. But there was always some one coming in. The elevator ran all night. She leaned back against the wall to wait. She could not be seen from below, and no one would come up the steps. Above her stretched a great shaft of darkness around which wound the stairs. The stillness was that peculiar stillness of a great building at night. The occasional stirring of the elevator boy or the rustle of papers by the night clerk seemed only to accentuate it.

The outside door opened now, and a man came in, entered the elevator, and was taken up. The clerk was engrossed with his writing and did not turn around. Hurriedly she slipped past him and out the door. The wind struck her with its piercing cold. She shivered and turned down the dark street to the car line. The cars ran all night, she knew, but not very frequently, and there was none in sight now. Everything was closed except the drug store on the corner. Its green and blue bottles gave a touch of cheer to the dreary, deserted street.

As she waited for a car in the shelter of a dark doorway, she tried to form some plan for her immediate destination. Her only thought was to get away from New York and hide in some other large city. But where? Did it matter much where? Just now her mind seemed to shirk any definite planning. She would go to the Grand Central Station, take the first train out, and let Fate decide it for her.

And then came the thought that it was from the Grand Central that she had started four years before on her wedding trip. No, no, she could not leave from there.

A car was coming now. "South Ferry," read the sign in front. South Ferry! She would go to Cortlandt Street Ferry, take the

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"OH, IF YOU ONLY KNEW HOW LOATHSOME YOU ARE WHEN

first boat to Jersey City, and start from the depot there.

The car was empty but for a man dozing at the far end. The conductor looked at her curiously as he took her fare. Now and then another car passed them, empty, or with only one or two passengers.

At Cortlandt Street she left the car and hurried over to the dimly lit, barn-like station. The place was deserted save for a porter who was sprinkling the

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YOU ARE DRUNK!" SHE BREATHED, HER EYES AND VOICE FULL OF DISGUST.

floor with wet sawdust. She went over to him.

"How often do the ferries run now?"

"Every half hour, Miss; but there's such a fog it's likely to be longer before the next is in. One's just left."

Disheartened, she took a seat by a window overlooking the dock. Through the dust-smeared glass she caught a glimpse of the black water outside, lit up by a dim red light from the wharf. In the distance loomed the dark, shadowy hulks of anchored

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boats. There was something weird and ghostly about it all. She decided to wait here until dawn. The thought of crossing that black river alone filled her with fear. And, besides, there would probably be no trains she could get until morning.

She was very tired, and her head was aching now—a dull, heavy ache. She leaned back and closed her eyes. A picture of a luxurious bedroom came before her. There was a bed with silken covers, a soft negligee thrown over a chair, and a pair of fur-lined slippers. With an effort she opened her eyes and drove the picture from her mind.

She must try to think of the thing that lay before her now. Again and again she tried to force her mind to immediate plans, but her thoughts wandered. She could not hold them.

The porter was sweeping near her. She went over to the other end of the station. In spite of the wet sawdust sprinkled over the floor, the air was thick with dust. A damp, unsanitary odor hung about. The silence and emptiness of the place were emphasized by the hollow, echoing sound that came now and then as the porter's broom hit against a seat or pushed a spittoon aside. He finished at last, took up the dirt in a battered dust pan, and disappeared through a door near the ticket window.

There was something almost ghastly about the long row of empty seats. Scarred and stained, they seemed to be wearily waiting for the onslaught of the day. The closed newsstand in the corner, the tarnished brass railing around it, even the penny-in-the-slot machine against the wall had an air of patient endurance, of dreary waiting.

She watched the great clock over the ticket window, and wondered what the morrow would bring her. Where would she be in twenty-four hours? What was going to be her life?

Somehow, she was less hopeful, less assured. She tried to feel the courage and confidence that she had felt while she crouched in the closet—but she could not. Again she told herself that she would be free—free! But that word did not bring the glow of joy that it had brought.

For the first time she began to realize that she had very little money, and it might be difficult to find work. And what could she do? She knew nothing of work—and she was not strong.

Her headache was growing worse, her back ached, she ached all over, and there was a strained, sick feeling in her throat. Again and again the picture of her bedroom, with its warmth and luxurious comfort, came before her—and again and again she forced it away.

The stirrings of early morning became apparent now. A guard passed through, and a few passengers straggled in. From outside came the sound of rattling chains and creaking timbers. She got up and went on board the ferry.

It was barely dawn—a chill, gray dawn. The mist was heavy over the bay. The motion of the boat increased the feeling of faintness that was creeping over her. Slowly the ferry swung into the Jersey City slip. A crowd of people stood waiting for the gates to open. She wondered vaguely why there were so many—it was still very early. And then she realized that they were the working people, carrying lunch boxes and bundles; men and women with tired, worn faces, hurrying over to work in the shops and factories of New York.

She passed into the waiting room to rest a few moments, to wait until the dizziness from the boat had passed away. More working people came hurrying through. A whistle blew, there was the sound of clanking gates, and the ferry moved off. And still they came.

With a strange feeling of dread at her heart that she could not then have analyzed, her eyes sought out the women, their pale, tired faces and shabby clothes. They all seemed prematurely old. One was sitting opposite, a woman with refined features, who might have been attractive but for her haggard look and her shabbiness. She noticed the faded black suit, the shoes, rusty and shapeless, and the bit of bedraggled petticoat that showed under her skirt.

Then it came to her with sudden, sickening force—what this going away would mean. The wearing of cheap, coarse clothes and the doing without things that she had always had. And work—work—work! And what could she do? She would probably be capable of earning less than the woman opposite. She had less strength, less endurance, and certainly less knowledge of work. There was not one thing she knew that would have any marketable value. Ease and idleness had been her birthright.

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She caught a glimpse of her own face in the mirror of a slot machine near by. How old she looked! It was the loss of sleep, the mental and physical strain. How mercilessly it told upon her.

Again she looked at the woman opposite. It would be only a little while before she would look as old. She thought of the massage, the baths, the drives, the long hours of sleep—of all the time and money that was required to keep her youth. How long would it last under hardships, privations, and ceaseless work? That was what freedom would mean—a pitiful struggle for existence and a hastened old age.

A man standing near was carrying a bundle wrapped in a newspaper. She caught the flaring headlines: "Could not find work—she killed herself! Well-educated woman. Had been looking weeks for work. Shot herself in a cheap lodging house on Second Avenue!"

She did not stop to analyze the feeling of terror, of cold, paralyzing terror that swept over her; the impulse to rush back to her home, to that place of security and protection. She never knew just how she recrossed the ferry. She had only vague memories of it here and there; of getting a cab on the other side, of bribing the cabman, and of the fast, whirling ride back through the city.

When at last she stood at the door of her apartment, she was trembling so she could hardly turn the knob. If it should be too late! If he had read her note!

A close odor of stale tobacco met her, the pale, sickly glow of electric lights against the daylight, and the heavy, regular breathing from his bedroom. She could have shrieked aloud with relief. He was still asleep, the note unopened, everything as she had left it.

With feverish haste she tore up the note, turned off the lights, and opened a window. In her own room she threw off her clothes, took a quick, warm shower, and slipped into a silken negligee. Oh, the ease and comfort and luxury of it all! She would never try to leave again. Her effort to break away had only shown her the strength of the bonds, and her own helplessness. And with a shuddering sob she crept into bed, and stretched her tired, aching limbs under the soft linen sheets.

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"YOU FELLERS HAD OUGHT TO TAKE A LOOK AT THAT THERE BILLY HORSE."

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"GOSH"

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

Illustrations by Howard Heath

IN the rolls of that metropolitan fire department he was George Wellman. In the engine house he was "Gosh." For "Gosh!" was his exclamation. And, to the ceaseless delight of the sophisticated and the really profane, he used it a hundred and fifty times a day. He was farm bred. For years he had worked as a hired man. And, in his large, confiding, and altogether likable simplicity, a hired man he had remained.

But what he did not talk about, what, with a queer outcropping of social pride, he had confided only to the captain, was the fact that for the year before he had come to the Greater City and satisfied a life's ambition by putting on the uniform as a fourth grader, he had been a member, in a Lower Lake port, of a longshore gang—a gang which specialized on coal jobs. "Specializing on coal jobs" meant that, working on a tonnage basis, with three buckets and a block and tackle, a gang such as "Gosh" had belonged to could take the coal out of any freighter under sail or steam rather faster than it had been put in by chute or automatic conveying belt. It meant working in an atmosphere so thick that an arc light could have been of use only to mark its own location. Nor, when the job was done, was there any stoker's "plunge" or "shower" awaiting.

Unsuspected by Gosh, one characteristic of the old life had stayed with him. To say it frankly, he had an exasperating inability to know when he had not got all the "smoke" off. Sometimes, after a particularly thick fire, his wrists would carry waterlines for days. I say exasperating, because that company was a white-collar company in a central downtown district. And while affection for Gosh was warm and universal, "Lord, you know," explained his fellows, "he wants to get it through his nut that Number 19 is a squad that's on parade!"

What *started* the trouble for him was the simple, Simon-pure quality of his democracy. His attitude toward the company was that of threshing-day under the straw-carriers. To him they were all alike—"you fellers." And though Ryan and Carrol, grizzled first-graders and medal men, did not wholly like it, nobody said anything. When, however, the lieutenant, Hannan, found himself included in Gosh's freemasonry, an atmosphere was created of which Gosh himself was conscious. And it puzzled him greatly. But, seeing that every other man in "Number 19" was now hourly and ruthlessly awaiting the moment when Gosh would get his bumps, no light was vouchsafed to him.

He received both two days later, when the battalion chief made his visit. The chief was closeted with the captain in the captain's upper room, when from one of his native interests Gosh had a thought. He climbed the stairs, opened the captain's door without knocking, and said, "You fellers had ought to take a look at that there Billy horse." The battalion chief, a broad Falstaffian man, exploded. The captain exploded, too, but not in the same way. One does not like to be made a fool of in one's own house. . . . Gosh got himself downstairs breathless with astonishment. And twelve hours later he could be heard still "Goshing!" in his sleep.

In the meantime, those twelve hours had, for the captain, been hours calculated to carry a man with an uncertain temper and little sense of humor—and such the captain was—a long distance toward dementia. Five minutes after that battalion chief had reached the next fire station, the captain was called to the telephone. "Say, Cap," came an ecstatic inquiry, "have you fellers took a look yet at that there—?" . . . The next man got only to the "you fellers." But there were few calls that he succeeded in cutting off before they got to that. And, before the day was over he had cut off the Chief, who, needless to say, was not asking about Billy horses. Meanwhile he had been called away

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from every meal. He had been called up three times during the night. And by the next day the whole engine house was in a kind of aching hysteria. Gosh himself had joined it. "Gosh," he said, "unless there was some way of keepin' from *seein'* the old feller, you can't do nothin' else but laugh!"

And when, for the fifth time since noon, some one had insisted that his message was for the captain alone, and the captain had once more answered—to smash the receiver back upon the hook in a fury that now seemed to gasp for breath—even as he passed Gosh on his return, Syme reached under the table and jabbed Gosh in his floating ribs. He went off at once—like a cow with a mangel in her throat.

The captain did what is supposed to be done only in comic pictures: he virtually danced about Gosh. "You great big coal-heavin' fool!" he cried, "what are you on a company like this for, anyway? *I* don't know! — Lord," he whimpered, "if you want to give the bunch somethin' to laugh at, supposin' you look at that for a while!" —and he showed one of Gosh's wrists. "An' that, too!"—he showed the other.

"AW, GO AN' *FIGHT* YOURSELF!"

The laughing stopped like a bunch of firecrackers quenched in ice water. The captain had not got upstairs before he would have given his silver trumpet to take it back again. But there are certain things which are, of their nature, unretractable. Gosh sat where he was, opening and closing his mouth. The color seemed to keep working in deeper and deeper like the mark of a blow. "Aw, *say* now," the lieutenant broke in on the silence, "aw, that's all right now, son. H——, now, the old man was just blowin' off a little. That smoke over on Eleventh's left us *all* smutty as flues. I was just thinkin' I'm needin' to get to the suds *myself*."

"Well, I guess—I guess," said Gosh thickly, "I'll be gettin' to them first. An' I *was* on a coal-heavin' job before I come down here. I had folks was needin' the money. . . . But if you fellers had give me notice that I wasn't your kind—"

"Aw, h——, now! Aw, take a throw, take a throw!" They all pawed awkwardly at him together. "Aw, go an' *fight* yourself!"

II

If, in general, the mills of the gods grind slowly, sometimes they grind at a speed to make fiction itself look foolish. The call—it was the same day—came in on one of the auxiliary service alarms which are thick along the water front. And, as the truck swung out of the narrow cross-town street into the crowded breadth of asphalt that gave upon the pier line, driver and crew began to look for their smoke. Save for that from their own engine, there was none. But the sidewalk population had all begun to tail in one direction. And, jarring across the B. & L. tracks, truck and steamer followed. With the same leadership, they turned off down the double siding that led to the Metropolitan Fuel Company's trestle and coal pockets.

Coal pockets, or hoppers, are of various sorts; but they are all of the same general

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plan, that of a huge, hollow elephant's head. The loaded coal cars are backed laboriously up the slope of the trestle to where it widens and enters the shed above the succession of great steel or timbered bins below. The bin is the pocket proper, the elephant's skull. And it is covered in save for the space between the tracks, through which the cars are dumped. The only mouth or outlet is the big spout, at the end of the elephant's trunk, from which the delivery trucks are filled.

At the top of that Metropolitan trestle and just outside the first pocket, two policemen and a dozen of the company's yard men were running crazily about. At the foot of the trestle another policeman and some of the office staff were trying to keep the crowd back.

The lieutenant, with Ryan and Carrol after him, broke through and ran on up. For a moment Gosh stood uncertainly; then he, too, followed heavily after.

Evidently it was not a fire job; there was neither smoke nor flame to be seen even now. Those Metropolitan yard men—a foreign lot—were all shouting together. But the lieutenant and his truckmen could make out the central fact: some one had "gone down"—fallen into the pocket. And for those who work with hoppered slack, to "go down' has its own significance.

"Why didn't you open her up below and let her out?" shouted Carrol.

"Tague an *hour!* Two hun'ert ton she's got!"

The lieutenant ran to the side of the trestle and megaphoned with his hands. "Fetch a roof line!" But with the noise of the crowd and the ear-numbing pulse of the steamers, he could not make himself heard. He spat an oath and started down for it himself.

And as yet no sound whatever had come up with the dust that belched from the pocket mouth. Ryan gave up trying to make out anything in the clucking babel of Hun and Polack about him, and, flattening himself beside one of the policemen, he looked over. "Cripes! he's in all right," he said, with the queer brutality of those whose business is danger. "Did yuh see who it was?"

"Why, ain't I told you forty times?" shouted about the only American among the shovel men. "It's your *boss*, the *captain!*"

"*What?*"

"*What you say?*"

"Sure it is! It's the first thing I told you. He was over here on inspection duty. You knowed he was, yourself!"

"*God!*"

But both Ryan and Carrol were old men. They still waited the half minute for the lieutenant and orders.

Had they been looking at Gosh, they would have seen that he was already bareheaded and coat free. "I don't know as we better wait for that rope, fellers," he said. "I reckon I know this work well enough to git to him without."

He had twitched out a green-and-yellow handkerchief. He crowded the middle of it into his mouth to get it wet, caught the damp place between his teeth, knotted the ends about his head, and went over. If he hurt himself as he came down, he did not know it. "Cap'n," he called, lifting the handkerchief for a moment—"Boss!" . . . And then to those above in the squared-off murk of light, "I can't get nothin' but his dust—even if it *is* his dust. I'll be goin' on."

Slack can best be described as soft coal dust mixed with screenings. It is so fine, it sets so loosely, that if you fall into it even in the sloping freedom of the yard piles, you find it hard enough to get to the bottom with your head and shoulders clear. And in a big coal pocket, whether the spout be closed or open, it seems to be in the same constant motion. Alternately and unceasingly it is lodged and released by corrugated iron walls, and sustaining beams, and funnel gullet. A chunk of large coal thrown into it will keep it running from nowhere to nowhere for ten minutes. In this alone it possesses a quality of the diabolical.

Gosh had worked little in slack, but he knew it, and he spread himself as he dropped. He closed his mouth tightly, and began to "swim" with the sliding coal. For much of it was still running in a direction away from him; and by that he knew that the captain was still moving; the coal would itself almost take him to his boss. Yet, with every movement of his own, too, in that thick blackness, he seemed to bring down more tons of it. Again and again his hands and arms and almost his clogged-up nostrils were buried.

But just as long as he kept himself flat and moving, he knew that he would "float." *Not* knowing this, Ryan or Carrol, or even Lieutenant Hannan himself, wholly fearless as they were under conditions to which they were accustomed, would in a matter of seconds have been taken with quicksand panic.

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AND THE NEXT MOMENT HE HAD MADE OUT THE CAPTAIN'S HAND AND ARM.

. . . He heard something come slatting down behind him. He knew it was one of the roof lines. But, "The way it is now," he told himself, "I reckon I better not wait to go back for it."

He could hardly see. "Gosh, I wish my winders wasn't so dirty," he breathed. But he blinked them a little cleaner. And the next moment he had made out the captain's hand and arm. The fingers were opening and shutting horribly. Another half dozen feet, and he had hold of the wrist. Then, abandoning all heed for himself, he began to "heft him out." He had almost no lifting, no levering power, and at moments he was half strangled. But the captain had gone in bowed over, he had his face in the hollow of his left arm, and his shoulders were barely

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below the surface. Gosh worked a leg under him, lay back, and heaved. Yet to "heft" him even eight inches, he had to let himself go down at least twenty. Once he had allowed himself to leave the horizontal, all support and foothold dropped from under him as if he were in the "sand" itself. Like quicksand, too, it sucked.

He was in to his hips as he felt the captain's head and the arm still vised over mouth and nose. "I guess he—he didn't have no rag with him," Gosh explained it. He pulled his own handkerchief loose, groped for the captain's face again, bent the arm down, and knotted the handkerchief.

The dust acted upon him at once like that mandarin method of suicide, the gold-beater's skin. One inhalation through the mouth, and the throat seemed to coat and close completely. "I'm needin' that line now," was his thought—as he choked—"and now I ain't got it. . . . Why don't they keep—keep makin' tries with it?" He wondered if it was possible to shout without taking in air. He tried, and produced only that dry, soundless sound we utter in nightmares. But, though every moment going deeper, he fought on to keep the captain up.

As in all such cases, the nerve-breaking thing was the terrible slowness, or seeming slowness, of those who should come to help. But all the while, through the murk and above the slide of the coal, he could hear them shouting—and, high over all, the commanding snarl of the lieutenant. Some of them were wanting to come down. "An' on'y bury the *two* of them!" rasped Hannan. With the word, however, other lines began to come—three, four, five of them. Yet Gosh's eyes were so dirty now that he could not see them. With the arm he didn't need for the captain, he kept waving crazily about his head in the hope that one of those ropes might strike it. At last it did.

The line was noosed, too. Putting forth an effort which sank him below the armpits, he got it over the captain's head and shoulders. It was loose upon him, though. And, while he drew and drew and drew on it, it seemed to grow only the looser. In the semi-consciousness in which he was now laboring and suffocating, he thought he heard some one saying that they'd let go of it at the other end. But, his fingers closing on it by chance, he began to strain again.

It was the signal for which they had been waiting. He felt that roof line grow taut. And, at the same time, it tightened upon *himself*—upon his fore-shoulder and upper arm. He could just perceive that some one else was being lowered into the pocket—when he felt himself drawn against the captain till he was bound to him, and then commence to rise! . . . What had happened was this: The noose end of that rope had, as it fell, double-looped into the shape of a two-leafed clover. In getting the one side of it over the captain's shoulders he had got his own arm through the other. And, in one of his attempts to tighten the loop, he had turned it about his arm a second time.

In the interview in that upstairs room, none of those things which ought to be said after heroic rescues was said at all. The captain was sheepish, and still blackening handkerchiefs. The lieutenant had that in his memory which made his position both awkward and confusing. As for Gosh, he was the least comfortable of any of them, since, among gentlemen, he who sees his fellowman a debtor to him in an amount he cannot pay, must always be the most uncomfortable.

But the captain finished somehow. "We're recommendin' you for a medal," he said again. "It's as big a thing as the Department can give, but you'll see you'll get it."

And, three months later, on the eve of parade and presentation day, they called him up again for a little necessary coaching.

"You see, you never been at a review," said Hannan. "And you wouldn't want to make no breaks, now, nor anything."

"Gosh, no!"

"They're presented by the mayor, y'know," said the captain, "an' the chief, an' a big bunch of judges, an' a lot more like that. And we was just thinkin', the loot'nant an' me, that if they got talkin' to you, an' you had to do any talkin' back—on'y to answer questions, o' course—" He halted again, and looked sorely at Hannan. Both of them knew exactly the thing they wanted to say—but they could not say it.

"Sure," said Hannan. "As the captain was expressin' it, you want to be just sort of a little careful in the kind of lingo—in the way you speak to them, y'know."

Gosh looked very nervous, and yet as if they had helped him. "Gosh," he said, "I reckon I'll have to get through it some way. But maybe, now, one of *you* fellers 'll be there to set me right?"

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NERVOUSNESS—A NATIONAL MENACE

By SAMUEL McCOMB, D.D.

Associate Director of the Emmanuel Movement

NOT long since, a young and highly intelligent professional man—an officer in the navy—called to see me in my study in Emmanuel Church. He looked a singularly healthy and virile specimen of humanity. Yet he began his story with these words:

"Do not be deceived by my appearance; I am the most unhappy soul in Boston. If ever a man has been cursed by fate, I am that man. I am in the grip of fear—sheer, unmitigated, irrational fear. I cannot enter a railroad car, or a church, or an elevator, without being suddenly seized with an insane dread of I know not what. My heart beats violently; I gasp for breath; sometimes the perspiration breaks out all over me; my one thought is to get into the open air. When I attend a theatre, or a concert—as I must do occasionally in order not to excite comment among my friends—I stipulate for a back seat, where I sit in indescribable misery, longing for the moment when the entertainment shall be over.

"But this is not all," he went on. "One fear gives rise to another. My brother has been similarly afflicted. On one occasion I took him to a physician who told me that he was on the verge of insanity. Then the thought flashed across my mind: 'What if I, too, am going insane!' and for a time my mental agony was enough to make the apprehension come true. And now a still more terrible fear is beginning to take hold on me: *I am afraid of myself; strange thoughts come into my mind.*"

The poor fellow looked at me meaningly. I understood him; he meant suicide. The first thing to be done was to have him thoroughly examined by a physician. The physician reported that no organic disease could be detected; that drugs were useless; and that what the patient needed was some moral and psychic treatment. By sympathetic probing it was discovered that in boyhood he had been locked up in his room for some offense against the domestic peace. During his imprisonment he had a severe attack of facial neuralgia. He could not get out of the room in order to find relief, and for hours he endured such pain and terror as left a deep impression on his mind. It was the terror of those hours' experience that became a kind of subconscious possession. Later, under the stress of fatigue, overwork, and strain, it broke forth in the forms he so piteously described to me. What he needed was not a drug, but an explanation of his trouble and a method of reëducating his mind and will. Once he gained these, he felt better, and he is now like a man from whom some great burden has been lifted.

Later in the same day on which the naval officer came to me, a physician was ushered in. On his face was a drawn and somber expression. "You will be astonished," he said, "that I, a doctor of medicine, should come to you for help; but there is nothing the matter with me physically. I hold two first-class life-insurance policies, one of them recently issued. I am sound in wind and limb, and am counted very successful in my profession. Yet I am far from happy. I have come to the conclusion, from a study of my symptoms, that I am suffering from some disease of the soul; you are a clergyman, and I come to you to diagnose my case and to prescribe some remedy."

In the conversation that ensued, it became clear that this brilliant medical man had been born with a nervous predisposition which revealed itself in a pessimistic view of the world, in a morbid love of the past and in an equally morbid fear of the future. When he left home for college, some words, recalled from a book he had read, filled him with a sense of foreboding: "And so he turned his back for the last time upon the only home that he had ever known, and the scenes of his boyhood

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days disappeared from his view." While at college, he was able to look forward to nightly sleep as a relief from the melancholy reflections of the day; but from the time that he entered on his professional career, his sleep became bad and broken. Though able to fall into unconsciousness on getting into bed, he usually awoke at a very early hour with a sudden start, as though a pistol had been fired near him, and into his mind would come some misery-provoking thought that rendered further rest impossible.

On top of his insomnia came extreme self-consciousness, which made it difficult for him to meet strangers or to undertake any new piece of work. His whole life was threatening to become an incessant struggle with all sorts of phantasmal wretchedness. He had tried all the various therapeutic devices his own knowledge suggested, such as life in the open air, gymnastics, baths, electricity; but his morbidity still grew, and his unhealthy self-analysis had hardened into a habit. "There are times," he said, "when it seems to me as if I needed a new philosophy of life—give me that, and I will leave this place a well man."

WHAT IS NERVOUSNESS?

It is to the nature and curative treatment of the semi-nervous, semi-moral miseries illustrated by the cases of these two persons that I propose to devote this article. There is, perhaps, no term more frequently used and less understood than the word "nervousness." "It is all my nerves," say the neurasthenic, the alcoholic, the insomniac, the sufferer from tics and spasms, and a hundred other children of melancholy, in explanation of their particular misery. Obviously, such a formula explains nothing, and is merely a veil for our ignorance. What do we mean when we say that a person is nervous? We mean that the force, or energy, the mysterious something which vitalizes the nerve-tissue and which makes possible sensation, motion, reflex action, as well as thought and memory, is not in normal or harmonious working.

In neurasthenia, this nerve energy is depleted or exhausted, and the exhaustion gives rise to a sense of fatigue, to fleeting pains that come and go, to mental instability, and lack of moral poise. In melancholia, it is inhibited, and the sufferer feels that he is lost, damned in this world and likely to be damned in the next. In hysteria, a portion of the nerve force is cut off from the main stream; it becomes, in psychological terminology, "dissociated." In extreme cases this may give rise to double, triple, or quadruple personality, as in Dr. Morton Prince's famous case of Miss Beauchamp, who developed four distinct personalities, each endowed with memories, thoughts, and ideals peculiar to itself.

A NATIONAL MENACE

It is obvious that, owing to the marvelously close interdependence of the mind and the nervous system, nervous matter is the master-tissue of the body, and therefore has peculiarly vital relations to human happiness. And, in spite of recent dogmatic utterances to the contrary, the great curse of American civilization to-day is that we are living too much on our nerves. Hence the widespread growth of functional disorders of the nervous system which are in the main moral or psychical in character—a growth so widespread that not a day passes but we hear of some man prominent in the professional or business world driven into premature retirement because of a nervous breakdown. For the alleviation and elimination of this menace to our social well-being medical science has, for the first time in history, joined hands with religious faith and moral education.

In considering its various forms, let us begin with the neurasthenic.

Like all nervous troubles, neurasthenia is more common among women than among men. The neurasthenic woman has a constant sense of depression. She is easily fatigued; sometimes the slightest effort throws her into a state of painful exhaustion. Yet her breathing is normal, her pulse regular, her muscles are well-developed, and there may be no trace of paralysis or of real muscular fatigue or weakness. She is the victim of what is known as "habit fatigue"—a kind of false weariness which differs from normal, healthy fatigue in that it is not helped, as a rule, by rest. Actions which ought to be mechanical are, because of the undue attention paid to them, changed into psycho-physical actions, which affect the centers of sensation in the brain and give rise to feelings of lassitude and tension, and these feelings in turn react on the muscles.

In other words, the neurasthenic woman expects to be fatigued after even a slight exertion, and therefore regards the intended exertion with apprehension; depression and the

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sense of fatigue are the result. To these miseries mental torments are added. She fears perhaps that she is becoming insane, or that she is losing her memory. This fear, however, is baseless, because when she is carefully tested on these points, she is found to have an excellent memory and to betray no serious mental symptoms. One invariable sign of her state is the tendency to worry, with its consequent insomnia. And the worry and the insomnia react on her mental condition and bring about the depression of which she is always conscious.

The next child of melancholy that claims our attention is the psychasthenic. Psychasthenia is a new word, not to be found in the dictionaries. It was coined by the famous French neurologist, Janet, to designate a type of nervous weakness in which the psychical, or mental, element predominates. The psychasthenic is the victim of fixed ideas or obsessions—is often plagued by agonizing fears; and these fears in turn give rise to all kinds of abnormal impulses, anxieties, paralyses of will-power, feelings of the unreality of the world, or of the strangeness and elusiveness of things in general. The fears with which he may be afflicted are multitudinous, and range from a dread of cats to a dread of living after death. Medical writers baptize these fears with Greek names: thus we have fear of broad places (agoraphobia), fear of narrow places, such as a tunnel or a railroad car (claustrophobia), fear of blushing (erythrophobia), fear of dirt (mysophobia), and so on almost without end.

THE DISEASE OF FEAR

A gentleman of my acquaintance is possessed with an abnormal dread of water. It is positive torture to him to wash himself, and he goes to his bath in much the same state of mind as the doomed criminal on his way to the electric chair. Another is engaged to be married, but the engagement threatens to be eternal, for the mere thought of the matrimonial altar throws the unhappy man into a delirium of doubt, deliverance from which is obtained only by postponement of what ought to be the happiest day in his life. A third sufferer spends her days in washing her hands, but, as in Lady Macbeth's case, the damned spot will not out. To her disordered sense of reality, microbes are there and will not go.

Another type of nerve suffering is represented by the hysteric. Though the disorder is supposed to be peculiar to women, we now know that there are male hysterics as well as female. The hysteric is born with an abnormally suggestible mind. Hence, some idea or emotion gains overpowering influence, and the usual inhibitions are swept away like twigs before a torrent. Sometimes the sufferer is blind or deaf, or develops a phantom tumor, or breaks up into several distinct personalities, or rises into a state of ecstasy, with visions, now beatific, now infernal.

MENTAL CANCER AND TUBERCULOSIS

Put the hysteric under hypnotism, and these conditions frequently disappear—clear proofs that they do not spring from any organic degeneration of the tissue of the body. The hysteric, under the influence of vicious suggestions and auto-suggestions, may become a devil, but controlled by some inspiring creed or noble enterprise, he may become a leader and benefactor of humanity. Unhappily, it is the former type that is by far the more common, and much family and social misery is traceable to this cause.

The next nervous victim to claim our notice is the hypochondriac. On his features anxiety has graven its lines. He is absorbed in his own sensations; his finger is forever on his pulse; the slightest functional irregularity of heart or kidneys or lungs is interpreted to mean organic cardiac disease, Bright's disease, tuberculosis. He has generally a medicine chest at home containing a fine assortment of the cure-alls of the patent medicine fraternity. He spends his substance on quacks, and becomes, as Forel remarks, "a voluntary milch-cow for all licensed and unlicensed swindlers." The writer knows a man firmly but irrationally convinced that he is suffering from cancer of the stomach. The least uncomfortable sensation in the gastric region confirms the belief of a disordered imagination. Several of the greatest medical experts in the country have assured this patient that his stomach is as healthy as that of a rhinoceros—but to no purpose.

The hypochondriac is often a confirmed melancholiac. He is lost, he is an outcast from God and man, he is damned, there is no hope for him in this world or in any other world. On things in general there lies a dark pall, and no ray of light can shine through. Given up to morbid self-analysis, careless of

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friendships and of work, he sinks deeper and deeper into the slough of wretchedness.

For our last illustration we will take the insomniac—a figure all too common to-day. "Without sleep and without hope," says Immanuel Kant, "man would be the most miserable of beings." Too often the man without sleep is a man without hope. His days are made wretched by thoughts of the coming night. He is obsessed with the fixed idea that he cannot sleep, and this very idea serves to tighten the clutches of the curse that has fallen upon him. And what pen can describe his nights—in which the brain cells keep up ceaseless activity, and the cross currents of thought are flung to and fro without purpose and without reason, and the soul exhausts itself in searching for some escape!

Such are some of the typical sufferers who in hundreds seek relief at the hands of the physicians, psychologists, and clergymen who carry on the work of the Emmanuel Movement. A question of great importance now arises: What has brought these persons to so lamentable a pass?

THE EMMANUEL MOVEMENT'S SERVICE

But this is a question very hard to answer. For, if we would know why a man has become nervous, we must not only penetrate his entire past, but we must learn with what predispositions, physical and mental, he came into the world. Every one is what he is, in part through what he has brought with him into the world, and in part through what he has experienced and suffered in the action and reaction of life and environment. The newly-born child is not a blank sheet, but the product of what his parents have been and have experienced. The subject of heredity is at present one of the most hotly disputed of scientific themes, but the fact that there is such a thing as nervous inheritance nobody denies.

On the other hand, it would be a mistake to suppose that we are all the victims of a gloomy physiological fate. Thirty years ago, this was one of the predominating ideas in literature and science; to-day, the pendulum has swung to the other side, and more and more the emphasis is being laid on training, education, and environment. Hence, practical men will turn from the predisposing to the exciting causes of nervous trouble. To the question: Why does a man become depressed or discouraged, the victim of fears and fixed ideas, the slave of insomnia or alcoholism?—the answer must be: Probably through a variety of causes, partly physical, partly mental, and partly arising out of the sufferer's surroundings.

Therefore, if we are to go to the root of the mischief, we must bring to bear a combination of forces, medical, psychical, religious, and social. We are at last coming to see that functional disorders of the nervous system no longer form a purely medical problem, but that we must enlist for their relief the combined resources of half a dozen different professions. This idea is, I believe, the contribution which the Emmanuel Movement has made to the solution of one of the most vexing problems of our time.

RELIGION AND MEDICINE JOIN HANDS

I now pass on to speak of the methods employed by the Emmanuel workers in the treatment of these miseries. But before doing so, I would call attention to the practical working of the clinic. Any person may apply for treatment irrespective of religion or color or station. No fees are taken by the ministers for any services they may render; the work is supported by voluntary contributions. No person is received for treatment until he has been thoroughly examined by his physician and has gained his approval. In case the patient has no physician, he must choose one and put himself in his care before he can receive treatment. It must also be specially noted that throughout the administration of the psychic and moral remedies which I am about to describe, the patient continues under the care of a physician, who prescribes, if he deems it necessary, medicine, a physiological *régime*, electricity, baths, and the like. The plan will thus be seen to be based upon an idea to which I have already referred: that of the interdependence of the mind and the nervous system. The methods are:

(1) *Suggestion.* There is perhaps no word more frequently used and less understood. In the therapeutic sense, we may define suggestion as the method of influencing thought and feeling through ideas which work, not in the clear light of consciousness, but in that region of the mind which lies, as it were, below the threshold of consciousness, and which we now know exercises a deep influence upon our mental, moral, and physiological life.

The means by which the idea may be conveyed are various: now it is the spoken word,

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now a gesture, again an electrical or mechanical shock, and still again the subtle and indefinable quality of an inspiring personality. We do not know *how* suggestion operates, but we do know that the smallest physical process depends on the nerve impulse belonging to it, that these nerve impulses take their origin in the activity of the brain, that the activity of the brain is associated with states of thought, and that these states of thought can be influenced by a word or a look or a gesture—that is, by suggestion. Suggestion, in the sense in which it is here used, implies that there is an element in our inner life which can produce mental effects without consciousness. To this activity various names have been given, such as "subconscious," "unconscious," "subliminal," and so forth.

Now, suggestion is an attempt to reach and control this subconscious activity. The suggestion may be administered when the patient is in the peculiar psychical state called hypnotic. In this state the consciousness is "dissociated," that is, the subconscious is split off, as it were, from the conscious, and can be directly and powerfully affected. Manifold experiment has shown that hypnotic suggestion can quicken or retard the pulse, can promote or hinder digestion and elimination, can raise redness and blisters on the skin, can heighten and lower the temperature, can affect the circulation of the blood so as to cause or dissipate congestion, can, in the psychical sphere, unlock pent-up energies, remove mental and moral inhibitions, unify sundered states of consciousness, and lift the whole man up to new levels of power.

HOW "SUGGESTION" WORKS

At Emmanuel Church, however, hypnotic suggestion is used only in a small group of specially intractable cases, and then only by medical advice and under medical supervision. Our usual method is what is known as *waking suggestion*. We can suggest to the patient while he is in perfect possession of his faculties. He is induced to relax himself mentally and physically. His eyes are closed. The room is shaded. Everything is still. These measures are taken in order to induce a state of mind favorable to the reception of the suggestions. These suggestions are short, precise exhortations to self-control, to inward peace, to unselfish thought and regard for others. They aim at raising the patient out of weakness into a sense of mastery and power. The value of waking suggestion seems to lie in the fact that for the time the patient is shut up to health-provoking ideas, which serve to inhibit the power of bad self-suggestions and to fill the mind with an enthusiastic hope of betterment. This, in turn, reacts beneficially on the physical organism.

EDUCATION AS A REMEDY

(2) Valuable as is suggestion in tapping the subconscious mental region of its mischievous elements, there are types of nervousness, especially those of long standing and associated with wrong mental attitudes, in which it must be supplemented by another psychological remedy, technically called *psychical reëducation*. This may be described as a kind of mental gymnastic. Just as an athlete can train certain groups of muscles to do his bidding, so it is possible to exercise particular groups of thoughts and feelings until they dominate the mind and crush out the influence of other thoughts and feelings that only rack and harass the nervous system. The first step in the process of reëducation is to break down the fixed idea of the sufferer that his disorder is incurable. To do this, you must fill his mind with the conviction that he can get well. As in suggestion you try to influence his subconscious mind, so in reëducation you are seeking to persuade his conscious reason. "The nervous patient is on the path to recovery," says Dubois, the Swiss specialist, "as soon as he has the conviction that he is going to be cured."

The next stage in the process is explanation. Sometimes the cause of a trouble goes away back to some forgotten experience in childhood. Sometimes it springs from a violation of a moral or physiological law; sometimes it has its roots in uncongenial employment or in an unhappy environment at home. Whatever be the cause, it is necessary that the patient should thoroughly understand it. Half the misery of nervous troubles is that they are so elusive, that the sufferer often misinterprets and exaggerates their significance.

But now let us take a concrete case and see how the reëducative method works. There came to me some time ago a prominent business man on whose shoulders lay grave financial responsibilities. Owing to the general depression of the money market, he began to worry. His worry led to insomnia, his insomnia led to indigestion, and the indigestion in turn deepened the insomnia, which, in its

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turn, increased the worry. Thus the unhappy man found himself caught in a vicious circle. The problem was, how was he to break through and escape into normal life? It was attacked from the point of sleep. In the first place, he was told that, the secret of sleep being the inducing of a state of mental monotony, it was necessary to exclude all vivid sensorial impressions, such as noise, light, bodily discomfort. And as, for the same reason, brain activity must be reduced to its lowest level, he was instructed to avoid all stimulating foods and drinks and all occupations of an exciting character. His fear of not sleeping, however, was so great that, even after careful obedience to physical rules, he found himself little or not at all improved.

It was necessary then to apply suggestion. He was placed in a comfortable reclining chair, the room was slightly darkened, he was informed that no trouble was so amenable to suggestion as insomnia, and that in a few minutes he would probably be asleep. This idea he at first resented, and he violently argued against it; but he was at length convinced by the scientific proofs put before him. I suggested to him that there was nothing organically wrong with him and that, therefore, there was no reason why he should not sleep. In a few minutes he was sunk in a sound, natural slumber, and remained so until I woke him, in an hour's time. On the next and succeeding visits the expectation of going to sleep brought about sleep. All I had to do was simply to point to the chair and tell him to sleep.

THE SECRET OF SLEEP

For some time he came regularly in order to get what he called the happiest hour in the twenty-four. He was instructed as to the effect upon sleep of mental preoccupation, such as anxiety, worry, fear. An appeal was made to his moral and religious instincts to come to the rescue. A more optimistic attitude toward life was gently insinuated. Though at first he could not sleep at home, while able to sleep in my study, after a time he ceased his visits to me, having realized that sleep could be found wherever heart and soul were at rest.

Take a case of pathological fear. A gentleman afflicted with a fear of entering an elevator or crossing a bridge recently came to us for help. Now, in these pathological fears it is necessary to avoid two extremes. The sufferer must be taught, on the one hand, not to plunge into the very conditions which throw him into misery, nor, on the other hand, to avoid them altogether. These fears are overcome by a slow, gradual process. In the case referred to, I persuaded the patient to enter half a dozen elevators in different parts of the city, and to ascend to the first floor. This was enough work for several days. After a little, the ascent to the first floor gave him no trouble, and he began to regard it with indifference. Then he practised riding to the second floor, until in the course of several weeks he was able to ascend with comfort to almost any height. During this time the same method was taken to rid him of his fear of crossing bridges.

IS RELIGION A POWER?

In this connection, it is worth noting that many persons to-day need a moral and religious reëducation. In spite of all our preaching and teaching, there are thousands even of church-going people who are unable to find in religion the power that will generate a living faith and give the soul safe anchorage amid the storms and stresses of experience. Dubois, agnostic though he be, frankly confesses that if the Christian religion were a reality, it would be the best preventive against the maladies of the soul and the most powerful means of curing them. But he thinks that its power has died out, overwhelmed by the inroads of materialism and skepticism.

On the other hand, I believe that religion has still power to create "a soul under the ribs of death." Faith in the beneficent Power that rules the universe can enter the dark places of experience to cast out the demons of fear, worry, passion, despair, remorse, overstrained grief, and disgust of life. The way to test whether this is so is to try it on a sufficiently large and varied group of persons, to keep careful records, and to abide by the results. Physicians, however famous, who have made no use of the moral and religious motive, are not in a position to deny its efficacy, and if they were truly scientific, they would not do so. In a universe such as this, it is folly to pronounce anything possible or impossible. All we know is that things happen or that they do not happen.

Certain it is that many nervous disorders to-day may be traced back to a moral cause. Selfishness, secret wrong-doing, undue claims upon the world, lead to worry, and worry is

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one of the most prolific causes of neurasthenia and allied troubles. Again, the sense of some moral fault, which has perhaps brought down a storm of public criticism, leads to a profound depression of mind which in its turn disorders the bodily health. There is perhaps no greater proof of the influence of mind over body than the physical misery into which the criticism of our acts by our neighbors can plunge us. A striking illustration of this truth was supplied not long ago by the fate which overtook nearly all the financial magnates who figured prominently in the insurance scandals. Now if the Christian minister, as a teacher of religion and ethics, has no healing and reconciling word for troubles such as these, it would be much better for him to remain silent, and by his silence confess that religion has no longer a place among the vital interests of the world.

THE WORK CURE

(3) *Work*. When a man breaks down nervously, the first thought that occurs to him and to his friends is that he has been overworking and that what he needs is a rest. This notion, however, in the great majority of cases is a fallacy. No doubt in certain acute exhaustive conditions of the nervous system, where there is real, or physical fatigue, as distinct from psychical fatigue, a rest is an imperative necessity. As a nervous breakdown, however, is rarely brought about by overwork, but by work plus worry and insomnia, or even by certain emotions, what is needed is not a cessation of work but a new method of working. The nervous sufferer breaks down not from overwork, but from working in the wrong way, from wasting power by worry and internal friction.

To find out what is wrong in the way a person works and to show him a better way, is one of the newer methods of dealing with nervous sufferers. To give up work—the first instinct of the man from whom nature exacts her penalty for some violation of her laws—is, as a rule, a mistake. For work, which is a necessity for the normal man, is just as necessary for the abnormal. Carlyle expressed a truth which modern physicians corroborate when he said that "even in the meanest sorts of labor the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony the instant he sets himself to work. Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself—all these, like hell-dogs, lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker as of every man; but he bends himself with free valor against his task, and all these are still, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves."

Some time ago there called upon me a young man well known and highly respected in theatrical circles. He is an actor of more than average power and skill, and has played many parts with credit and distinction. He had, however, at the time of his visit to me, fallen into profound psychasthenic weakness. He complained of the usual sensations—a sense of constriction in the head, various pains and discomforts in the limbs, a tendency to doubt and hesitation, utter inability to make a decision even in trivial matters, apparent incapacity to work, a sense of despair about the future, and, in general, a condition of disintegration, mental, moral, and physical. To quote his own words, "I am an utter wreck, my career is over, and what is to become of me God only knows."

For months every known remedy was tried, but all to no avail. He had no lack of friends or of opportunities to work, but he was so absorbed in his sensations that these awakened no interest within him. At last he was induced to spend an hour daily in a simple and unremunerative but useful occupation. Even this hour meant a hard struggle for him, but he persevered. Gradually the hour was lengthened into several hours; his attention was gradually withdrawn from his nerve-wasting emotions, and after a time he was enabled to take up again his professional work. At the present time he is engaged in playing with his old success before crowded houses. Work has been his salvation.

The victim of nervous misery to-day can take heart of hope. Psychology, or the study of the human mind and its relations to the body, is no longer a sterile virgin, but, since her union with the science of medicine, has become fruitful and a blessing to humanity. No one profession is learned enough and skillful enough to cover all the needs of the human soul. Hence the rise of a movement which aims at a combination of the physician, the minister of religion, and the social worker, so that a more effective assault may be made upon the forces producing those maladies of the soul that threaten the well-being of the individual and of society.

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Photograph by White

NELLIE McCOY AND HARRY WATSON
IN "THE SILVER STAR."

The Players

THIRTY men contributed $3,000,000 to build and equip the New Theatre in New York, a theatre which, in the language of its directors, "is intended primarily as an institution of service. It is to serve the cause of dramatic art and so serve the playgoer. It is not subsidized, but, by its constitution, it may pay no dividends. Should profits accrue, they will be converted to a permanent endowment fund devoted to the enlargement of the scope of the enterprise."

Among the founders of the New Theatre are many who have given equally large sums to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, to the Museum of Natural History, to various

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VALLI VALLI AS "ALICE COWDER" IN "THE DOLLAR PRINCESS."

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GEORGE NASH, JOHN STOKES, AND ADELAIDE NOWAK IN "THE HARVEST MOON."

philanthropic institutions, and this without exciting wonder. Many of these same founders had previously subscribed large sums toward building a home for grand opera in New York, and for years they helped maintain grand opera at a heavy annual loss. This did not cause amazement. Indeed, the men who made grand opera possible in New York, who paid out huge sums for the education of the public, were regarded as benefactors.

But when these same men followed an exactly similar course for the establishment of a theatre with high artistic ideals, most people were startled. They could not at first believe it. When they were finally convinced of the reality of the scheme, some, it is true, were overjoyed; but it is to be feared that a majority regarded the enterprise as wildly impracticable and the founders as mere visionaries.

In this country it has come to be accepted as a fact that the business of the theatre is to make money, simply because this always has been the case. The idea of conducting a theatre with the single purpose of presenting the best plays in the most effective, artistic way is a slap in the face to the old, familiar order of things, provocative of a natural human skepticism. For few things arouse greater opposition than an attempt to overturn tradition. When we cannot assail purity of motive, we can always question judgment.

In essence the New Theatre is a training school—for the public, for the actor, for the commercial manager. Its highest mission is to prove that the best plays, presented in the best possible manner, will pay. This can't be done in one season or two. It took something like twenty years to make grand opera pay in New York, to establish one organization on a sound financial footing. Because of its educational function, the New Theatre is as important to the whole country as to New York. Its opening is the most signifi-

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Photograph by White.

FLORA PARKER IN "THE GIRL AND THE WIZARD."

cant event in the history of the American stage.

It started with many handicaps, not the least of which is that too much is demanded of it; but the most serious of all is the apparently vast size of the theatre and the defects in its acoustics. The plan was to make the building and the equipment the very best possible; there was substantially no expense limit. Never in any building devoted to a similar purpose has there been such forethought and such lavish expenditure for the comfort and pleasure of patrons. The stage and its accessories are probably the finest in the world.

The exterior of the building is splendid and impressive in its beauty and dignity, and in its simplicity. One enters its doors—to be surprised at its spaciousness, in foyers, in lounging and dressing rooms, in the corridors, which are called "circulations." Nothing could be more generous, in more admirable taste.

Then one enters the auditorium—to be overwhelmed by its size and its gorgeousness, by its over-elaboration. It seems that not a single space has been allowed to escape the decorator. One can find no relief anywhere, save when the eye rests upon lovely glass light-brackets against red curtains. The color scheme is gray and gold. One studies the detail and finds it beautiful; but the *ensemble* is oppressive in its lavish ostentation. It makes upon a simple soul the impression of a huge exotic.

The orchestra, with its wonderfully comfortable big chairs, is wide and shallow. Back of it are the boxes of the founders, arranged in a horseshoe. Above the boxes is a shallow gallery, to be known as the foyer stalls. Then comes what is called the first balcony, which begins near the huge and very elaborate proscenium boxes on either side, and extends to the front of the building, giving enormous seating capacity. Above this is another gallery. The ceiling is of great height, and extravagantly adorned.

Because of its size and its wealth of decoration, this auditorium suggests grand opera rather than drama. And indeed it seems that this was the intent of the man who made the project possible.

The idea of a theatre to be conducted somewhat along the lines of this house has been agitated in New York for

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nearly twenty years. Various organizations have been formed from time to time. But it was the late Heinrich Conried who made the idea a fact. To him belongs the credit for the New Theatre. And I believe that if it should not succeed, he will also be responsible in large part for the failure.

Conried began life in the Hofburg Theatre in Vienna as a scene shifter. He won fame in New York as the manager of the German Theatre, and a fortune when he was made director of the Metropolitan Opera House. Strong opposition to him developed among those who own the Metropolitan. Conried persuaded his supporters among the owners to subscribe the money for the New Theatre. He outlined a definite plan for a fine stock company conducted along lines similar to those of subsidized theatres in Germany, varied with performances of opera.

An authority who is absolutely trustworthy assures me that Conried's real idea was to build one of the finest opera houses in the world, with himself in absolute, unopposed control. Most of the contracts with the great singers were in his name, and he could effect a transfer to the New Theatre without difficulty. The character of the original plans supports this idea. My informant says that Conried's intention was to give the dramatic feature an apparently fair trial and have it demonstrated that the magnificent building was unfitted for plays, but an ideal home for opera, and that only his long illness and his death prevented him from carrying out this plan.

When Conried's illness compelled him to retire from the enterprise, Winthrop Ames, of Boston, a Harvard man of means, who had made the theatre his life work, and had added to intelligent study practical experience as the manager of a stock company, was selected as director of the New Theatre. Conried's plans were greatly modified. For one thing, the size of the auditorium was cut down one third, and it would have been made even smaller if this had been practicable.

Measured by seating capacity, the New Theatre is not enormous, holding 2,200 against the 3,500 of the Metropolitan Opera House and about 1,800 in the Broadway Theatre. The height of the ceiling and the receding galleries are probably responsible for the impression of great size. And this of necessity causes a sense of aloofness, of detachment from the action of the stage, which adds a

Photograph by White.

EDITH BRADFORD IN "THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER."

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VIOLET HEMING AS "REBECCA" IN "REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM."

serious handicap to the difficulties that are a part of every theatrical representation. The more completely an audience can be made to feel a sense of intimacy with the characters in a play and its action, the more easily is the audience influenced.

Another unavoidable handicap is the almost universal disposition to demand too much of the New Theatre from the beginning. Most people seemed to expect something wonderful and unprecedented at the very start. This is unfair. In a considerable measure its success must depend upon the players, and to build up a stock company of great excellence will take time. The system that has prevailed for years hasn't made good stock actors. They must be trained. And as for players competent to essay parts in classic plays, there are very few among the younger actors in America. That is why so many players of English training are in the New Theatre stock company.

The first production was "Antony and Cleopatra," with E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in the title *rôles*—not as stars, but as members of the stock organization; and

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they acquitted themselves with no greater distinction than the other members. As a production it was beautiful, but no more impressive than William Faversham's production of "Herod." As to acting, Mr. Sothern never rose above the commonplace, while Miss Marlowe was worthy of herself in only one scene.

Following, came "A Cottage in the Air," a stage version of "Priscilla's Fortnight," by Edward Knoblauch—so light a trifle that it was not worth presenting at all.

Then came a play in which the New Theatre proved itself—"Strife," by John Galsworthy, a drama truly notable because of its strength and significance. Its character and the size of the cast—no fewer than thirty persons being named on the bill—are such that it is not conceivable that an American manager would present the play to make money. There is none of the so-called stage love-interest, no mawkish sentimentality, no appeal to silly prejudice, in this drama of capital and labor. In fact, it violates all the accepted and utterly false managerial rules. But it has substance,

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LEW FIELDS IN "OLD DUTCH."

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Photograph by Bangs.

FLORENCE MARTIN AS "ROSE RAGLAN" IN "THE MIDNIGHT SONS."

power, and tremendous, gripping interest. It is always human. The author shows two men, strong in their honest fanaticism, battling with each other. In the end, both are broken and thrown aside by their fellows, who can no longer endure the suffering that the two have caused. "Strife" is a dramatization of many a real strike, and it makes nearly every other labor play I ever saw seem cheap and foolish in comparison.

It is true that the scene was transferred from England to this country, a shift by which nothing was gained, because care was not taken to change familiar Briticisms. Then, too, a majority of the leading actors spoke with an English inflection, which one doesn't expect in the vicinity of a tin-plate mill in Ohio. But this was a small detail, forgotten quickly because of the fine quality of the play and of the acting. From Louis Calvert, as the president of the company, and Albert Bruning, as *Roberts*, the labor leader, down to the least important character, every *rôle* was played admirably, with nice regard for characterization and balance. The settings and the stage management were especially fine in their effectiveness and significance, which was to be expected under the direction of George Foster Platt, for he is one of the few living masters of that important department of dramatic art. He unites profound knowledge, gained from long experience and

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study, with high artistic ideals, real enthusiasm, and—rarest of all—absolute sincerity.

The New Theatre can do no harm; only good can come of it; and this is true, even if it should fail. Blunders that are on the plane of absolute absurdity may "serve the cause of dramatic art" as effectually as any of its triumphs. It is really an experimental institution. If the average judgment of commercial managers be accepted as a criterion, the directors of the New Theatre will have as much leeway in making mistakes as they possibly could ask. But the simple fact is that they will be criticised by a different standard, and much more harshly. We always ask more of those who do anything for which we expect to pay, even in part, when they declare that making money is not their primary object.

The attitude of most people who want this theatre to succeed is a triumph of hope over expectation.

Managerial wisdom has been so painfully jolted this season that the opening of the New Theatre comes at an opportune time. During November ninety-three road companies were disbanded because they were losing money. The cheerful part—for the public, not the managers—is that the plays didn't deserve to succeed. A manager known as "the melodrama king," because he has made a fortune in sending forth cheap blood-and-thunder thrillers, whose chief asset is really the portrayal of vice with the survival of virtue as an excuse, was reported to have closed fourteen of his companies early in the season because they didn't pay. The explanation given is the popularity of the moving-picture theatres, which undoubtedly are a powerful factor. The real reason lies in the fact that the public is growing better educated, more discriminating. The moving pictures, it is true, have had a lot to do with that, because they hold more thrills than cheap melodrama, and at the same time are infinitely more decent.

It has been demonstrated in the past two or three years that in plays ideas count for more than anything else. But if a play has sentiment or fun, it will succeed without ideas that stimulate thought. The sentiment, however, must be real, not a mawkish counterfeit. And the fun must be honest and wholesome.

"Springtime" is an illustration of the play of pure sentiment. It has the charm, the tenderness, the romance of youth, with all its freshness and sweetness. And all the romance of the production is not on the stage, either. Frederic Thompson, the manager, is profoundly in love with his girlish wife, Mabel Taliaferro, and he wanted a play that would reveal some of the qualities in her that mean so much to him. He found a suggestion in a magazine story, made a *scenario* himself, and got Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson to write the play, because, as he believed, they would bring out the idea better than any dramatists he knew. And he was quite right. They, too, caught the spirit that prompted "Springtime."

Because it was a labor of love and not merely a commercial production, Mr. Thompson had Howard Pyle design the costumes and accessories—and art editors who buy that artist's pictures gasped when they thought how much these paintings must have cost the managers. Also Harry Rowe Shelley was engaged to compose incidental music and to conduct it. Mr. Thompson himself designed the stage settings—no one could do that better—and directed the production.

It succeeded, as it deserved to succeed, this simple, poetic idyl of first love, because of the honesty of its overflowing sentiment, the exquisite personality and acting of Mabel Taliaferro, the beauty of the production, and the excellent cast. The scene is Louisiana, nearly a hundred years ago. One sees the little French girl, who had complacently accepted her betrothal to a distant kinsman, grow into womanhood almost in a moment when she meets and loves the handsome *Gilbert*, only a little older than she. When the two discover that they love each other, it seems natural to the simple-hearted girl that she should follow *Gilbert*, even if he is going to fight with Jackson in the battle of New Orleans. The officers turn her back when the volunteers reach the river, where they embark, and she makes her way home, arriving utterly exhausted.

Her father, meanwhile, has cast her off, ordering the candles to be placed on the altar that always burn when one of the family dies. Then comes the report that *Gilbert* has been killed. The shock makes the girl's mind a blank. Of course it comes out all right in the end, in a scene handled with deep feeling and fine skill. She is so sweet, so pure, so good, so innocent—this little French girl—so piteously anxious to be

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happy, so brave in her suffering, that one cannot help but love her.

Just as "Springtime" is pure sentiment, so is "Seven Days" pure fun—honest, joyous fun. There is nothing people will more gladly pay for than laughter, and in this farce audiences are chuckling all the time when they are not howling. Mary Roberts Rinehart had a notion of which she made a book, and then, with the assistance of Avery Hopwood, she did it over into a play.

It begins with a dinner party in a New York house. The host, a man recently divorced, passes off a young woman as his wife, for the benefit of strong-minded *Aunt Selina*. The cook is suddenly stricken with smallpox and is taken away, with the other servants, while all the other people in the house are quarantined for a week. In addition to the host and his guests, there is his divorced wife, who was making a surreptitious visit to her old home to get something she wanted, as well as a burglar, and a policeman who was pursuing him.

With that as a foundation, any one can see that adroit handling would evolve situation after situation, especially when it is considered that the divorced couple are really in love with each other, and that the girl who poses as the divorced man's wife is in love with one of the party. The efforts of the imprisoned ones to escape, the antics of the burglar, who takes advantage of one woman's belief that she has psychic power, and ever so many other developments make the farce move with rapid-fire action. It is admirably played, with Herbert Corthell as the divorced artist, Hope Latham as his former wife, and Georgia O'Ramey, a newcomer, who possesses remarkable comedy skill of an individual kind, as the make-believe wife.

In no form of stage production has there been such an advance in the past two years as in the musical form. We have had real comic operas that have achieved great success. We are having real musical comedy, and it is enjoying a genuine popularity. When Sam Bernard attempts serious acting, as he does in "The Girl and the Wizard," one might almost be tempted to believe that the uplift notion has struck this form of entertainment. He doesn't fail when he tries to be pathetic—he is too good an actor for that; but he isn't likely to rival his former associate, David Warfield, in drawing tears. J. Hartley Manners wrote a pleasant romantic play, lyrics were interjected by Robert B. Smith and Edward Madden, and Julian Edwards set it all to music—and Mr. Edwards always writes something better than mere jingles. Kitty Gordon, who is a titled lady in England, and very clever, indeed, in an easy, dignified way, and Flora Parker, whose chief accomplishment is prettiness, carry things along when Mr. Bernard is off the stage—which happens infrequently. The star is, of course, Sam Bernard, with the same old accent and mannerisms that make most people howl whenever he moves a muscle.

Frank Daniels, wearing the same kind of a wig that he wore as *Old Sport* when he made his reputation in the Hoyt farce comedy by wanting to "shake the hand of the man that shook the hand of Sullivan," seems to have discovered a fresh well of fun-making in "The Belle of Brittany," an imported English comedy, in which he plays the *rôle* of an impecunious old dandy, who is a real character. There is a plot which is sufficiently well defined to sustain itself, and makes for humor, but Mr. Daniels doesn't need any assistance to that end. All the time he is on the stage he convulses the audience. Between his appearances there are more pretty songs than I can remember in any other musical comedy I ever saw. In the company are Winnie O'Connor, a very popular British singer who isn't likely to be popular in this country; Elsa Ryan, who came over here in "The Three Little Maids," and was straightway adopted; and Frances Kennedy, who made such a hit as the weeping widow in "The Three Twins."

Adeline Genee, who has shown us what dancing really may be, and has convinced a modern public that the stories told of Fannie Elssler and Taglioni may have been true, would make "The Silver Star" a success, even if it could not win favor on its own merits. It is, however, a very fine spectacle, with George Bickel, Harry Watson, and Emma Janvier to supply most of the fun, and Nellie McCoy to look so pretty and to dance so well that she distinguishes herself even on the same stage with Genee. When one has to write of the wonderful little Danish sprite, one feels like the old-time newspaper reporter who started off with: "The scene beggared description," and then proceeded to write three columns to prove it.

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A LITTLE STORY OF REAL LIFE

UNCLE SAMMY AND PEGGY ANN

By Edwilda Nordahl

LOOKING down upon Couldersville from the dusky arch of the covered bridge, it seemed to be only a grove, rather a symmetrical grove, pierced by two church steeples. It lay snuggled in the very palm of a shallow valley. All about it, rimming it and shutting it in, were gentle, rounded hills from which the timber had long been cleared, save where, in the pasture lands, scattered clumps of trees were left for the very practical purpose of making shady resting-places for the cattle.

Four white roads ran into the village—rather, two white roads that crossed and cut into four. Three of them were straight and proper, but one curved unreasonably and wound like a ribbon to pass the home of Uncle Sammie Coulder, the pioneer and father of Couldersville.

The big red brick house, with its green shutters and white stone trimmings, lay warmly against a background of clayey hill. Around it were grouped the farm buildings, the barns bigger than the house and less mellow, being of red painted wood; the granaries, the carriage house, the sheds, and stacks of grain and straw that made splotches of pale gold and orange—the whole color scheme emphasized, yet softened, by the dull-toned orchards and the dark green of cedar trees.

The sun had set; a mist-like purple settled in from the hills. Uncle Sammie folded the county paper he had been reading in the woodshed door, and laid it aside. He took off his spectacles, put them into their leather case, and placed them in his pocket. He sighed and bent forward, his loosely clasped hands swinging idly between his knees. The swallows darted about in the thickening air above his head, the frogs croaked from the pond, a yellow light suddenly shone out from the kitchen window, silhouetting blackly the newly potted geraniums on the sill.

Peggy Ann, Uncle Sammie's daughter, was getting supper; the smell of frying bacon and of coffee came to Uncle Sammie on the chill September evening air. It grew darker and cooler. Uncle Sammie looked longingly toward the red-yellow kitchen light; then he got up and, reaching back into the shed, took a coat from a peg just inside the door and put it on. He shivered a little as he seated himself again on the doorsill and fell once more to the idle swinging of his hands.

At last, crashing through the stillness, the farm bell rang. Peggie Ann had stepped out to ring it—two iron, jangling strokes—and then she fastened the rope to its nail beside the door and went on along the gravel path around the side of the house to the front, where she sat on the edge of the long porch, her feet on the step stone, her body leaning a little wearily against a square, white post.

At the summons, Uncle Sammie got up stiffly from the woodshed door. He stood a minute to take the cramp out of his legs, then went slowly into the kitchen. The

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lamplight made him blink at first, after the darkness. He went to the cheerful stove and held out his hands and rubbed them in the warmth. Then he washed them at the kitchen sink with warm water from the reservoir, dried them at the roller towel, and went to the table set out for one; one plate, one knife, one fork, the victuals in dishes grouped about, one cup of coffee poured, and, handy beside it, the coffeepot, the sugar bowl, and the cream pitcher. A dogged grimness seemed to tighten and settle on his little old face as he ate and, having finished, pushed his chair gratingly back, and disappeared through the sitting-room door into the dark interior of the house.

Peggy Ann came in. She removed her father's plate; placed a fresh one for herself at the opposite end of the table; regrouped the dishes; heated the coffee and poured herself a cup; then ate her supper. When she had washed the dishes, shaken out and folded the red tablecloth, brushed the stove hearth, and swept up about it, she lighted a lamp from the clean and shining row on the shelf behind the stove, and went through the long hall upstairs to her room.

She placed the lamp on her bureau and drew a small old rocking-chair under its rays; then she brought from a closet shelf her workbasket with a starched white apron folded on it. She tied the apron about her waist and took from the basket, carefully rolled in a white cloth, her crochet work, and fell to adding pineapple scallops to the yards of rolled and pinned lace.

Peggy Ann was a thin, ashy-pale little woman, somewhere near fifty. Her hair had once been red; it was neither red, nor brown, nor gray now; but something of all and not much of any, for it was very thin; so thin that the ungraceful contour of her head showed painfully through it. Nevertheless, there was a fringe in front conscientiously frizzed. Her lips were tightly compressed, with little perpendicular pleats in them, and her thin ears stood out sharply. She wore heavy glasses over dim, near-sighted eyes. Peggy Ann was not lovely. Her red, large-knuckled fingers flew as she counted the stitches, but her mind worked double—half keeping track of the needle and half thinking that it was getting cold of an evening. Her breath made a little white cloud about her lips, and her fingers felt clumsily numb. There would have to be a fire lighted soon—and then what?

Peggy Ann had never had a stove in her room. There was only one fireplace in the whole upstairs; it was in the company room. She could move in there—but, suddenly Peggy Ann yearned for the old time her mind pictured—the big sitting-room with its wide fireplace between the chimney presses; the red carpet; the lace curtains; the green covered center-table, big and wide and roomy, with the shaded lamp; her father, with his paper, on one side, she with her crocheting on the other. Her father would sometimes read aloud a little here and there—things that interested him, without much thought whether or not they interested his hearer; but they were cheerful evenings, and Peggy Ann had enjoyed them. They were the pleasantest, most intimate times she had ever known, and her starved, stingy little heart throbbed painfully at these recollections coupled with the cold feeling of their loss—for Peggy Ann and her father were not on speaking terms.

It was no unusual thing for the members of Uncle Sammie Coulder's family to be estranged. Uncle Sammie could never get along with his children, and they got along badly with each other; but it was the first time he and Peggy Ann had quarreled. She was the oldest of his eight children, and since the mother's death, fifteen years gone, they two had lived alone. They were never sociable; Peggy Ann was not that kind of a daughter. But she had done her duty by him as she saw it, and he had appreciated it in a way—not in a way that voiced its thanks; but Peggy Ann had seemed to understand, and they were both as nearly contented as it was in their natures to be.

The trouble now between them was of another's making, and it had begun five months before on a warm May morning—a Monday morning when Peggy Ann was washing out-of-doors in the shade of the kitchen. Her first rinsing of clothes was done, and she was hanging them on the line in the orchard that stretched from a corner of the woodshed over the fresh, lush grass, dandelion starred, to a pink sweet-apple tree. Over Peggy Ann's head the old boughs shook out great waves of fragrance, and beyond her in the cherry trees, white with glory, the orioles sounded their never ceasing, sharp note of rapture, the bees droned, and the robins sang; but Peggy Ann thought only of its being a good day for drying as she shook out and pinned up the white

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clothes, which in the bright sunlight rivaled the cherry trees for purity.

The side gate clicked, and, immediately after, Peggy Ann caught sight of her sister-in-law Agnes's blue calico form through the fresh-leafed lilacs. She took a clothespin from her mouth to call:

"I'm out here in the orchard, a-hanging out the clothes."

Agnes came to the orchard gate, leaning on it as she fanned her red, moist face with her sunbonnet.

"My! it's hot for the time o' year," she panted.

"Yes, 'tis kind o'," Peggy Ann agreed. "Got your washin' out?"

"No; I didn't wash to-day."

Peggy Ann said nothing, but her silence was eloquent of reproach, and Agnes explained weakly:

"I don't always wash a Monday, though I do generally if the weather's good; not but what to-day is."

"Well, I don't make much difference for the weather myself." Peggy Ann's tones implied that the comet-like vagaries of the weather did not disturb the fixed orbit of her conduct. To her Monday was wash day, as Sunday was the Sabbath, and she would have desecrated one as soon as the other. She went on shaking out the clothes and pinning them up, getting farther and farther from her visitor at the gate, so that to be heard Agnes had to lift her voice as she asked:

"Yer pap anywhere around?"

"No. Did ye want particular to see him?"

"You know I didn't. I just wanted to know if he was anywhere around."

"Well, then, he ain't." Peggy Ann's tones were final.

For a minute there was silence, then Agnes said limply: "I reckon if yer goin' to be done anyways soon, I'll just go round and set down. I've got something I want t' tell ye, but I don't want t' holler it all over creation."

Peggy Ann found her seated on the doorstep when she came with the empty basket. She went on wringing clothes from the rinse.

"Well, what's yer news?" she asked after a while, indifferently.

Agnes answered her question with another.

"W'y, ye heard 'bout Liz Plunkett?"

"No, what about her?"

"She's takin' notice again."

"Humph," Peggy Ann sniffed. "Reckon she prob'ly is. Si's been dead most a year. I ain't surprised."

UNCLE SAMMIE LOOKED LONGINGLY TOWARD THE RED-YELLOW KITCHEN LIGHT.

"Well, I guess ye will be when ye hear who she's takin' notice of."

Agnes's face blazed between anger and embarrassment. But Peggy Ann answered indifferently:

"I don't know why I'd care. What d'ye mean?"

"I mean just this, exactly—if ye don't want Liz Plunkett step-mothering over you, ye'd better look out, that's all."

The garment in Peggy Ann's hand dropped back into the tub.

"I don't believe it," she gasped.

"Well, you don't have to, but I thought it

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"IF YE DON'T WANT LIZ PLUNKETT STEP-MOTHERING OVER YOU, YE'D BETTER LOOK OUT, THAT'S ALL."

was my duty to warn you, and I have, and you can believe it or not to suit yourself."

Peggy Ann wiped her hands and sat down on the end of the wash bench.

"Who told you?" she asked weakly.

"It's all over the town. Charley heard it up to the store, and Mandy Patterson told me; she says everybody's heard it. Mandy saw him herself last Friday; he was two mortal hours leanin' over the fence talkin' to her."

"Well, what if he was! He was buying her calves."

"He must have done an awful lot of bargainin', or she must have had an awful lot of 'em to sell, then. Well, I hope it ain't so, but I do say that folks are talkin' scandalous, and I thought you ought to know it."

Peggy Ann made no reply.

"After all you've gone and done for him, too," Agnes went on commiseratingly.

Still Peggy Ann was silent.

"How old's Liz Plunkett, anyway? She ain't no older'n what you are, is she?" the visitor persisted.

"No, she ain't. She ain't s' old. What does she want o' pap, anyhow! Old nuf for her granddad."

"Humph! Don't you think she wants your pap; don't worry about that. It's this here section land an' big house and kerriage

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she's wantin', and she's got to take pap ter get it. Liz Plunkett ain't nobody's fool."

"Well, I don't believe it, nohow. Pap ain't no fool, neither."

"Well, that's what folks are saying, anyhow, and they're not only sayin' he is, but they're sayin' he's an old fool at that, and you know what kind that is."

Peggy Ann went back to her washing, and by and by Agnes returned to her neglected work, well satisfied that the seed of discord she had sown had not fallen on barren soil.

Uncle Sammie, besides attending to the farm, bought and shipped stock, and on the Monday of his daughter-in-law's visit to his home he was absent in search of cattle to fill a car, so that it was night when he came home. Supper was ready and waiting, and he at once took his place and fell to eating. Peggy Ann waited on him, saying nothing; but they were little given to talking, so her silence passed unnoticed.

It was after the meal was over and when Uncle Sammie, taking his hat, remarked, "I'm going to the store awhile," that the storm broke.

"Up to Liz Plunkett's, I reckon you mean."

Uncle Sammie turned and looked at his daughter, his face slowly paling with anger.

"If I'd been going to Liz Plunkett's I'd have said so," he growled.

"Well, you'd have been more confidential than you're in the habit of being, then," Peggy Ann sniffed back.

"I'd like to know what you're hinting at."

"Oh, you would, would you! Well, I

"WHO'S A-SAYIN' ANYTHING 'BOUT ME, I'D LIKE TO KNOW?"

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guess likely it ain't necessary to say; but I sh'u'd think your ears 'd be burnt pretty red these days if they knowed their business."

"Who's a-saying anything 'bout me, I'd like to know?" Uncle Sammie demanded.

"You'd better be a-askin' who ain't a-sayin'—'twouldn't take so long a-namin' 'em. And they're a-sayin' that you're in your dotage, and there ain't no fool like an ole fool, an' ye can like it or lump it—it ain't me that's sayin' it." Peggy Ann had lashed herself into a fury.

Uncle Sammie slammed the door before she reached the period of her last sentence, but she finished it nevertheless and felt better afterward.

The next morning Uncle Sammie refused to answer when Peggy Ann asked if he would have a second cup of coffee. At dinner Peggy Ann poured his coffee before she rang the dinner bell to summon him from the back porch, and she disappeared through the inner door of the kitchen as he entered the outer one.

It was now five months since that day, and the meals were still served in this solitary fashion. Five months, and not one word had passed between them from that May night to this September evening. The corn in the fields had changed from tiny green lines checking the fresh earth, to solid, waving masses, covering it, had tasseled and eared, and now was ready for the husking. The oats had grown tall, yellowed, were garnered, threshed, and marketed. The orioles that flashed orange tongues of flame in and out of the white orchard where Peggy Ann hung her clothes that May morning, had built their nests, reared their young, and were gone again. In all that time she and her father had not spoken to each other; through all the long days, and the short, scarcely-perceived evenings; and now the busy days were shortening and the evenings growing long. Soon the fires must be lighted, and Peggy Ann, sitting beside her lamp crocheting pineapple lace, was reminded by a numbness in her fingers how soon that time would come.

Her meditations were broken by the sound of a horseman calling "Hello" at the gate. Peggy Ann, startled at the unusualness of a late caller, hurried across the hall to an open window looking out on the road.

She heard her father come out of the kitchen and walk to the gate, crunching the gravel under his feet.

"Is that you, doc?" he asked.

"Yes," the doctor's voice answered.

"What's up?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing; just thought I'd stop as I was going by to see how you're getting along, and to tell you I've got a couple of yearling steers; got 'em on Belinker's bill, and I'd like to have you come round and look at 'em."

They talked a while of ordinary things: of the weather; of the price of grain and stock; of Couldersville doings; not of the things one would suppose a woman would find it worth eavesdropping to learn; but a break of any kind was a welcome event, not to be despised, and Peggy Ann sat on the floor beside the window, listening. The words, though confidentially low, came very distinctly through the night air. After a while Peggy Ann heard the doctor say:

"You feeling pretty well nowadays, Uncle Sammie?"

"Well, no, doc, I ain't," her father replied, as if he were making a confession.

"Well, I thought so; you're not looking right. I'll have to get after you, or you'll be dropping off one of these days before anybody knows it."

The doctor's laugh modified his words.

"Well," Uncle Sammie said slowly and with unwonted solemnity, "I don't know as it would be any great shucks if I did. Tell ye what, doc, an old fellow like me ain't got much to live for, and take it all around, I guess the world would get along 'bout as well 'thout me."

"Oh, look here, Uncle Sammie, you're bilious."

"Well, I reckon it's what you'd call a chronic case, then, but it hain't that, doc, it hain't that; it's just this way with me: There hain't nothin' or nobody a-needin' me any more. Ust to be when wife was alive an' 'ar little children were around our feet a-dependin' on me—I won't say didn't seem pretty hard sometimes, pretty near's good's a bargain to get along and get 'em stuff to eat and shoes and things—but I had something to live for and to work for. I didn't 'preciate it then—a feller never does 'preciate things when he's got 'em—but I know now 'twas the best time I ever had. You see now 'tain't thataway; come in of a night, house dark lik' 's not, nobody to say a word to me, or to ask me how I feel, like wife ust to; nobody to talk to when things ain't right; nobody to tell it to if you've had a stroke of good luck. Tell you, doc, you

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don't care much whether ye have good luck or bad; it's all about the same to ye one way or 'nuther, an' I reckon when a feller gets into that fix it's pretty tolerable apt to tell on him some, and he ain't apt to feel good, an' as like's anyway he does drop off a little sooner'n he might. But what I claim is, it's 'bout the best thing can happen to him."

"Oh, look here now, Uncle Sammie," the doctor expostulated, "you're blue, that's what troubles you. Seems to me you've got about the easiest snap of anybody I know; of course, your children's grown up and married off, but that's what you want them to do, isn't it? That's what I hope for my two little fellows."

"Yes, doc, I know that," Uncle Sammie admitted, "but you don't know, ner nobody else don't know till the time comes, how lonesome it leaves the old folks when they're gone, 'specially if their mother's gone, too, and maybe some un 'em turned ag'in' ye an' there's hard feelings 'twixt ye. That there's what ye can't stand, doc."

For a minute the doctor was silent. Then he said, his voice so low that Peggy Ann had to hold her breath to hear: "I know, Uncle Sammie, I know. And I'm sorry for you, and, Uncle Sammie, I'm sorry for Peggy Ann, too."

"So'm I, doc; so'm I," Uncle Sammie agreed eagerly. "Why, doc, I'm ez sorry fer her as I am fer myself; sometimes I reckon I'm sorrier. Why, it's jist as lonesome fer her as 'tis fer me, and lonesomer, too, fer I do git out now'n then. An' then, doc, I can't never forget how she ain't never had no chance; jist been tied hand and foot all her life, ye might say, bringin' up the family an' takin' care o' her mother—she ain't never had no show at all. Peggy Ann ain't had no show in the world. She was a perty girl, too, pertiest one of the bunch to my thinkin'. But laws to goodness! what kind of a chance 's a girl got, bringin' up a family and a-takin' care o' her mother till she died, and then lightin' in an' takin' care o' me! But, doc, what 'm I goin' to do about it? She won't speak to me, she won't give me no show, and I hain't done a thing to her, not a thing in the world. I reckon I did stay longer ter Liz Plunkett's than what I oughter, but s'posin' I did, s'posin' I was ackshually courtin' her, which I wasn't—never thought of such a thing—why, she hadn't no business flyin' at me like she done that time. But I'd be willin' to let bygones be bygones if she'd give me a chance."

Long before this, tears were streaming down Peggy Ann's cheeks, and though the doctor began to say something in a soothing tone in answer to the old man's complaints, she did not wait to hear it. Miserable and lonely and yearning, she crept back to her own room and to bed.

When she came down in the morning, the familiar aspect of the kitchen struck her strangely. It seemed things should look different after that long night. She boiled the kettle and ground the coffee and was spreading the tablecloth when her father came into the room—a thing he had not done, except to pass through, since the day of their quarrel. But this morning he did not pass through; he sat down not far from the kitchen stove. Peggy Ann did not turn to look at him; she finished laying the cloth and went to the safe for dishes; took out the one plate, the one knife and fork as usual, and stood hesitating. Then she took out another plate, another knife and fork; she looked stealthily across to the old man. He was watching her, and the tears were running down his old cheeks to his gray beard.

Peggy Ann put the dishes down and stood a minute; her chin quivered and her own eyes grew misty, and then, with perhaps the first burst of impulsiveness in her life, she ran with outstretched arms to her father; she fell on her knees by his chair; she put her arms around him, and he dropped his gray head to her shoulder.

When Peggy Ann remembered her breakfast, the coffee had boiled over on to her polished stove and to the clean scrubbed floor; the bacon was fried to a crisp.

"There," she said, snatching them off, "just like two old fools. Reckon your coffee won't be fit ter drink this morning. 'Coffee b'iled is coffee sp'iled,' mother always said; but if ye ain't in no hurry, I can make some more fer ye."

"I ain't in no hurry, and if you'll hand me the coffee mill, I'll grind it fer ye. I reckon I hain't done that sence ye was a baby, Peggy Ann, but I guess maybe I hain't forgot how."

She filled and handed him the mill; her lips were quivering between smiles and sobs.

"Well, pap," she said, wiping her eyes on the corner of her apron, "it's jist as so as gospel, that there hain't no fools like old fools, and I reckon you and me both's in our dotage."

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A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

WILLIAM DE MORGAN, in an open letter addressed to his readers and printed at the end of his new novel, "It Never Can Happen Again" (Holt), refers more than once, and with some hint of resentment, to the Early Victorianism that has been imputed to his work. And while we, to whom, among others, his words are addressed, are far from assuming to answer for the rest or, indeed, from presuming to address him at all in the matter, it would seem that, as co-heirs to the imaginative friendships and memories of his providing, we may properly and profitably say a few words to each other in regard to this alleged attribute of his writings. And to begin with, let us set down our belief that the Early Victorianism with which Mr. De Morgan has been charged—or is not credited the proper term?—belongs to him; but that instead of its being, as he puts it, "not Modern—which everything ought to be," it is his peculiar glory and the occasion of our particular gratitude that he has made modern a spirit that had been lost to us. For whatever horrors of taste and of achievement Early Victorianism may recall in the field of material art, in English fiction it connotes a period of blossoming and of coming to fruition, a harvest-home whose fruits are still sweet in the mouth. It recalls a time when humanitarianism was a discovery, but had not yet become a cult; when humor was a gift, but had not become a profession; when inspiration and spontaneity still dared to appear in public, holding hands and unashamed. And these happy and desirable conditions Mr. De Morgan, in his own way, has re-achieved for us.

Yet if we cannot read "It Never Can Happen Again" without recalling the happiness of reading Dickens, it is a spiritual kinship and not a material resemblance that one is conscious of. De Morgan is neither an aper, for his own ends, of an earlier manner, nor an Early Victorian born out of due time. Nothing could be more enjoyably *sui generis* nor more authentically self-expressive than Mr. De Morgan's literary personality; and "It Never Can Happen Again" is not only radically modern in its estimates of character and in the obliquity of its all-pervading humor, but typically and even faultily modern in its engrossment with the subtleties and psychology of sophisticated weakness and irresponsible individualism as represented by Alfred Challis and Judith Arkroyd. No, it is neither the story nor the telling of it that is Early Victorian. It is the implied faith that life is good, that art is untrammeled, that leisure is to be had for the taking, and that where these three are met together, there is joy in the midst of them. And just inside the covers of "It Never Can Happen Again," on the corner where it says "Old Vatted Rum," Lizarann stands calling "Pi-lot!" to those who hold with this creed.

We were speculating last month upon the interesting possibilities of Anna Robeson Burr's promised study of "The Autobiography" (Houghton, Mifflin), and it is a pleasure, now that the work has appeared, to be able to speak of its interesting actualities. Speculations, as we all know, do not invariably work out that way. However, this is in no sense a crying of "I told you so," for while the author discusses, among other matters, the part played by imagination in autobiography and the influence of great autobiographies upon subsequent fiction, she sticks far too logically to her subject to take up the matter we were discussing, namely, the relations of the fiction-writer's own autobiographical impulses to his imaginative production. Miss Burr has not only broken new ground critically, but has, in the breaking, made a valuable contribution to critical literature. She helps us to orient ourselves—to face the East and hence to get our bearings—in a fascinating but difficult country; she places a practicable compass in our hands by her chapter on "The Autobiographical Intention"; she furnishes us with a working barometer by her differentiation between the attitudes of the letter, the journal, and the autobiography; in fine, she does us the far greater critical service of showing us how to read rather than the lesser one of telling us what to

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read—of clarifying our judgment rather than of guiding our selection. She is thoroughly enamored of her field and widely familiar with it. She is an analyst intelligently searching for first principles and bold in the defense of her deductions. And her book should be in the hands of all thoughtful voyagers in her chosen territory.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton in a recent volume has elaborated the theory that Bernard Shaw's limitations are mainly due to the fact that, intellectually speaking, he has never been a boy. And it is, one feels, even more easily demonstrable that Mr. Chesterton's own shortcomings—or, more properly speaking, overreachings—are due to the fact that, intellectually speaking, he has never ceased to be one. He recalls a youngster who has been entrusted with a package of gold powder, a bottle of banana oil, and a brush; who, with enthusiastic industry and a judgment beyond his years, regilds tarnished frames, rediscovers the beauty of the Colonial mirror in the attic, and inspires us with the pride of having begotten a genius; but who persists in upsetting our calculations by occasionally painting a decorative ring around the mahogany newel-post in the hall or experimenting with gilt spots on the Barye bronze in the back drawing-room. The selections from Mr. Chesterton's weekly contributions to the London *Illustrated News*, just published under the title of "Tremendous Trifles" (Dodd, Mead), afford to the curious and interested reader an opportunity of examining, in convenient juxtaposition, the various manifestings of this alternately stimulating and exasperating author. Here, jumbled together, are Chesterton the seer, Chesterton the knight-errant, and Chesterton the kid. Chesterton clothing old simplicities in new beauty; Chesterton slaying error with an epigram; Chesterton swapping truth for a paradox and painting the lily with daubs of flippancy. Also, it may be noted in passing, Chesterton exhibiting an equally naïve self-satisfaction in each performance. The volume is practically analogous to one of the boxes of samples offered for sale by some biscuit manufacturers, and it should be carefully borne in mind that to munch one's way through the whole assortment at one sitting is merely to court dyspepsia. The book needs to be resorted to at odd moments, tasted of carelessly and yet with discrimination, and its contents as a whole judged in synthetic retrospect. Then, and then only, one may discover a valid excuse for the apparent impertinence of claiming bound permanence for some of its brilliant but none the less fleeting journalism.

Mr. H. G. Wells has published a new novel, "Ann Veronica" (Harper), that compares with "Tono-Bungay" very much as the lean-year crop of a vigorous crab-apple tree compares with the branch-bending yield of the previous season. Perhaps, too, this chance simile may hint an explanation, and thereby turn what is a decided disappointment into a warrant of expectancy. Have you ever, by the way, seen a crab-apple tree in its off year, with here and there a stray apple and perhaps an occasional cluster or two scattered among the leaves? If so, and if you read "Ann Veronica," you will doubtless notice how similarly Mr. Wells's characteristic and delightful renderings of our self-known but not always acknowledged human nature are sparsely scattered through its otherwise barren pages. For the rest, this half-hearted (and in the end rather weak-kneed) story of a young Englishwoman's venture in cutting cross lots after self-fulfillment seems to have brought something of a hornet's nest of criticism around the author's ears. He is accused, among other things, of "inability to distinguish between right and wrong; incapacity to appreciate the ground on which civilized society has disapproved some things, tolerated others, and stamped others still with the mark of approbation." We would rather say (judging from "Tono-Bungay") that Mr. Wells has an exceptionally clear appreciation of why civilized society, disapproving some things, has drifted into tolerating others, and believes that an honest, candid, self-analyzing facing of actual practice is the best road toward readjustment.

The fact that we have entirely neglected one department of fictional reading matter lately—the department that bears the same relation to literature that musical comedy does to the drama—does not at all imply that this department has been given over by the publishers. Quite the contrary. One is even tempted, sometimes, when looking over one's shelves, to think that the publishers are devoting most of their energies to the production of this class of fiction. The truth is simply that there has been too much to say about things better worth speaking of, and that there is always so little that can be said about these verbal bubbles. They glow, and float, and one follows them with a passing pleasure; or they burst before they leave the pipe of the blower; and in either case the result is a spatter of suds. One can, in either event, neither analyze, nor criticise, nor describe. One can only make different noises—say "Ah!" when they swell successfully and rise in the air a moment, and "Ach!" when they disintegrate before their time. And even this measure of response comes, after a while, to be difficult. For extravaganza, being forced to outdo itself or die, finally palls by reason of its extravagance. One can, however, still say "Ah!" over so buoyant a bubble as Herbert Quick's "Virginia of the Air

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Lanes" (Bobbs-Merrill). The author has remembered the good rule of childish games that one outrageous assumption is all that one should be asked to make at a time, and that, having fully yielded that, one has a right to expect some semblance of a logically resultant universe. Some blowers of bubbles are not so considerate. Mr. Quick's assumption is that it is the middle of the present century, that flying machines are all the rage, and that there are great doings on the Gulf Coast of the United States. And there are moments when one almost believes him. One can also still say "Ach!" over Mary Roberts Rinehart's "When A Man Marries" (Bobbs-Merrill), a complex of confusion so much more than worse confounded that Faith shrugs its shoulders and Curiosity itself faints by the wayside.

It is with a greater satisfaction, as an American commentator upon current literature, that one undertakes to put into words something of the quiet charm of William John Hopkins's "Old Harbor" (Houghton, Mifflin). Mr. Hopkins is a writer presumably little known, since he has published but a single novel, and that four years ago. Yet "The Clammer" is likely to have left, upon those of us who chanced to read it, an impression that the waters of fiction that have since flowed over us will not wholly have erased; an impression that "Old Harbor," so utterly different in intention and method, but so like in its author's complete mastery of his mood and his medium, serves to recall and to confirm. And this in spite of the fact that the new story treats of a phase of local American life long since believed to have been worn shiny at the seams. For Old Harbor is a New England seaport left stranded by the ebbing tide of trade, and the Old Harborites are types in regard to which our familiarity has bred weariness. But it is everlastingly true that no theme is so outworn and no types are so familiar that an appreciative observer, discovering them afresh and calling to us to look at them through his eyes, cannot make them take on new life. And this charming miracle of resurrection is what Mr. Hopkins has wrought for us in his happy tale.

OTHER BOOKS

"The Heart of the Antarctic" (Lippincott). An account, in two large, handsomely printed and most interestingly illustrated volumes, of the experiences and accomplishments of the English scientific expedition of 1907–9, organized and led by Lieutenant E. H. Shackleton, which, among other and less spectacular achievements, located the southern magnetic pole, scaled the craters of Mt. Erebus, made its way to the plateau crest of the great antarctic continent 11,000 feet above the sea, and then struggled to within a hundred miles of the South Pole itself. It is a most readable work, full of the spirit and personality of the leader-author and of the forbidding regions of his exploits.

"Actions and Reactions" (Doubleday, Page). A collection of eight recent stories by Rudyard Kipling (Mr. G. K. Chesterton's particular *bête noire* and the "Paul" of the introductory fable of his "Tremendous Trifles"), several of which—notably "Little Foxes" and the exquisite "An Habitation Enforced"—are so typical of the old Kipling and the new at their respective bests that we can only be thankful that Mr. Chesterton's backwoodsman, with his Neo-Catholic Philosophy and his broad-ax, are going to have to work so hard to kill the offender.

"The Wretches of Povertyville" (Lanzit). A sociological study of the Bowery by I. L. Nascher, in which the local history and the general characteristics of the dreg-types of city life in New York are canvassed and catalogued by a writer in whom the emotional detachment of the scientific observer and the constructive purpose of the social student render literary crudeness negligible.

"The Bill Toppers" (Bobbs-Merrill). A novel of the vaudeville stage, and of its little world of touchy "freaks" and self-centered "artistes" that revolves on its own axis quite unsuspected by the ordinary social astronomer. It is an amusing tale, and yet not altogether a pleasant one, since its atmosphere of temperamental and moral distortion, being unrelieved, becomes disturbing. However, it is decidedly that much-sought-after thing—"a new note." The author is André Castaigne.

"There She Blows" (Dutton), by James Cooper Wheeler. An old-fashioned whaling yarn, told, as a yarn should be, with every appearance of guileless veracity; and therefore adding (according to your philosophy) either a pragmatic value or an insidious danger to the whoppers (if it contains whoppers) over which the small boy will gloat.

"Anne of Avonlea" (L. C. Page). A sequel to L. M. Montgomery's "Anne of Green Gables" and, for adult readers, a somewhat colorless pendant to a colorful and captivating picture of childhood. Anne of Avonlea, however, deserves, and will doubtless receive, a whole-hearted welcome from young ladies of her own age.

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

"WOMAN is very unreasonable," said a venerable New Hampshire justice of the peace. "I remember that my wife and I were talking over our affairs one day, and we agreed that it had come to the point where we must both economize.

"'Yes, my dear,' I said to my wife, 'we must both economize, both!'

"'Very well, Henry,' she said, with a tired air of submission, 'you shave yourself, and I'll cut your hair.'"

"Wind," wrote a little boy in his composition at school, "is air when it gets in a hurry."

An Atlanta grocer told more than he meant to in his Christmas advertisement:

Apples, Oranges, Imported Nuts, Fruit Cake.
Shop Now and Avoid the Rush.
Remember, the Early Bird Gets the Worm!

"Did you ever try any of my biscuits, Judge?" asked the proud young housewife.

"No," replied His Honor absently, "I never did. But I dare say they deserve it."

The title of this dialogue might be—"Why Papa Believes in Corporal Punishment":

"Papa?"

"Well?"

"Is there a Christian flea?"

"Why, what on earth ever put that idea in your head?"

"The preacher read it to-day from the Bible—'The wicked flee when no man pursueth.'"

"Why, Tommy, that means that the wicked men flee"—

"Then, Papa, is there a wicked women flea?"

"No, no. It means that the wicked flees, runs away."

"Why do they run?"

"Who?"

"The wicked fleas."

"No, no! Don't you see? The wicked man runs away when no man is after him."

"Is there a woman after him?"

"Tommy, go to bed! . . . "

The stranger laid down four aces and scooped in the pot.

"This game ain't on the level," protested Sagebrush Sam, at the same time producing a gun to lend force to his accusation. "That ain't the hand I dealt ye!"

Cortlandt Field Bishop, President of the Aero Club of New York, brings this one back from Europe free of duty:

"An American motorist went to Germany in his car to the army maneuvers. He was especially impressed with the German motor ambu-

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lances. As the tourist watched the maneuvers from a seat under a tree, the axle of one of the motor ambulances broke. Instantly the man leaped out, ran into the village, returned in a jiffy with a new axle, fixed it in place with wonderful skill, and teuffed-teuffed off again almost as good as new.

"'There's efficiency for you,' said the American admiringly. 'There's German efficiency for you. No matter what breaks, there's always a stock at hand from which to supply the needed part.'

"And praising the remarkable instance of German efficiency he had just witnessed, the tourist returned to the village and ordered up his car. But he couldn't use it. The axle was missing."

At a Scotch christening the godmother had difficulty in removing the child's head covering, and the minister, wishing to help her, asked the father if he could hold the child.

"Hold him!" exclaimed the father, expanding his chest. "Hold him? Man, I could fling him richt ower the kirk!"

"Father's trip abroad did him so much good," said the self-made man's daughter. "He looks better, feels better, and as for appetite—honestly, it would do your heart good to hear him eat!"

A New York boy brought home with him from college a friend who had not visited the metropolis for ten years. After a day of sightseeing, the two were walking down Broadway near Twelfth Street.

"Oh, Jack," said the guide suddenly, "you remember Grace Church, don't you?"

"Let's see," replied the other with signs of interest, "what company was she in?"

A negro came running down the lane as though the Old Boy were after him.

"What are you running for, Mose?" called the colonel from the barn.

"I ain't a-runnin' fo'," shouted back Mose. "I'se a-runnin' from!"

William had just returned from college, resplendent in peg-top trousers, silk hosiery, a fancy waistcoat, and a necktie that spoke for itself. He entered the library where his father was reading. The old gentleman looked up and surveyed his son. The longer he looked, the more disgusted he became.

"Son," he finally blurted out, "you look like a d—— fool!"

Later, the old Major who lived next door came in and greeted the boy heartily. "William," he said, with undisguised admiration, "you look exactly like your father did twenty-five years ago when he came back from school!"

"Yes," replied William, with a smile, "so Father was just telling me."

A sailor had just shown a lady over the ship. In thanking him she said: "I am sorry to see by the rules that tips are forbidden on your ship."

"Lor' bless you, ma'am," replied the sailor, "so were apples in the Garden of Eden."

"He reminds me of Smith and his bad five-dollar bill," said Senator La Follette, in speaking of a corrupt politician who had come to grief. "Smith went to New York for the Hudson-Fulton celebration. He had in his pocket a bad five-dollar note. One night after a banquet he handed a cab driver this bad note by mistake. The driver gave him his change—a one-dollar bill—and whipped up his horse. Suddenly Smith realized what he had done.

"'Hey, there! Stop!' he shouted after the man. 'That bill's bad.'

"'It's good enough for you!' shouted back the driver, without stopping.

"And Smith, examining his change under a street light, found that it, too, was bad.

"You Hamericans say we 'ave no 'umor," said the loyal Britisher, "but I'll 'ave you understand, sir, that Henglish jokes are not to be laughed at!"

Oberlin was the first coeducational college in this country. In the early days they had a rule that in case there were but one man and one woman in a room, at least one chair should be between them. One evening an instructor, passing one of the small sitting rooms, was horrified at beholding a young man and a young woman occupying the same chair.

"Sir," he demanded of the man student, "what is the meaning of this outrageous behavior? Do you not know the rules of the college?"

"Why—er—don't they say that if a man and a girl sit alone in a room they shall have one chair between them?"

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Everybody's Magazine

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WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

FRENCH, as a rule, is better than English for epigram, for concentrating a philosophy in a phrase. But French has no adequate equivalent for our terse English phrase, Business is Business. We are disposed to congratulate the French. The phrase, whatever it may have meant when first used, has now a significance which classes it with Sherman's characterization of war. We never hear a man say Business is Business without getting a whiff of brimstone and sulphur. We suspect that he has been up to some shenanigan. That he has done something which his own soul disapproves, and is attempting to square himself with himself by making Business the goat. As if bad morals could ever be good Business.

Thus says his soul to the man, "You should not have misrepresented that article to the customer." And man protests to his soul, "But otherwise I would not have made the sale, and my less scrupulous rival would, and his business would grow and mine would die. I must live, and, besides, Business is Business."

Again says soul, "Man, why did you tell that story about your competitor? You do not know that it is true. But even if it is true, how weak and small of you to take advantage of him, relying on his weakness rather than your own strength, making money out of his mistakes instead of making it with your own natural ability!"

That is a poser. No man likes to have even his own soul call him weak and small. He says, "I will not do that again," and means it. But the next time he is after an order, and his rival is worsting him on the merits of the goods, he forgets—because Business is Business, and the first rule of business is "Get orders." So he barters his rival's character and gets the order.

Business is not Business.

Business is making a good living and making the world a better place to live in. After that it is fun; Real fun, as the man who is running a successful, honorable business knows. It is the best game in the world.

The man who does not enjoy his lifework is missing the whole point of living. The man who does not see that doing his work honestly and well, however humble his place, is a distinct addition to the sum of human comfort and happiness, is missing the richest reward of his labors.

Business is honest goods at honest prices presented favorably to the right customer and delivered promptly.

Which seems to fit the minister's goods, and the merchant's, and the laborer's.

Some years ago a young man took a minor position in a real-estate office in Montclair, New Jersey. He had the goods. Knew how to present them. Learned his business. Enjoyed it. Always willing when wanted. Made his customers happy. He owns the business now, and branches. Having a fine time. And, incidentally, his honesty and ability and affability have made almost as large a contribution to the growth and beauty of Montclair, have been almost as great a factor in the happiness of its people as has the contribution of that Man of God, Amory H. Bradford.

A business man can make the world a better place to live in as well as the professional man. And he should.

The story of Grand Rapids, if we have it

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correctly, is to the point. Grand Rapids found herself with acres of hard lumber and no use for it. She built huge factories. Turns out furniture for the world. Homes which before could not afford artistic furniture are beautified, and the measure of life is fuller for the present generation because the merchants in Grand Rapids are in business.

We read the above to a friend. "I am reminded," said he, "of a few lines in 'Renan's Recollections:'

"The men of Rhodes were rich. But the Athenians had wit. That is to say, the true joy, the ever enduring good humor, the divine youth of the heart."

To the men of Rhodes Business was Business. But to the men of Athens Hearts were Hearts.

DYNAMITE

It is the New Year, the fit time to stop and take observations of the sun, heave the log, and prick our place on the big chart of progress. This seems the moment to explain what we think we are doing and why.

We believe that we in the world to-day are at the dawning of a new era that promises all of us a greater beauty and comfort and freedom of life than humanity has ever enjoyed. The recent discoveries of science, and the investigations of economists and sociologists, disclose a finer and a better world than we had dreamed; and our keener vision, piercing the mists of fear and doubt, shows us prisoners of our own making. Hitherto men have been content to await death for the adjustment of life's injustices, but now we are daring to believe that the reconcilement of inequalities may be achieved this side of the grave. Utopia is not a mirage but a conceivable destination.

But Golden Ages are not midwifed by wish alone. Magna Chartas are not won by supplication. While we decry gunpowder, there are new explosives to blast away the old barriers. Education is the dynamite of civilization. In a world which reads and reasons, the grip of greed and superstition must soon be loosened. But before emancipation men must be shown their shackles and learn the secrets of their prison houses. And it is our mission, as we see it, to help mirror for you the wrong conditions which cause the present suffering, so that you yourselves may right them.

If the newer science and economics have a lesson, they teach the true brotherhood of man. The evils which afflict any of us may easily infect all of us. To the scriptural injunction, "Love one another," is now added the dictum, "Only by protecting your neighbor's liberty and life is your own safe." And out of all this new knowledge of which the world is so rapidly availing itself, is coming a new notion of "evil." We realize that the pestilences and cruel diseases that sweep our loved ones out of our arms are man-made and not God-sent. We have found that the ills which beset our human institutions, like the weeds which flourish in a neglected garden, are due to our own idleness and not to man's natural depravity. Our world is as we make it, but we have the immortal conviction that no power or force can prevent us from making it good.

To return to ourselves. In such work as we have undertaken, we make no claim to a wisdom higher than that of our contemporaries or of our readers. True, we are at a place from which a fairly broad view of life and things is to be had, and, thanks to you, we can afford to investigate thoroughly the conditions that seem to us in need of correction. What you read in the magazine is the small harvest of a scrupulous winnowing, for we examine into far more things than you know about, and we print only what we are sure, allowing for human fallibility, is true. We try hard for clear, unexaggerated statement of facts—facts that shall be your tools. You must use them yourselves. But we know that you will do nothing unless you are so truly convinced that the conviction is like iron in your blood. The period of coercive argument is gone, never to return. A population which reads everything will accept no guidance save evidence.

And is not this the greatest sign of the good times ahead? As men to-day demand justice rather than charity, they insist also on exercising their own reasoning faculties instead of accepting ready-made conclusions. When many men have independently come to the same conclusion, action inevitably follows. Thus civilization, like the coral reef, grows out of life's sea—the countless accretions of the thoughts, acts, and deeds of innumerable men.

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